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## THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;

OR,

THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE WORD OF GOD.

## IV.—THE CREATION OF MAN.

JONES. Well, friend Williams, what strange thing have you got to tell me this morning? Or have you really finished your series of proofs or coincidences?

WILLIAMS. No, I have not quite done yet. I think our topic this morning may be the statement of the 27th verse of Genesis chapter i., that on a certain day, not quite 6,000 years ago, "God created man in his own image." This may be regarded as a trial point. It is a fact stated in no other book in the world. It is a fact which Moses could only know by tradition, or by its immediate revelation to him by God. He probably had received some idea of it by tradition; but its explicitness, positiveness, and precise date, we must ascribe to Divine communication. Either way, the question must often occur to us. Is Moses a perfectly reliable historian? Is his narrative entirely true? And here geology comes in. Curious men have been, for almost a century, digging into the crust of the earth in a thousand places. They have discovered, they tell us, that between "the beginning" of Genesis i. 1, and the "first day" of verse 5, there must have elapsed many millions of years. They have disinterred whole races of beings, fish, fowl, and quadruped, which they conclude lived, passed away, and perished, and were succeeded by other and higher species. Of geology, therefore, we must ask, What she says to this recent creation of man? and whether her investigations throw doubt upon it, or bring confirmation?

J. Yes, I can see that this is really a matter on which geology ought to speak, and upon which her voice should be heard. What is the testimony that she has given?

W. It is most full, explicit, and conclusive. Geologists tell us that they have penetrated the crust of the earth in some thousands of different places, in various parts of the world. They have discovered and catalogued no fewer than 24,000 different species of creatures who lived and died in what are termed the Palaeozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary periods; but among all these no one has ever met with a single specimen of the human family: not even a portion of a man, not even one clearly-defined human bone, has ever been brought to

light. Surely this, to use a modern phrase, is "a great fact."

J. Is there not a fossil man in the British Museum?

W. Oh, yes! and of men buried in historic times—old Danes, Romans, Saxons, old Egyptians or Italians—many have been disinterred. But the question, you will see, is, What shall we say of the Mosaic narrative? Is it, or is it not true, that man was first created about 5,800 years ago? Has a single specimen been found, or even a human bone, of which the geologist could say, "This must have been here for more than 10,000 years!" I repeat that geology answers "No." The fossil man from Guadalupe is never assigned to the geologic ages. No geologist ascribes to that fossil any pre-Adamite existence.

J. But is this the general verdict of all geologists?

W. Yes. I am not aware of any man of the least eminence amongst them who maintains a different opinion. Here are a few testimonies, which I have copied into my pocket-book from time to time, as I have met with them:—

Sir Humphrey Davy says:—"In none of the geological formations have the remains of man, or any of his works, been discovered; and the comparatively recent existence of man as the master of the globe is as certain as the destruction of a former and a different order of things."

Sir R. Murchison says:—"Geology reveals to us that during immeasurable periods, long anterior to the creation of the human race, whole races of animals were successively created, lived their appointed time, and perished."\*

Dr. Buckland says:—"No conclusion is more fully established than the important fact of the total absence of any vestiges of the human species throughout the entire series of geological formations."†

Cuvier says:—"The human remains did not exist in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up."‡

Professor Phillips says:—"Geology, agreeing with the authority of Scripture in the late date of man, and the races of beings associated with him, adds its own testimony of pre-Adamite beings."§

And Mr. Page tells us, that—"So far as geological evidence goes, we have no traces of man or his works till we arrive at the superficial accumulations—the cave deposits and peat mosses of the present period."||

J. Are there no opposite opinions?

\* Page 4.      † Vol. i., p. 101.

‡ Page 131.

§ "Life on the Earth," p. 47.

|| "Life of the Globe," p. 214.



W. I have not met with any. But you will observe that it is not so much opinions as facts that are needed. When such men as Sir Humphrey Davy and Baron Cuvier assert boldly that no human remains can be found in the geological periods, the only answer to be made to them is by pointing out such remains, and saying, "Here they are."

J. But ought we not to allow for the operations of time in erasing and destroying such proofs of the existence of man in the earlier days of the earth's existence?

W. Sir Charles Lyell replies to such a suggestion, that the whole experience of geologists is the other way. "Even," he says, "if the more solid parts had disappeared, the impression of their form would have remained, as have the traces of the leaves of plants, and the soft integuments of many animals"\*. Why, of the Palaeozoic period, which all geologists consider to have passed away millions of years ago, we have the remains in abundance of multitudes of fishes and reptiles. Is the body or the skeleton of man more perishable and less likely to have been preserved? In fact, of the 24,000 species now existing in our museums, the greater part must have been of a more fragile character than man. Hence, when we find those creatures, whether fish, or fowl, or quadruped, or reptile, in vast abundance, and in all parts of the earth, and can find no fragment, even, of man—not even a bone or a footprint—is not the conclusion clear, and is it not irresistible?

J. It strikes me that I heard, some time ago, that though no human remains had yet been discovered, there had been found, in one or two places, some stone tools, or weapons, which were called "celts," and which were dug up in a quarry lying far beneath the surface.

W. Yes, at Amiens, in France, and in several places in England, such stones have been found. They are, like meteorites and some other strange things, fair subjects for discussion; but it is quite impossible to adduce them as a proof of anything.

J. Why so?

W. Because, out of several features which are necessary to constitute a proof, they present only one, and that only in probability, not in certainty.

J. Pray explain to me what you mean.

W. I will try to do so. The question, then, is, Did man exist at some earlier date than Moses ascribes to him? Those who wish to destroy the authority of Moses are called upon to show, if they can, the remains of a man among the fishes, reptiles, birds, or mammalia of the Palaeozoic, Secondary, or Tertiary periods. They fail to produce the slightest proof of this kind; but latterly they have seized upon these "celts," or stone hatchets, and have assumed them to have been earlier than the human period. They then argue, "Here are the tools or implements of man; therefore man must have existed in the geological periods; though we have never found the least remnant of his remains."

J. Well, is not this a fair argument?

W. It wants strength and sufficiency. First, it assumes that the particular "celts" in question were tools wrought by human hands. This is probable, but not certain. There are many other things found among the stones of the earth which, to an experienced eye, look like tools or toys, upon which the hand of man has been at work; and yet men of science declare that they are merely natural products. Still, I grant that it seems probable that these "celts" were the workmanship of some savage or uncivilised tribe of men. But when we come to the question of their position, upon which their real antiquity mainly turns, we find nothing but uncertainty. They are not so near the surface as to be ascribed to Roman or to Gaulic times; they lie deeper than the deposits of the last 2,000 years. But how little do we know of what changes passed upon the earth in the three thousand years which elapsed before the time of Solomon? Who can tell, or even surmise, what earthquakes or deluges may have disturbed the soil of northern France during those thirty centuries? These remains, supposed to be the handiwork of man, are not found in the Palaeozoic or the Secondary formations. No one ascribes to them any greater antiquity than the Tertiary period—that is, the period immediately preceding the Mosaic creation. Thus, the whole question is narrowed to this: May not these "celts," or stone hatchets, have been of the date of Japhet, or of Japhet's grandchildren? And may not their entombment under gravel and other deposits have been the work of a flood or an earthquake, in the two thousand years which elapsed between the days of Japhet and those of Christ? A man must be prepared to

\* "Principles of Geology," p. 147.

establish two things—namely, that these things were certainly human implements, and that they could not have been buried under twenty feet of gravel in the course of the last 4,000 years. He must establish, I say, these two points, very clearly and unansweredly, before he can be entitled to assert that the existence of man before the date described by Moses is even shown to be probable.

J. But is not the whole matter hereby left in some doubt? These "celts" may have been pre-Adamite, and if so, then we have arrived at the fact of the existence of the works of man, and therefore of man himself, at an earlier date than that indicated by Moses.

W. No; we are a long way, as yet, from any such conclusion. One of the latest papers on the subject, I believe, was published in a French scientific journal of high repute, early in the present year. It is entitled, "On the Insufficiency of the Arguments drawn from the Position of the Worked Flints at St. Acheul to show the Existence of Man in the pre-Adamite Periods," and its author was M. Scipion Gras. This gentleman recently paid a visit to the spot, which is apparently the site of an ancient manufactory of flint tools, and came away satisfied that the said manufactory was of the human period. He asks, with great force:—

"Why, above all, do we not find human remains in the diluvium? Their absence is the more astonishing, as it is not uncommon to find there the remains of elephants, rhinoceroses, and other animals. If men so civilised as to occupy themselves with commerce lived on the banks of the Somme at the commencement of the quaternary period, they must have constructed habitations there, and these would be seen now in the masses of diluvium which, at a later period, filled up the valley; they would even be perfectly preserved in it. Now, this deposit has never presented the least vestige of a habitation, nor even of other products of human industry, excepting flint objects. Another consideration strengthens all these grounds of doubt: worked flints, similar to those which are claimed as diluvian, have been found in such a position that it has been necessary to attribute to them a modern origin." M. Toillez, an archeologist and engineer of Mons, possesses a collection of four hundred axes, which, for the most part, are rough, and do not differ sensibly from those of St. Acheul; nevertheless, they have all been collected at the surface of the soil."

He then goes into the question of the position of these flints, and shows that there is nothing to compel us to assign to them any more ancient date than some 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. Hence the conclusion which he evidently draws is this: That, among the various tribes which sprang

from Japhet, one or more found a home in Gaul, and partly, perhaps, in the neighbouring islands of Britain; that, being an industrious race, and destitute of iron, they made tools and weapons out of flint; that in process of time they became so far semi-civilised that a sort of trade or manufacture of these flint axes sprang up; and that, of late, and especially in France, we have come upon, not single specimens of these stone axes merely, but large collections of them. Their position, however, is not, in M. Scipion Gras' opinion, that of the pre-Adamite ages. He finds nothing to disprove the natural assumption that, though earlier than Greece or Rome, these flint implements may have been buried since the days of Noah. Consequently, we have not even a difficult question to meet. If we had been compelled to admit that these "celts," or flint hatchets, must have lain in the earth these 10,000 years, we should still have fallen back on the obvious and cogent questions, Where, in the pre-Adamite strata, do you find one single fragment, or even one foot-print, of man? And, if he then existed, how can he have so completely vanished? But we are not even driven to urge these obvious difficulties; for it is quite clear that no one has yet proved, or can prove, the existence of one of these "celts" before the time of Adam. That some of the grandchildren of Japhet found their way into various parts of Europe is quite certain. That they were destitute of iron, and probably knew not how to find it, is also extremely likely. What remains, then, but the plainly reasonable conclusion, that a thousand years before Athens or Rome existed, there dwelt in parts of Gaul, hardy, industrious descendants of Japhet, who made for themselves tools and weapons out of flint, and some of whose workshops, lying not far below the present surface, have recently been laid open? There is nothing more strange or unaccountable in this discovery than in the discoveries made by the disinterment of Pompeii, or Uriconium. But we must remember that it is most likely that these flint workshops bore date above a dozen centuries before Pompeii, or Uriconium, the newly discovered city—lying beneath the present town of Wroxeter—existed; and hence it was to be expected that a thicker deposit of soil should cover them.

J. On the whole, then, what is your conclusion?

W. That the grand fact remains untouched,

that while Moses declared, in plain terms, that man was created about 5,860 years ago, all the researches of geology confirm that statement. Former states or conditions of the earth have been investigated, and men believe that they understand pretty well the succession of the Palæozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary periods, and the various creatures that lived in those periods; but while hundreds and thousands of men have been engaged in these investigations, the combined testimony of them all establishes, in the most wonderful manner, the grand fact, that it was not until the *present*, that is to say, the Human period, that man was seen on this globe. In one word, geology and the Pentateuch entirely agree in the declaration, that at the beginning of the world, *as we now have it*, "God created man."

#### THE PENITENT.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say  
There is no mercy here!  
Oh! grant me to desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
More than the world's supremest gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.  
Then, though thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see;  
The very hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me!

#### DR. STROUD ON THE CAUSE OF THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH.

"IN the Garden of Gethsemane," says this eminent physician, "Christ endured mental agony so intense that, had it not been limited by Divine interposition, it would probably have destroyed his life, without the aid of any other sufferings; but having been thus mitigated, its effects were confined to violent palpitation of the heart, accompanied with bloody sweat. On the cross this agony was renewed, in conjunction with the ordinary sufferings incidental to that mode of punishment; and having at this time been allowed to proceed to its utmost extremity, without restraint, occasioned sudden death by *rupture of the heart*, intimated by a discharge of blood and water from his side, when it was afterwards pierced with a spear.

"In reference to their influence on the functions of body and mind, the human passions are naturally divisible into two opposite classes—the exciting and the depressing; the former giving rise to energy and animation, the latter to debility and torpor. Provided they are sufficiently strong or long continued, passions of either class may induce death, either by simple exhaustion of vital power, or by some special

injury to the heart, brain, or lungs. Agony, or the conflict between two existing passions having opposite objects, tends to exhaust the vital powers, and when intense, it produces violent palpitation, a perspiration of blood, oppression of the chest, loud cries, and, ultimately, *rupture of the heart*. Such rupture is usually attended with immediate death, and with an effusion into the pericardium (the capsule containing the heart) of the blood previously circulating through that organ, and, when thus extravasated—although scarcely in any other case—it separates into its constituent parts, so as to present the appearance commonly termed blood and water.

"The immediate cause of our Lord's death was, therefore, *agony of mind, producing rupture of the heart.*"

#### Eastern Customs.

##### "EVERY SHEPHERD IS AN ABOMINATION UNTO THE EGYPTIANS."

The office of a shepherd in India is only filled by people of very *low caste*, and no man of respectability will attend to such a duty. Hence, to be called a shepherd is a term of reproach.

##### SALUTATIONS.

PEOPLE in great distress begin to bow to the earth when they are at a considerable distance from the man they wish to appease. The usual mode of respect is as follows:—To a king, a father, or an elder brother, bow once; before a priest, the temple, or the gods, three times.

Men of Eastern countries have sixteen different ways of showing respect:—

1. To give a seat.
2. Water for the hands.
3. Water for the feet.
4. Water of young cocoa-nuts, milk, perfumed waters.
5. To pour water on a person—i. e., to bathe him.
6. To assist in putting on the clothes.
7. To put on the triple or sacred cord.
8. To perfume a person.
9. To adorn with garlands.
10. To give rice, coloured with saffron.
11. To offer sweet incense.
12. To give a lamp or a light.
13. To give camphor.
14. A heave offering of rice.
15. Beetle leaves.
16. To worship by flowers.

##### "FEED ME, I PRAY THEE, WITH THAT SAME RED POTAGE."

THE people of the East are exceedingly fond of *pottage*, which they call *kool*. It is something like gruel, and is made of various kinds of grain, which are first beaten in a mortar. The red pottage is made of *kweatas* and other grains, but is not superior to the other. For such a mess of pottage did Esau sell his birthright!

When a man has sold his fields or gardens for an insignificant sum, the people say—"The fellow has sold his land for *pottage*." Does a father give his daughter in marriage to a low caste man, it is observed—"He has given her for *pottage*." Does a person, by base means,

seek for some paltry enjoyment, it is said—"For one leaf of *pottage* he will do nine days' work." Has a learned man stooped to anything which was not expected from him, it is said—"The learned one has fallen into the *pottage-pot*." Has he given instruction or advice to others—"The lizard, which gave warning to the people, has fallen into the *pottage-pot*." Of a man in great poverty, it is remarked—"Alas! he cannot get *pottage*." A beggar asks—"Sir, will you give me a little *pottage*?" Does a man seek to acquire great things by small means—"He is trying to procure rubies by *pottage*." When a person greatly flatters another, it is common to say—"He praises him only for his *pottage*." Does a king greatly oppress his subjects, it is said—"He only governs for the *pottage*." Has an individual lost much money by trade—"The speculation has broken his *pottage-pot*." Does a rich man threaten to ruin a poor man, the latter will ask—"Will the lightning strike my *pottage-pot*?"

## HOW TO SUBDUE SIN.

A SCOTCH warrior, at the hour of battle, thus appealed to his companions in arms: "Noo, lads, there's the enemy; if ye dinna shoot them, they'll shoot you!" Reader, you must be the death of sin, or sin will be the death of you. Sin is the great enemy of man. It hath slain its millions already, and is still insatiable. It is digging a grave for you, and, if not timely resisted, will secure your second and eternal death.

## CONFIDE IN GOD.

MARTIN LUTHER was one day walking in the fields when in great straits, with his Bible in his hand, and reading the sermon on the mount, was much comforted by Matt. vi. 26, "Behold the fowls of the air," &c. &c.; and just then a little bird was hopping from sprig to spray, with its sweet, chirping note, seeming to say—

"Mortals, cease from toil and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow."

It then came to the ground, to pick up a crumb, and, rising merrily, again seemed to repeat its simple song:—

"Mortals, cease from toil and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow."

## THIS WORLD CANNOT SATISFY.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND, who had served fifty years as a great diplomatist in France, under five different governments, at nearly all the courts of Europe, a few years before he died, made this melancholy confession. He wrote it by the lamp on his table, in a chamber of his palace, in the city of Paris, and it was read when he expired:—"Eighty-three years of life are now past—filled with what anxieties, what agitations, what vanities, what troubled perplexities! and all this with no other result than great fatigue, physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and of disgust

for the past"—thus proving that this world, with its pleasures, its honours, and its gains, can never fill up the aching void in the heart of man. This the "life of God in the soul of man" alone can accomplish.

## NATURE A TEACHER.

In every part of Nature's works there is to be found a lesson of instruction, and he is wise who seeks it:—

1. *Hint against pride.*—The onion and the bulrush belong to the same class as the graceful lily and the proud tulip.

2. *Education confers power.*—The uncultivated rose has only five petals, but the cultivated rose can multiply its petals.

3. *Vast results from little causes rise.*—Holland would probably be washed away, were it not for the creeping roots of certain trees that bind the coast together.

4. *Good from evil doth spring.*—The potato is the produce of a poisonous plant.

5. *Where the benevolent man finds subject for praise, the detractor discovers materials for slander.*—The bee and the spider visit the same flower, and where the bee gathers honey the spider collects poison.

## PEACE.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will,  
Bid this struggling heart be still;  
Bid my fears and doubting cease,  
Hush my spirit into peace.  
Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
Open'd wide the way to God:  
Peace, I ask, but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with Thee.

## DEAN PALEY ON CHRIST'S HUMANITY.

WHAT was Jesus in external appearance?—a Jewish mechanic, the son of a carpenter, living with his father and mother in a remote province of Palestine, until the time that he presented himself in his public character. He had no master to instruct or prompt him, he had read no books but the works of Moses and the Prophets, he had visited no polished cities, he had received no lessons from Socrates or Plato, nothing to form in him a taste or judgment different from that of the rest of his countrymen, and of persons of the same rank of life with himself; but the character of Christ is a part of the morality of the Gospel. In the histories which are left us of Jesus Christ, although very short, and although dealing in narrative and not in observation or panegyric, we perceive, besides the absence of every appearance of vice, traces of devotion, humility, benignity, mildness, patience, prudence. I speak of traces of these qualities themselves which are to be collected from incidents, inasmuch as the terms are never used of Christ in the Gospels, nor is any formal character of him drawn in any part of the New Testament.

## The Student's Page.

## ANALYSIS OF THE EPISTLES.

PAUL has given us the substance of Divine truth in a threefold way:—

1. In a catechetical manner—that is, by the mere articles, without copious proofs and refutations; as in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

2. By a fuller exposition, with arguments, refutations, &c., added by way of explanation; as in the Epistle to the Galatians.

3. By a complete consideration and exposition of the several parts of doctrine; as in the Epistle to the Romans.

These points merit attention, because, even subsequently to the days of the Apostle, sometimes the shorter and sometimes the more elaborate Epistles have been cited, accordingly as seasons and circumstances have required.

## TIBERIAS.

TIBERIAS is one of the principal resorts of modern Jews. These singular people cling with unabated ardour to their law and their traditions—they still anxiously expect their Messiah; and the most learned rabbi in Jerusalem (with whom I had, said a traveller, a long conversation) expressed his expectations that one day their Deliverer would appear on Mount Sinai. They are blind to the manifest fulfilment of the prophecies, blind to the evidence which to us seems so clear and conclusive. Though the sceptre has long departed from Judah, though the daily sacrifice has long ceased, though everything tends to prove how vain their expectations, and that the Messiah has already come, yet they continue obstinately hoping against hope, with a patience worthy of a better cause.

The boatmen, says the same authority, refused to row us across the lake of Gennesareth, alleging that towards evening the wind would be contrary, that is to say, westerly. This very circumstance is alluded to by two Evangelists, who state that it was the fourth watch of the night, and the wind was contrary for ships returning to Tiberias (Matt. xiv. 24, 25).

## PROOF OF A SUPREME BEING.

THE Mohammedans have invented many fabulous accounts concerning the prophets and the patriarchs of the Old Testament. Among the rest, they tell us that a certain prophet, having preached a long time to an eastern king, who was an atheist and a tyrant, on the existence of one Eternal God and on the creation of the world, and finding that he made no impression either on the king or his courtiers, ordered a fine palace to be erected privately, at a considerable distance from a country residence of the king. It appeared that the king, as he was hunting, saw this palace, and inquired by whom it had been built. None of his followers could give him any information. At length the prophet came forward, and said to him that the palace must have built itself. The king fell a-laughing at his absurdity, telling him it was a pretty thing for a man who called himself a prophet to say that such a palace had built itself in the middle of a desert. The prophet interrupted him with

saying, "You think it a strange extravagance to affirm that this palace built itself, the thing being impossible, yet you believe that the world made itself. If this fine palace, which is but an atom in comparison, could not spring from itself in this desert, how much more impossible that this world, so solid, so great, so admirable in all its parts, could be made by itself, and that it should not, on the contrary, be the work of an Architect, wise and powerful!" The king was convinced, and worshipped God as the prophet had instructed him to do. The moral taught is good, though from a fabulous tale.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of me," Luke xxi. 19.

This ordinance, as it was a special token of the Saviour's love, so it is a special means of communion with himself. Indeed, all the blessings connected with Divine communion may be looked for here.

## 1. Why do I come to the Lord's table?—

Because my Master commands it, 1 Cor. xi. 23-25. Because my soul needs it, Ps. cxix. 81; John vi. 35.

To remember Christ, 1 Cor. xi. 26.

To mourn over my sin, Luke vii. 38.

To renew my covenant with God, Ps. cxvi. 16-19.

To be strengthened and refreshed in my soul, Cant. ii. 3.

## 2. How am I to come?—

With an understanding heart, Ps. xlvi. 3, 4; 1 Cor. xi. 29.

A reverent heart, Gen. xxviii. 16, 17; Ps. lxxxix. 7.

A penitent heart, Ps. li. 17.

With an hungering heart, Matt. v. 6.

A believing heart, John vi. 35.

A sincere heart, Ps. xxvi. 6; 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

A loving and charitable heart, 1 Cor. x. 17; Matt.

v. 23, 24.

A thankful heart, Ps. cxvi. 12, 13; Acts ii. 46.

## 3. What may I expect when I come?—

That I shall not be sent empty away, Ps. xxxvi. 8;

Jer. xxxi. 14; Luke i. 53.

That I shall be blessed according to my need, Phil. iv. 19.

Therefore, let me ask—

What comfort do I most desire?—

Assurance of pardon under the guilt of sin, Luke vii. 50.

Victory over the power of sin, Rom. vi. 14.

Joy and peace in believing, Rom. xv. 13.

What graces do I most need?—

If I do not receive sensible comfort, I may still be filled with goodness, Ps. cvi. 9.

I may be blessed with—

Increase of faith, Luke xvii. 5; 1 John v. 13.

Spiritual strength, Zech. x. 12; xii. 8.

Brokenness of heart, Zech. xii. 10.

Let me examine what are my besetting corruptions, 2 Chron. vi. 29.

And go expecting that particular grace whereby I may subdue them, John i. 16. And my Christ in mercy "remember me."

## The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH G. B., M. A., T. S.,  
C. W. J., X. X., AND OTHERS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

F. "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."—Luke xix. 27.

E. By the punishment denounced against those who refused to submit to the Saviour's authority, is denoted their ruin that was coming upon the men of Jerusalem for their rejection of Christ as the Messiah. It also warns us of the chastisement that hereafter awaits all who hear the words of life, and finally despise them. Therefore, Wisdom says, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

F. "Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."—Luke xxii. 36.

E. Not to buy a sword to repel force by force—for Christ reproved Peter for using a sword. The command was intended to show the apostles that perilous times were approaching, and the words are a figurative mode of expression, urging the disciples of Christ to provide against impending danger. The state of affairs was changed; the time was come when they must provide a bag for their provisions and money for their charges, and guard against danger with care and prudence; for Christ's afflictions were about to end, but the afflictions and the trials of the followers of Christ were about to commence, and therefore they were forewarned.

F. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law."—Matt. x. 34, 35.

E. An oriental mode of expressing the foreseen consequences of any act. Christ does not mean that the design of his coming into the world was to cause dissension; but that, owing to the bad passions of men, dissensions and strife would often be the result. The history of Christianity proves the truth of the Saviour's words. The hostility evinced by sceptics against the Gospel, and the estrangements that oft prevail between those who believe in Christ and those who are strangers to all spirituality of mind, are examples that confirm the Saviour's words.

F. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."—Luke xiv. 26.

E. "To hate" was among the Hebrews an idiomatic expression for *loving less*. Men who professed to be the followers of Christ were to love their Divine Master in a higher degree than they loved the dearest of their earthly kindred. Scoffers evil at this passage; it would be prudent to understand the meaning of a portion of

Holy Writ before they denounce it. All nations have their idiomatic phrases, in which the literal meaning of the words is never intended. A gentleman of rank may, as an act of courtesy, term himself "your obedient servant," without designing to discharge the duties which custom assigns to our servants.

F. "And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables."

"That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."—Mark iv. 11, 12.

E. "Unto them that are without." The Jews applied this title to the heathens, but our Lord applied it to themselves, to denote the loss of their privileges.

"The mystery of the kingdom." Not that which cannot be understood, but that which relates to Christ's kingdom, and has not yet been made known, such as the spiritual nature of his kingdom, the progress of the Gospel, the cessation of the Mosaic law, and the calling of the Gentiles to share in the mercies promised to Abraham.

"All these things are done in parables." Jesus did not adopt this mode of instruction until the Jewish teachers accused him of being in league with Satan. They would not hear the truth in plain language; when he spoke plainly, they endeavoured to kill him. By means of the parables they became, unwillingly, instructors to themselves.

"That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand." The Jews saw the miracles performed, but would not believe them. They heard the Saviour's words uttered with and without parable, and they would not understand them; therefore they were given up to judicial blindness; so that, seeing they did not see, and hearing they did not understand. God says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He that hardens his heart against reiterated offers of mercy, may expect to be given up to the consequences of a hardened heart, and thus his own sin is made his own chastisement.

## A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

We address our friendly counsels to C. W. J.

Your case is sad; your sin is great. Many others are equally guilty, and suffer equal conflicts; and happily, by the grace of God, many of these transgressors are rescued from the sin wherewith, for the larger portion of their lives, they have been "tied and bound." The victory which others have gained you may, by the same Divine aid, gain also. Your conflict is your chastisement. When a man has indulged in some besetting sin, God often lets him feel that sin struggling for ascendancy, in order to teach him the corruption of his nature, and the perpetual need of strength better than his own, and also to show that God will chastise the sinner, even though he forgive the sin. Thus, the slothful man, or the impure man, even after he has been turned to a wiser course, probably suffers all his life from the effects, or from the returning temptations of sloth or impurity; but the nearer the man lives to God, the less frequently does the temptation occur, and the

greater is the inclination to resist the temptation, and the greater also is the ability to overcome. We would say to C. W. J., Not only guard against the evil, but also guard against anything that leads to the evil; be much in ejaculatory prayer; ask of God, for Christ's sake, to impart the *promised* strength. Appeal to God, earnestly, perseveringly, not only when tempted, but when exempt from the temptation; acknowledge your utter helplessness. Put yourself, so to speak, into God's hands, and reverently implore him to undertake for you, and to fulfil the promise, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." Examine yourself; see that there be no hidden wickedness, no other sin habitually indulged; for if you cherish iniquity in your heart your prayer will not be answered. Meditate upon the following portions of Scripture, and turn them into prayer, and make the promises of God your plea:—Jer. xiv. 7; Ps. xxxvii. 24; 2 Chron. vii. 14; Jer. iii. 23; Hos. xiv. 4; Jer. xxxi. 20; and we hope that ere long you may know by personal experience the intensity of the Psalmist's joy, when, in grateful adoration, he exclaims, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction."

#### THEY WILL BE DONE.

How sweet it is in peace to dwell,  
And do our Father's will;  
His name to bless, his praise to tell,  
And feel him near us still:  
At morn to raise a cheerful song,  
At eve a joyful lay,  
And strive to please him all day long,  
While time flies swift away!  
  
Oh, what are all those moments past  
That we have idly spent?  
They had not one poor joy to last,  
But all like shadows went.  
Our hours are debts laid to our cost  
That we can ne'er repay;  
And years are but as moments lost,  
For time flies fast away.

#### Short Arrows.

##### SIMPLICITY OF MANNER.

THE water that has no taste is the purest; the rain that has no odour is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

##### JEREMY TAYLOR ON CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climbing above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motions made irregular and inconstant—descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had

learned music and motions of an angel as he passed sometime through the air about his ministries below. So is the prayer of a good man.

##### THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

WHAT majesty is there in the Christian's death! What a glory in his hope! As the rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean, as the rose smells the sweetest when dying, as the sun appears most glorious when setting—so it is with the departing Christian influenced by faith in Christ, hope in God, and charity towards his fellow-men.

##### TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.

"TAKE hold of my hand," says the little one, as he begins to totter along over the rough places in his narrow path. "Take hold of my hand," says the youth, as he feels his heart quicken at the sight of her who seems to him the necessary support in the coming struggles of life. "Take hold of my hand," says the rugged man, as he stumbles onward over the rough ways of earth, and the storms of adversity are beating on his head. "Take hold of my hand," says the grey-haired veteran, as he totters downward towards the grave. He begins to have faith in some sustaining but invisible power, and he prays, "take hold of my hand," with all the hope and trust which inspired the infant supplication. "Take hold of my hand," says the dying man, as he looks his last on earth. Sympathising friends, standing around his bed, may obey the whispered request, but he heeds them not. He is no longer of the flesh, but of the spirit; and dearly loved ones, gone before, "take hold of his hand," and he ascends on high, having taken hold of the Strong, for strength.

#### Youths' Department.

##### MARY FOSTER.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." "It is the old story, Mary; you do not know your lessons, and I cannot hear you any longer. Go back to your seat, and look at them again. I wonder when my little daughter will learn the one most important lesson of all—to do as she is bid?"

Mrs. Foster was a delicate-looking lady, and as she spoke there was a troubled shade over her face, the sign of a nervous complaint, which rendered her acutely sensible of any annoyance. Mary was her only child—a fine girl, with a pleasant face, and very good-tempered. If it had not been for her great fault of disobedience, we might have said she was a good girl. But Mary never could learn to do as she was told, and hence arose a great deal of trouble to her invalid mother, and much punishment to herself from her father, Colonel Foster.

In order to keep her at home, Mrs. Foster heard her a daily course of lessons; but, as learning them was a duty, Mary generally came up only half-prepared, and was sent back again and again.

Look at her now, as she sits in the corner, with her book, all dog-eared and stained with ink, beside her.

It is not a hard lesson—only a column of spelling; a quarter of an hour's application would master it—but then there is Pussy to watch, and the window to look out of, and that button on her pinafore to twist off. Ten minutes pass. Mrs. Foster looks round.

"Mary, let that cat alone." "Yes, mamma;" and Fuss is let go, but not without a parting pinch, which sends him mewling across the room. Mary immediately fixes her eyes on her book, as if cats and noises were miles away.

Five minutes more. Mrs. Foster looks round again. Mary has got the ink-bottle, and is trying how far her finger can go in without getting black. "Mary!" The finger is immediately withdrawn, and the book seized, receiving a broad, black stain upon the unlucky column. Mary glances hurriedly to see that her mother has turned away, smears the blot with her hand, and finally attempts to wipe it out with a corner of her pinafore: pinafore, hand, and book are now, all three, black together. She is a little bit frightened, and begins again: "A-b-b-o-double-t, abbott; w-a-t-e-r, water," in a very inaudible voice.

"Mary, have I not often asked you to say your lesson to yourself?"

Mary thereupon says her lesson to herself for a little time, and Mrs. Foster, after reminding her that twenty minutes have elapsed, and that she shall expect the spelling to be quite learnt in ten more, resumes her book.

Mary is to go into the town with her mother at twelve o'clock. There are to be several purchases, and, among them, a Ribbon for her doll. Is it to be pink or blue? "Abbott, water," and Company are forgotten again, and she begins to weigh the question. Then, about the silk to sew it with: has mamma got any blue in her work-box? There is the work-box on the table. Mary reaches over, and softly draws it to her. When the ten minutes are over, Mrs. Foster sees a couple of lace collars and half-a-dozen skeins of silk drawn out on the table.

"O Mary, Mary! what a naughty, disobedient child you are!"

Silk and collars are stuffed hasty back, and the work-box pushed away; but, alas! the ink-bottle is still on the table-corner, and Mary's elbow sends it, with a crash, on the floor, pouring a black flood over the table-cloth and carpet, and completing the already blotted condition of the pinafore. Mary bursts into tears, and sobs forth that she did not mean to do it.

Mrs. Foster could bear it no longer. She rang the bell. "Here, Nancy, wipe up this mess, and take Miss Mary with you into the nursery. I shall expect that lesson, Mary, perfectly learnt before we go out; and unless you say it without a mistake, I shall not take you with me. I cannot do with you here any longer." And Mary went away, crying, with the servant.

Left alone, Mrs. Foster, with a weary look, tried to compose herself for a little rest; but she could only think of her daughter's disobedient nature, and felt quite upset by it. When the hour came for going out, she summoned Mary again. Alas! the lesson was nearly as badly said as before, and an inquiry from Nancy elicited the fact that "Miss Mary" had been playing with her doll, and talking of the new ribbon. Mrs. Foster quietly put the spelling-book aside, and, calling the little girl to her side, said—

"Mary, you do not love me."

"O mamma!" said not so far away.

"No, my child, you do not really love me, or you would try to do all I ask you. I am too grieved and ill to speak to you now, and the carriage is at the door. I cannot take you with me, but I will give you something to do while I am gone, which will be of good to you, I hope. Fetch me your Bible."

Mary brought it, sobbing, and Mrs. Foster turned to Ephesians vi., and read aloud—

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Will you learn this for me, while I am out, Mary?"

"O mamma! I can do that directly. It will not take me a minute."

"No, simply to learn the words: but I want you to look at this verse, and think over it, and then to pray to God to make you more obedient to your parents. Will you do so?"

Mary could only sob. "I don't know what to do."

"I must go now," said Mrs. Foster; "but if my little girl wishes to show that she is sorry for having grieved me, she will do what I tell her, while I am out. You make me very unhappy, my child." And Mrs. Foster went away, leaving Mary alone.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly outside, and Mary had set her heart on this drive above all others. For a time she stood sobbing, with the Bible and spelling-book before her. Then God put a good desire into her heart—the desire of pleasing her mother, and doing as she had been told. "I will learn the verse, and my spelling, and finish the sewing I should have done this morning," she thought to herself. So down she sat.

The spelling was learnt, the hemming of the handkerchief was finished. If she had only worked half as industriously before, what a deal of trouble she would have saved herself! Then she read the verse over and over again; and, finally, remembering her mother's direction, she knelt down, and repeated the prayer she was accustomed to say every morning and evening, adding a special clause that she might be made obedient to her parents. Then she got up, and—must we confess it?—felt very much pleased with herself. Ah! it is a bad sign when we are soon ready to forgive ourselves for our faults. Mary thought no longer of her morning's disobedience, or how she had vexed her mother. She had learnt all her tasks, and now what was to be done next? It

looked so pleasant in the garden that she got her bonnet, and ran out. The garden was a great hobby of her father's. It was beautifully kept, and, though small, had many beds of rare flowers—geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, and scented verbenas. They were all in full blossom, and looked very pretty indeed. For a time, Mary kept the memory of her mother's words and her own prayer in her mind, and walked soberly about from bed to bed, smelling the flowers, and plucking off the dead leaves. But the fresh air and the bright sun soon drove all serious thoughts out of her head, and she became careless again.

The colonel had a large and valuable retriever dog, which was chained up in a corner of the yard. Mary could hear Ponto barking as she played in the garden, and it struck her what fun it would be to let him out for a run. Had she considered a moment, she would have remembered how strictly Colonel Foster had forbidden her ever to set the dog loose, unless he gave permission; but no, Mary was in a self-satisfied, and consequently self-reliant, frame of mind, and away she ran, unfastened the chain, and brought Ponto, bounding and barking, into the garden.

Meantime, Mrs. Foster drove into the neighbouring town to make her purchases. In punishing Mary she had partly punished herself, for she would have much preferred to have had her little daughter with her. Children do not think how much it pains their parents to have to correct them. Scarcely had the carriage entered the town, however, before the coachman pulled up, and Colonel Foster came to the door. In a few hurried words, he told his wife that a sudden order had come for him to join his regiment abroad, and that she must return home with him immediately, as little time was given for preparation. The carriage was turned round, and back they went together to the house.

The conversation that followed was very serious. The question was whether Mary was to go with them. The colonel well knew how disobedient and troublesome she was, notwithstanding her mother's gentle teaching. He argued that she had much better be left behind at a good school, where her faults would not be permitted; that so, when they came back, God willing, they might have some pleasure in their daughter. Poor Mrs. Foster! what could she say when she remembered Mary's behaviour that very morning? She knew, in her own heart, that severe discipline and separation from home would have a great effect; but still, in her failing health, she was unwilling to leave her child behind. She told her husband how she had spoken to Mary before she left home, and added, "Let us see how she has attended to my wishes. Perhaps she may have resolved to be a good girl, henceforth." Colonel Foster hinted that, no doubt, she was at some mischief or other; "But I am willing to give her the chance," he said. So

they drove to the house, got out, and walked quietly through a side-door into the garden.

O Mary! if you had but kept to your good resolution, all might still have been well: but how was it?

The usual tidy garden was in the wildest disorder. The beautiful beds of flowers were trampled on, and torn to pieces; blossoms of rare plants lay scattered on the grass; and there, in the middle, was Ponto, who had done all the mischief, tearing one of the foreign birds, which Colonel Foster kept with their wings cut, tame, in the garden; while, white with terror, by his side stood Mary, exhausted with chasing the savage dog, and ready to faint.

Who can tell Colonel Foster's anger or his wife's sorrow? What could Mrs. Foster say now about taking such a disobedient child? My dear little reader, Mary was sent away to a London boarding-school soon after; her parents set sail for India; a rapid decline took Mrs. Foster away to a better country, and Mary never saw her dear, kind, gentle mother again. Can you fancy her, under the eye of a severe mistress, who punished the slightest act of disobedience, thinking of the hundred instances when she had worried her poor dying mother, whose gentle accents still lingered in her ears? And when the news of that dear mother's death reached her, with a few touching lines of farewell written on her death-bed, Mary was nearly heart-broken.

But she learnt true obedience—obedience to the will of her Heavenly Father. When Colonel Foster returned to England, he scarcely knew the dutiful, affectionate, obedient daughter he found to keep his house, and supply his every wish almost before it was uttered. Mary had been taught a lesson she never forgot—and so, I trust, will every child who reads this story—and it was this: to understand and observe that commandment, the first with promise, "*Honour thy father and thy mother.*"

#### THE COTTON FAMINE.

A CORRESPONDENT at Denton informs us that he has been in the habit of giving away numbers of THE QUIVER, and adds—"Many of those who have been attending our sewing-classes have been highly delighted with them; and I think, were the plan generally adopted, the great desire for light reading would soon pass away."

The distribution of religious periodicals among the members of sewing and other classes in the distressed districts may, by the Divine blessing, be the means of reviving a taste for pure and elevating literature, and we are glad to find that THE QUIVER commends itself for this purpose to those who are engaged in the work.

Our friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged £ 223 2 9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
C. C. Bradford	0	2	9	S. A. H.	0	4	0
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Mary Jones	0	4	1	A. Crawford	0	4	2
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I. Irwin	15	0		shies	0	6	9
H. S. Nicholson	8	9		R. E. Prudhoe	0	5	6
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School	18	8		G. S. M., Gt. Yarmouth	1	0	0
D. E. Tyerman,	14	0		M. H. P., Berwick-upon-			
				Tweed	0	13	0
J. Hewson, a Poor Girl	0	3	0	H. James	0	2	0
Annie, Monkstown	0	4	6	Wm. Haynes	0	10	0
J. Gibson	0	1	5	W. Watson	0	1	6
J. B., late Sergt. 71st				F. C. Varley	0	2	10
Regt.	0	4	0	Mrs. Caillard	0	5	0
Scholars of Harwood				S. J. W. Skelton, Ley-			
School, per Mr. Jas.				ton	0	3	0
Diamond	2	8	9	M. A. Hughes	1	0	0
Helen Atkins	0	2	6	R. Wenden	0	10	1
Miss Dash	0	5	0	A. B. Nazing	0	3	0
Joseph Vickery	0	2	0	D. P.	0	1	2
F. Owett	0	4	0	M. T. B., Cardiff	0	3	8
J. Shaw	0	7	0	F. P. Pershore	0	5	0
Adam Smart	0	5	0	James Cox	0	6	2
Miss Nicholson	0	4	0	M. W., Attcliffe	0	1	7
A. J. C., Fort Gratiot	0	9	0	David Evans	0	5	8
Threekingston Sunday				John Rule	0	4	0
School Children, per				Instead of a Muff	0	4	6
Mrs. Cragg	0	1	6	Miss Button	0	2	8
Jas. Thompson	0	3	0	A. N. Whitchurch	0	15	0
Jas. Dawson	0	5	0	J. T. Lawton	0	5	0
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G. Terry	0	6	6	M. E. Perkins	0	2	6
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Top				St. Clement's Sunday			
Jas. Allward				School Children, per			
Thos. Hall, per Richard				The Campbell	0	8	0
Davidson	0	1	6	Mrs. Cook	0	8	0
Mrs. Williamson	0	14	6	M. H. Huxley	0	6	0
Mrs. G. Hart	0	4	0	J. W. N. Crosby Garrett	0	7	0
E. E. Maldon	0	2	6	R. Hubble	0	8	6
Wm. Jas. Nelson	0	3	0	E. Newton (2nd Sub.)	0	1	0
Mary Symons	0	5	8	Ann Spragg	0	1	8
W. H. B. C.	0	8	0	Thos. Ray	0	2	0
J. R. Dawson	0	4	6	Lilly Usher	0	15	3
J. Sherlock, contents of				J. Ross	0	6	3
Lancashire box	0	8	5	Mrs. Warden	0	10	0
J. S. Cambeltown	0	5	6	James Smith	0	1	6
M. A. D. Blagdon	0	8	0	L. B. M. Wivenhoe	1	2	0
Thos. Brettell	0	6	0	W. Williams	0	12	5
Lucilla Soutthill	0	1	0	R. J. Bayley	0	2	0
Mrs. Mary Ramsey	1	13	6	Albert Snelgrave	0	3	6
G. Mitchell	0	2	11	E. G. Ealing	0	8	0
A. M. Thurs	0	9	0	Mary Compton	0	5	0
Ellen Mill	0	4	0	Kate Large	0	8	0
F. T. P. Bold	0	1	8	W. Howard	0	8	0
Mary Stewart Eastaway	0	7	0	G. Cole	0	2	5
Louis Jacques	1	0	0	L. J. Cole	0	1	9
C. S. Frank	0	2	0	M. Johnston	0	6	0
J. H. D. Dumfries	0	3	6	Rob. Sadler	0	2	6
One of the Staff of Cas- sel, Peter, & Galpin (2nd, don.)	1	0	0	M. Wiey	0	2	6
Mrs. Rudolph	0	15	8	Mary Reynolds	0	1	8
Christiana Black	0	8	6	Mary Justice	0	1	6
T. Kemp	0	8	6	Fanny Kitching	0	4	11
S. B., Newington Cause- way	0	1	3	Fanny Apley	0	6	0
				Amelia Rose	0	14	0
			Total	£450	7	4	

## WILLIAM ALLAIR;

OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANGINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### PUNISHMENT.

ONE black sheep will spoil a flock. One black boy—speaking with regard to the sheep and the boy metaphorically—will spoil a whole school.

Harry Vane infected his companions with a love for the sea: but he was not the black sheep. That boy was Jenniker, the eldest of them all.

Nothing overwhelmingly bad, either, was there in Jenniker. He possessed no very evil habits; he did not thieve or kill. But Jenniker was daringly self-willed; somewhat loose in principle; inclined to disobedience and rebellion; and Jenniker's shortcomings in these respects worked contagion in the school.

In some respects poor Jenniker was to be pitied. He had not the advantage, the safeguard, of a happy home. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been brought up by an uncle and aunt. His aunt was fond of him and treated him well; his uncle also treated him well during her life. But she died; and the time came when his uncle took another wife, and the second Mrs. Jenniker set her face against the boy. There had been war to the knife ever since. And it is not improbable that Jenniker would have made short work of it and run away long ago, but for the earnest pleadings of his sweet cousin Mildred.

He went home, after boasting of his exploits, as to the tarts, at Allair's. Mr. Jenniker, a wealthy farmer, lived about a mile out of Whittermed, at the Manor Farm. Jenniker—Dick, he was generally called at home—was deep in the preparation of his lessons for the following morning, when the carriage drove up, containing his uncle, Mrs. Jenniker, and Mildred. Some friends were with them; they had come to spend the evening; and Jenniker escaped anger for the time. Mildred came to him in the study, gave him an account of the day's proceedings, told him the trick was assumed to be his, and that Mrs. Jenniker vowed vengeance against him.

Jenniker only laughed. But when the guests had left, the storm fell upon his head, Mr. and Mrs. Jenniker heaping reproaches upon it. Jenniker retorted, and there was an angry scene. The boy—he was not much more than a boy, though he was so big and tall—spoke out as he had never spoken. Mildred burst into tears. These disputes made the sorrow of her life.

"Such a row!" said careless Jenniker to the boys of his desk the next morning at early school. "They quarrelled with me, and I quarrelled with them."

"But about the tarts, Jenniker?" cried the boys, eagerly. "How did they find the trick out?"

"I'd give a guinea to have been there and seen the fun!" responded Jenniker. "When the time came for the repast to be spread, the company turned out their hampers, and my step-aunt turned out hers. The tarts looked all right, but the custard didn't. 'My dear,' says uncle to her, 'your custard has turned.' 'My

custard turned!" says she: "it's not likely;" for if there's one thing she prides herself upon, it's the making of her cheesecakes and custards. So my uncle tastes the custard, and finds it sour—all turned. "It's my belief there's vinegar in it," cried he. So that put her up. "What should bring vinegar in my custards?" she asked. "Taste it," returned uncle. Well, she did taste, and the company all round tasted, and they found a flavour of onions in addition to the vinegar, and—"

"Stop a bit, Jenniker! How did you get at this?" "Mildred told me. I wish you wouldn't put a fellow out! The custard was thrown away, and the dinner proceeded. When the meats were done with, the tarts came on. You know old Mother Graham? Well, she was served first, being the oldest and fattest. "What sort will you take, ma'am?" asks Mrs. Jenniker, who presided over her own tarts. "I'll take a gooseberry, ma'am," replies Mother Graham. So Mrs. Jenniker looks at her private marks, and sent her a gooseberry, and Mother Graham takes a good bite at it. "Goodness me, ma'am!" she shrieks out, "you have forgotten the fruit!" "Forgotten the fruit!" repeats Mrs. Jenniker, resenting the rudeness. "Don't, mother!" whispers her son, the parson, to her—for he thought it was nothing but rudeness—Mrs. Jenniker always puts plenty of fruit in her tarts. "But there's none!" cries out Mother Graham to him; and she pulls the tart apart before the company. This flustered Mrs. Jenniker; she told Mildred angrily that it was her carelessness, for it was she who had filled the tarts: and she hands Mother Graham another. "But what tarts are these?" cries Mother Graham, taking a bite as before. "They have got no insides to them." Mrs. Jenniker, in a fearful passion, cut a few open, and found they had no insides, but were hollow and empty. Mildred says I should have seen the consternation."

The desk was in an ecstasy. It had not been treated to such a tale for many a day.

"They laid the blame upon my shoulders at once, my uncle and step-aunt," went on Jenniker, "vowing vengeance upon me."

"How did they know?"

"Oh, they guessed. Mildred wouldn't do such a thing, and the servants wouldn't, so there was nobody but me. Such an uproar there was, last night! They abused me, and I abused them. My uncle said he should get me punished by Robertson, to-day. He had better!"

Vain defiance of Jenniker's! Scarcely had he spoken when his uncle walked into the school. That he was in earnest in his anger, his coming thus early, before breakfast, proved. He went aside with Dr. Robertson and spoke with him in a low tone.

What he said, was never known. It was rumoured in the school afterwards that he put the affair in a very strong light, indeed, and accused his nephew of *theft*. At any rate, whatever may have been the precise nature of the representation, he succeeded in his demand for extreme punishment. The doctor called Jenniker up, spoke a few severe words, summoned his man-servant, and ordered Jenniker to prepare for a flogging.

Jenniker's face flushed. With all his escapades, he

had never been flogged; indeed, it was a punishment not often resorted to by Dr. Robertson. "What have I done to deserve a flogging?" asked he.

"Your own conscience can tell you that," replied the doctor. "Mr. Jenniker has satisfied me upon the point."

"I only played them a lark," said Jenniker. "Took the insides out of some tarts for their picnic. That does not merit a flogging."

"Your conduct in many ways is incorrigibly bad, I find; it has been for some time," returned the doctor, taking out his great birch. "I hope this punishment will have an effect upon you."

"What have you been telling him, uncle?" angrily asked Jenniker of his uncle.

"Hoist him," said Dr. Robertson to his servant, giving the word of command in a sharp tone, while Mr. Jenniker stood with an impulsive face, never speaking in answer to the question which his nephew had put to him.

"I won't be flogged! I won't!" raved rebellious Jenniker.

Resistance to power is of little use, and Jenniker found it so. He was seized upon, his back bared, and the birch soundly applied.

It was not a pleasant sight: he was too big to be flogged; and it looked more like punishing a soldier than a school boy. Jenniker was the eldest in the school, standing quite five feet eight. The punishment over, he returned to his desk, sullen and resentful: and Mr. Jenniker, who had stood to witness it, left the school.

"How did it taste, Jenniker?" whispered one. There will always be found some boys ready to pay off these shafts.

Jenniker brought his fist down upon the desk with an ugly word. "The first of you that throws that flogging in my teeth, or even gives me so much as a look over it, shall be licked into powder. I promise it. Now! Go on if you dare: you are none of you strong enough to fight with me."

In a trial of strength, Jenniker was a match for almost any two boys in the school; and, as none had a wish to be converted into "powder," they decided to let Jenniker alone. It was their wisest plan. Of a good-humoured, careless nature in general, Jenniker, when aroused—though it took a good deal to do it—would show out (as the school expressed it) as savage as any wild heathen.

This flogging took place before breakfast, I have said, at early morning school. When the boys assembled after breakfast, Jenniker was not one of them. Neither did he make his appearance after dinner. Dr. Robertson said nothing; but it was probable that he resolved upon a further punishment for this daring attempt at insubordination.

Not a sight did the boys catch of Jenniker the whole of the day, in school or out. Morning came, and the school was filled as usual. Still no Jenniker. Dr. Robertson cast his eyes over the boys, and noted the absence.

"Where's Jenniker?" he asked.

There was no reply.

"Have none of you seen Jenniker?"

"The boys spoke, then; all the school. They had not seen him since he left the school after the flogging. Dr. Robertson called up Vane.

"Go to the Manor farm. Inquire why Jenniker is not at school, and say that I demand his immediate attendance. Don't linger on your errand," sharply added the doctor, as a particular injunction to his messenger.

Harry Vane liked the expedition excessively. The school envied him, and resentfully thought Vane was always in luck. A scamper up to the Manor farm was rather more agreeable, on a sunshiny June morning, than the bending over the school desks at their horrid books, as they termed them; and the "horrid books" did not get much of their attention during his absence.

Harry Vane was invited into the breakfast room at the Manor farm. Pretty Mildred was alone in it. Her papa had gone riding round his farm, and Mrs. Jenniker was not down. "I have come to ask about Jenniker," said Harry. "Robertson's in such a temper."

Mildred looked alarmed. "What about him?" she asked. "Is he ill?"

"Is who ill?" returned Harry Vane, not understanding.

"Richard."

"Richard!" repeated Harry. "I don't know what you mean, Mildred. He has not been near school since yesterday morning. I have come to order him there."

Mildred's face began to grow white. The words brought to her she knew not what of dread. "He has not been home since yesterday morning," she whispered. "Where is he? What can have become of him?"

Harry Vane could only look at her in surprise. Where could Jenniker have gone?

"Was it a dreadful flogging?" asked Mildred, in a shuddering whisper.

"Pretty smart," was the answer. "What an odd thing that he should not have come home!"

"I wondered," said Mildred, doing her best to choke down her fright and her tears. "Papa said no doubt Dr. Robertson had kept him for further punishment."

"What a notion!" returned Harry Vane. "When a flogging's over, the punishment's over. I should like to know where Jenniker can have got to, though. If I go back without him, Robertson will be in a rage!"

"He is not here," was all poor Mildred could reiterate. "I shall send a servant back with you, to try and learn some news."

They returned together, Harry Vane and Mr. Jenniker's servant. The boy looked flushed as he entered the school: the man awkwardly touched his hat, and then stood with it in his hand.

"If you please, sir, Jenniker is not at home," said Harry, addressing Dr. Robertson. "He has not been home since yesterday morning."

"Then where is he?" uttered the amazed doctor, after a pause, given to digest the news. "Did you see Mr. Jenniker?"

"No, sir, he was out on the farm. I saw Miss

Mildred. She said her papa and Mrs. Jenniker, when they found he did not go home, thought you had kept him for punishment."

"I should not be likely to keep him all night, had I detained him for the day. They might have known that. What do you want, my man?" the doctor added, turning to the servant.

"Miss Mildred give me orders to come here, sir, and ask what you thought—as to where Master Richard can have got to," was the man's reply. "She seems quite alarmed, sir."

"I cannot tell at all," said the doctor. "I can form no opinion upon the subject, tell Miss Jenniker. It is very bad conduct. Mr. Jenniker ought to be informed immediately."

The man, giving his hair a touch to the doctor, and another general touch to the school, quitted the room.

Dr. Robertson looked round on the throng of boys. They were partaking of the excitement, as to Jenniker. Not one had his eyes on his duties.

"Are you sure that none of you have seen Jenniker since yesterday morning?" he asked.

The boys replied that they were. Quite sure.

"Did he say anything when school was over? Or give any clue, as to where he was going?"

A boy named Gripper answered. He fancied the doctor looked at him particularly.

"Jenniker did not wait to say anything, sir. He went out of school first, the moment the doors were opened. I don't think he spoke a word to any of us after the flogging, except to warn us that he would bear no comments upon it."

"It is very strange where—" Dr. Robertson's words were arrested by the re-appearance of Mr. Jenniker's servant. The man came in, looking wild, his face white, his hair standing on end.

"He has gone and enlisted for a soldier!" gasped he, altogether ignoring ceremony.

"What? Who?" exclaimed the doctor, while the whole school, including the under masters, looked up in excitement.

"Master Richard has, sir. As I went out from here, Bailiff Thompson was a passing, and he stopped me. He says he see our Master Richard in Burchester last night, along with a recruiting troop, and he had got colours a flying from his hat. He has gone and 'lisfed, for certain," added the man, quite in an agony.

Dr. Robertson paused; he did not much like the news. "Make the best of your way home to your master," he presently said, "and acquaint him. Is Thompson sure that it was young Jenniker?" he resumed, almost unable to take in the unpleasant tidings.

"There can't be no mistake, sir. Thompson says he spoke to him. I always said as it would end in something bad," concluded the man, as he turned to depart. "Master Richard was so random and self-willed: he never cared for nobody. Master have crossed him, too, a good deal of late."

The tidings were giving Dr. Robertson very great concern. When the school broke up for breakfast, he proceeded to the Manor farm. Mr. Jenniker had returned home then, and was in possession of the news.

"He must be seen after," said Dr. Robertson.

"Not by me."

"Seen after, and bought off," continued the doctor.

"Not by me, I say," repeated Mr. Jenniker. "He is a wicked, ungrateful boy. A little taste of the world's hardships will do him good."

"But there's no knowing what trouble and mischief he may get into," urged the doctor. "There's no foreseeing where it may end."

"It is his own look-out," replied Mr. Jenniker. "As he has made his bed, so shall he lie upon it."

And nothing was done for Richard Jenniker. Had Mr. Jenniker possessed boys of his own, he had possibly been more lenient to his nephew's faults. He was what is called a gentleman farmer, had plenty of money, and intended Richard to be a farmer after him. This, Richard had stoutly repudiated. He had "no liking that way," he urged, and wished for a more stirring life. Jenniker possessed a trifling patrimony; not much. He was inclined to be wild, and was thoroughly idle. "A scamp of a boy," Mr. Jenniker had been in the habit of calling him; and he called it him more forcibly, now. There had been frequent disputes between them, it turned out, touching Richard's future occupation: he was to have left school at Midsummer, now close upon them.

There was no doubt that Richard Jenniker had felt the disgrace of the flogging keenly. It appeared that instead of going home to breakfast afterwards, he proceeded on foot to Burchester, a large city, some seven miles distant. Here he fell in with a recruiting sergeant; and, giving way to the fit of recklessness that was upon him, enlisted. Some of the village laid the blame entirely upon young Jenniker. Others deemed that his uncle was not free from a share in it: had less harshness and some kind persuasion been extended to him by Mr. and Mrs. Jenniker, they argued, the boy might have turned out better. But, conflicting opinions amounted to nothing: they could not remedy the evil. What was done, was done.

Short work is sometimes made of it, I would have you to know, young gentlemen, when a boy takes the extreme step that Jenniker had just taken. On the very morning that his loss was discovered, at the very hour that Harry Vane was relating to the doctor the fact of his not having gone home, Jenniker was in the guard's box of a railway train; speeding to Portsmouth. A few more simple recruits were with him, all that the crafty sergeant, by any plausibility of wile and persuasion, had been able to enlist. The regiment to which they had sold themselves was collected at Portsmouth, under orders to embark for India. This news travelled to Whitterhead and to the Manor farm.

Others had done urging Mr. Jenniker on the subject of his nephew: they had found it a hopeless task. Mildred pleaded still.

"Papa! papa!" she uttered, in much agitation, and the tears streamed down her gentle face; "pray buy Richard off! Do not let him go out in this way! He may never return. Buy him off! oh, buy him off!"

"It is no business of yours, Mildred, that you need

concern yourself!" was the reply of Mr. Jenniker resolute in his obstinacy.

"Think of his hard life!" she wailed.

"I make no doubt it will be hard," equably returned Mr. Jenniker. "He should have thought of its hardships himself, before entering upon it. What people sow, that must they reap."

Never was there a truer axiom. Take note of it, boys. Accordingly as you sow, so you will reap. Put good seed into the ground, and good fruit will come in, and bring a blessing with it. But, if you scatter the bad seed broadcast, it can but return upon you its own recompence. Kind brings forth kind.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### MR. GRUFF JONES NEXT.

JENNIKER'S escape made great noise in the school. It left its impression behind it: and that gentleman was some way on his voyage to India with his regiment, before another syllable was heard from any one boy about "running away." But the impressions stamped on the minds of school-boys are effaceable as prints on the sea-side sand: and as the time wore on, old feelings began to resume their tendency. The next to rebel was Mr. Gruff Jones.

Not to run away. Mr. Gruff possessed too much innate conscientiousness to attempt that; besides being of a timid temperament. But he did what Jenniker had once advised him to do: he worried his father.

"Let me go to sea! I can't stop on land. I shall never be happy unless I go to sea." And this was the burden of his song night and day. Squire Jones grew weary. What was more, he grew provoked and angry. Constant dropping will wear away a stone: and young Mr. Gruff's everlasting refrain wore away the patience of his father.

"Very well, young gentleman," said the squire, one day. "We'll have an end to this. I know of a trading vessel, that's going to the Mauritius, and I'll bind you apprentice to the captain."

Gruff was in an ecstasy. Little cared he, in his blind wilfulness, how he got to sea, provided he did get there. Apprentice or not apprentice; a trading lugger or a fine frigate; before the mast, or a gentleman middy; it all seemed one to Gruff. His experience had to come.

Away he tore to find his cronies, the boys of his own desk. "I am going at last!" cried he, throwing his cap up to the clouds. "The governor has come to."

"Going where?" asked they. "To sea?"

Gruff nodded fifty times, and made pirouettes, and danced on one leg, and altogether performed outrageous tokens of delight, to the excessive envy of William Allain, who seemed to resent the luck as a personal injury to himself. That day two months the unhappy Gruff would have performed unheard-of penance to be on land again: for he had then found out what a sea life was, to his miserable cost. But that is neither here nor there. At present, seeing it only in prospective, it was all *couleur de rose*.

"I say, Gruff, tell us how you are going. In the navy?"

"Navy be hanged! I am too old. How can I go in

that, when I have never been entered? The governor knows of a trading vessel bound for the Mauritius, and he says he shall put me apprentice to the captain."

One of the boys gave a shrill whistle. It was Gripper, who was not infected with the sea-mania. Gripper knew somewhat more of ships and the work of those who had to man them, than most of the boys did. "Is the a big vessel, Gruff?" asked he.

"Three hundred and thirty tons."

Gripper turned up his nose. "Oh! a dirty little trading sloop! I'll tell you what, Gruff: if the squire's not doing this to give you a sickener, tell me a Dutchman."

"It won't do it, then!" returned Mr. Gruff in a heat, not pleased at the suggestion. "I'd as soon go in a little trading sloop as I'd go in the biggest naval ship that ever floated."

"Seven decks and no bottom," put in Gripper.

"You are a Jackass, Gripper!" returned Gruff, chafing considerably. "What does it matter how you go to sea? The tussle is, to get there at all, when all one's folks are against it!"

"Look here, Gruff! Joking apart, they are wretched, comfortless things, those trading vessels. All hands have to work, and work alike. Nine times out of ten they are imperfectly manned."

"I don't care how much I work."

"You have never tried work yet."

"And what do you mean by 'imperfectly manned?'" pursued Gruff, resentfully.

"Why, suppose the complement of men necessary to work a vessel is, say, fifteen," explained Gripper; "she'll put to sea with only ten or so, boys included. A nice treat that, for the lot! They have to be at work pretty well night and day."

"What fun!" cried Gruff. "I shall like it. Arms were made for work."

"Gripper's saying it out of envy, Gruff," interposed William Allair, "because he's not going himself."

"It's nothing else," assented Gruff.

Gripper laughed good-humouredly. "I wouldn't make the sea my profession if you paid me in gold to do it. Vane knows I would not. Nobody ever heard me speak up for the sea. If Gruff goes, he'll wish himself back again. Speak the truth, Vane: won't he have a sickener?"

"It's awfully hard work on some of those trading ships," acknowledged Harry Vane. "Sometimes, too, the treatment's bad. It depends a good deal upon the mate you get."

"The captain, you mean, Vane," said Harris.

"I mean the mate. He has more to do with the apprentice boys than the captain has. You will be sure to have enough of it, Gruff, any way."

"That's first-rate, Vane! you talking of hard work at sea," spoke up an incredulous boy: and vastly incredulous they all were, as to there being anything of consequence to do on board a ship. "You have said, hundreds of times, that you did not care what amount of work you should have to do at sea."

"I don't," said Harry Vane. "Work does not come

amiss to me, be it ever so laborious. Gruff's made of different metal. So is Allair."

"What's that?" cried William, in a fiery tone.

"So you are," said Gripper. "You are no more fit to go to sea than a girl. As to Gruff, he is the eldest son, and drops into a fortune by inheritance. If ever some of us are to count enough fortune to get bread and cheese, we must work for it. But I'd not work at sea. Some of these days, when Gruff has got to heave at the winch, and his arms are aching like mad, and the sweat's pouring off him in bucketfuls, and he knows by experience that it's nothing but work, work, work, from the vessel's starting from one port till she puts into another—a species of Eton's wheel, which he must be always turning—then he'll say to himself, 'What a fool I was to come here, when I might be at home enjoying myself, and doing nothing!'"

"That's true," hollered Harry Vane.

The boys stared in surprise. "What has come to you, Vane?" they asked. "You are always preaching up for the sea. Why turn against it now? I'd never be a turncoat!"

"No fear of my turning against it," replied Harry Vane. "It is a glorious life, better than any other in the world, and I hope it will be mine. But I am not such a dolt as to hug myself with the idea that there'll be nothing to do. You were talking about traders: well, I know that at sea the work's never done in them. I shall like the life, even if I go in a trader. But some of you would not."

"That's all brag," cried Gruff Jones. "We shall like it as well as you. And, I say, Gripper, what's the winch for? What do they want with a winch on board ship?"

"You'll find out soon enough, if you go in a trader," returned Gripper, with a laugh.

"If I go!" ironically retorted Gruff. "As if anything should stop me now!"

"Everybody's not obliged to go in a trader," retorted William Allair.

"Not obliged; true," assented Gripper. "Jones has just told us he's going in one; and all you fellows who intend running away can't expect anything else. It's only those nasty dirty traders who look at runaway chaps. But, go in any ship you will, you'll find the work enough."

"Keep your ridicule to yourself, Gripper," advised Gruff Jones. "I shall go, in spite of the work."

And accordingly young Mr. Gruff did go. Preliminaries being arranged, and outfit provided, he was embarked by his father on board the trading ship spoken of. The day that Squire Jones returned from seeing him on board, he encountered Mr. Allair, William's father.

"So Hugh is actually off, squire?"

"Actually and truly," replied Squire Jones. "I'd have put him downright before the mast, but for the bad companionship of the sailors. As it is, I expect he will get too much of that. But there's no help for it. He must take his chance."

"I suppose he must."

"He'll have to labour with the lowest of them. It is the only way to deal with a boy who gets the sea-lever

into him: let him go, and work it out. Hugh has no more genuine liking or adaptation for that sort of life than I have. And that he will find out before he is much older."

"He will come back thankful enough to settle down into a quiet country life," remarked Mr. Allair.

"I can't think what possesses the boys to suffer these wild notions to enter their heads," exclaimed Squire Jones, in a tone of vexation. "There's your son; he's another."

"It arises from indolence, and from a love of roving," said Mr. Allair. "They see a pretty little skiff gliding on the calm waters of a lake—bask in her themselves, possibly, in the pleasant inertness of a summer's day, and they pick up their notion of life on board ship from that, assuming that the one must be as easy and delightful as the other. A more agreeable mode of spending their time, they think, than working with the hands or the brain, on land."

And that is precisely it. Mr. Allair was right.

A few mornings after this, Mr. and Mrs. Vane, Harry and Caroline, were at breakfast in their home. Frederick, the eldest son, was away.

A servant came in with the letters—two: both for Mr. Vane. One of them he opened in some hurry, glanced over its contents, and put it away in his pocket.

"That letter has an official look," remarked Mrs. Vane to him. "Who is it from?"

Mr. Vane controlled a smile, and answered, somewhat evasively, "It is on business."

Harry swallowed his breakfast in haste, and then rose. The summer holidays were on now, always held late at Dr. Robertson's. A glorious time, boys think, when they have their liberty throughout the sunny day.

"Where are you off to, Harry?"

"Out fly-fishing, papa. I and Allair are going to see if we can't get some fish out of that lazy stream. Gripper said he'd come too, if he could. But we were not to wait for him."

"Will you defer your expedition for an hour?"

Harry scarcely understood. "Allair's waiting for me, papa. I said I'd be with him by nine o'clock."

"Nevertheless, when I request you to wait a little, I suppose you can?"

"Oh, of course, papa," replied Harry, in a cheerful, ready tone of acquiescence. With all his carelessness, he was a thoroughly obedient, right-minded boy.

"You can run to Allair's, and tell him that you cannot start just yet. Then come back again."

"Very well," said Harry. "Do you want me to go out for you, papa?"

"All in good time. You will see what I want by and-by."

Harry tossed on his cap, and departed. They saw him careering down the road, whistling, leaping, shouting, as healthy boys are given to do. Mr. Vane waited until Caroline left the room, and then turned to his wife, speaking somewhat abruptly.

"The time has come when something must be decided about Harry. Sea, or not sea? Which is it to be?"

"Frederick, why do you ask me?"

"Because it rests with you. He has decided to go, ourselves permitting it. My consent is ready. What of yours? If you object, something else must be thought of for him."

Mrs. Vane leaned her head upon her hand, sighing deeply. "I suppose I must say that my consent is also ready," she presently said, lifting her face and its sad expression. "I cannot conceal from myself that Harry appears to be fitted for the sea far more than he is fitted for any home occupation; and I have latterly been bringing my mind to contemplate it as a thing that will be."

"You are doing wisely, Anne," said Mr. Vane.

"I consent, out of regard to his wishes—his happiness. He says he could not be happy on land."

"Harry would like your approbation better than your bare consent," returned Mr. Vane, with a smile. He had always believed it would come to this.

"He shall have it," said Mrs. Vane. "If he does go, he shall not go in a half-and-half way. I can no longer blind myself to the fact—to the belief, I should rather say—that it is the sphere where his talents will find their proper vent; and therefore my duty is plain. Harry shall go; and may God speed him!"

"I have never understood the ground of your antipathy, Anne," remarked Mr. Vane.

"The danger. Nothing else. On board a ship there will be but a plank between him and eternity."

"Yes, there will: God's protecting hand. The same God who has watched over and taken care of him on land, will watch over and protect him on the waters."

"Yes, yes, I know, I know," she reverently answered. "But"—after a pause—"we do hear continually of fearful and fatal shipwrecks."

"I cannot deny it. Let us hope that a better fate may be his. Though, when a lad embraces the sea as his occupation, he must be worse than thoughtless if he does not remember that he also embraces its dangers. My father passed his years at sea, and he lived to a good old age, Anne."

"Aye," replied Mrs. Vane, who appeared buried in inward thought.

"What is the matter? You look vexed."

"I am taking blame to myself," she answered, with a half smile. "I might have foreseen that this would be the ending. In fact, I did foresee it: and yet I kept thrusting the thought away from me. I ought to have looked it fully in the face, and allowed proper measures to be taken."

"What do you mean by proper measures?"

"Yes, I have foreseen it, almost from the boy's infancy," she continued, as if she heard not Mr. Vane's question. "Much as I disliked the idea of it myself, there was always a conviction in my inmost heart, a hidden voice, that would now and then make itself heard in spite of me, whispering that the sea would eventually be Harry's destination. It was this silent conviction that kept me from ever saying, 'You shall not go. I will never consent.' My opposition to it has always been a negative one."

"Of which Master Harry has not failed to hold cognizance. He has repeatedly said, 'Mamma has never

said I shall not go.' But you were speaking of taking proper measures."

"Of their not having been taken," corrected Mrs. Vane. "And I say that I take blame to myself. Had I summoned up the courage to look at it in the proper light, he might have been entered for the navy. Of course, it is too late to do it now, and the merchant service alone is open to him."

Mrs. Vane laughed. "Well, I had the courage," he said, taking a letter from his pocket, and throwing it upon the table. "Harry has been entered for the navy long ago, and this letter contains his appointment."

Mrs. Vane could not immediately take in the sense of the words. "Entered for the navy long ago!" she ejaculated. "Harry?"

"Even so. I foresaw that the sea would inevitably, humanly speaking, be his destination, and I caused his name to be entered. Had you declined to allow him to depart, the appointment would have been returned, and no harm done."

"I am so glad to hear it!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane. "You smile! You are thinking how suddenly I have veered round in my opinions! But I assure you there is no suddenness in it. I have been, as I tell you, for some time making my mind up to the unavoidable necessity. And it is the doing so which has, I believe, in a measure, reconciled me to it."

"You will be quite reconciled in time," said Mr. Vane.

"Yes, I make no doubt of it. I must trust him to God."

(To be continued.)

### Literary Notices.

#### BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

*The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.*  
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,  
Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans.

#### SIXTH NOTICE.

WE may commence this section of our notice of Bishop Colenso's book with the words of Dr. Havernick. "The historical contents of the Pentateuch," says he, "are of very great importance, . . . because they constantly bear testimony in favour of its age and authenticity, and lead to the following important results. We find in later times no period which we could deem capable of producing the Pentateuch as a whole; for this reason, the opponents of its authenticity are obliged to ascribe the different portions of the work to widely different periods. If we allow the apostles to be such persons as they assert themselves to be, we must admit also that the very frequent apostolical allusions to the Pentateuch are a high sanction to the work; and we cannot overlook the fact that every opinion which, with greater or less decision, finds in the Pentateuch a work of fraud enters into an unavoidable conflict with the New Testament itself." As a matter of fact, we find more than eighty places in the New Testament where the Pentateuch is either quoted or referred to; the name of Moses occurs nearly seventy times, and general allusions to the law are very

numerous. A great number of these quotations and allusions are in the discourses and sayings of the Lord Jesus. And yet, in the face of them all, Bishop Colenso ventures to deny that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and to deny that it is true. Of the account of the exodus in particular, he says it is an obvious inference from his statements "that such a narrative as that of the exodus could never—in its present form, and as a whole, at all events—have been written by Moses, or by any one who had actually taken part in the scenes which it professes to describe." The facts, as he calls them, just before referred to, are to be found in the book of Numbers; it is, therefore, clear that the remark applies to the other books of Moses. Thus, then, we find Bishop Colenso declaring not only that we are wrong in receiving the Pentateuch as true, but condemning Christ and his apostles either as deceivers or deceived. The consequences, as it regards our Lord and the New Testament, are very serious, no matter whether they were deceivers or deceived.

If the apostles were deceived, they could not have written by Divine inspiration. But admitting they wrote by Divine inspiration, we are under the awful necessity of holding that the Holy Ghost, while it inspired them, at least permitted them to write what is false. Dr. Colenso cannot deny this, and therefore the unholy daring of his opinions is manifest. As it regards the Lord Jesus, we all know how often and how earnestly he appeals to Moses and the law. Was he mistaken? did he know that Moses never wrote the law, and yet did he appeal to it as his? If he was mistaken, the Gospel is not true; for it tells us he knew all things. If he knew otherwise, then the Jews were right in calling him a deceiver. In either case we are compelled to cast in our lot with the Unitarians, and to deny the divinity of our Lord. Is Dr. Colenso prepared to do this? Let us rather ask if he has not done it? He anticipates that Christ's words will be quoted against him, but he endeavours to meet the objection. Let us see how he does it.

First, he says the objection has no force, for it is only certain parts of the Pentateuch to which the Saviour refers. We answer that the references are not only to certain parts of the Pentateuch, but to it as a whole.

Again, the Pentateuch then is known to have been the same as now. Some of the New Testament quotations are of the very things to which Bishop Colenso appeals as evidence of the falsehood of the history. Thus in Num. xxv. 9 we read:—

"And those that died in the plague were twenty and four thousand."

This passage is singled out by the bishop at page 146. It is also referred to by St. Paul in 1 Cor. x. 8, where he says they "fell in one day, three and twenty thousand." We hardly need stop to explain the difference by saying that the writer and the speaker use round numbers.

The second answer to the objections from our Lord's quotations of Moses is that the Son of God only accommodated his words to the current popular language of the day, as he did when he spoke of the sun rising, &c. To this we would reply that our Lord never based an argument upon a mere form of speech, and that his

entire use of Moses shows that he believed the Pentateuch. Thus, in a passage referred to and cited by the bishop, Christ says (John v. 46, 47), "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?"

His next answer is, that we may believe in our Lord's divinity, and yet ask why it should be thought that he would speak with certain Divine knowledge on this matter more than upon other matters of ordinary science or history. From this we are to conclude that Christ really did not know anything about the matter. When he said Moses wrote of him, he was deceived, for it was some one else. So in all the many occasions of his quoting Moses he was deceived. Bishop Colenso, then, knows better than Christ knew who wrote the Pentateuch; to say the least, he claims to know more of its authorship. Perhaps the missionary to the Zulus has lost sight of John viii. 56-58, a passage which closes with the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was I am." Under any circumstances, Bishop Colenso believes in a divinity which is consistent with ignorance and delusion. He who knew what was in man knew not who wrote the Pentateuch! True, says the bishop; for Christ "voluntarily entered into all conditions of humanity." But, even this is not true; for though he was in all points made like unto his brethren, there was one respect in which no man can compare with him, which is perfect exemption from sin. There was also a second respect in which none of us can be like him: in him dwelt the "fulness of the Godhead bodily." Surely, the matchless grace and wisdom of the heavenly world and acts of Christ on earth owed something to this mysterious capacity of Son of God and God manifest in flesh. Alas! we are now asked to believe that he lived and died, and ascended to heaven, without discovering what Bishop Colenso has found out, viz., "that Moses never wrote the Pentateuch." Or we must believe that, though he knew this, he never undeceived men upon the subject, but promulgated their errors. That the Saviour quoted Moses after his resurrection (Luke xxiv. 27, 44) will be sufficient to show. These two verses alone are better arguments for our faith than all Dr. Colenso's against it. The quotation of Luke ii. 52 will not help him, because the words "Jesus made progress in wisdom" are spoken of him in his childhood, and before he entered upon his public work. When such an expression can be quoted of him during the years from his baptism and the descent of the Holy Ghost, we shall feel the force of them. And besides, it is wisdom, and not mere information, in which he is said to have made progress or advanced (not increased, as our version has it). Dr. Colenso holds that our Lord entered into that condition "which makes our growth in all ordinary knowledge gradual and limited." We cannot for a moment assent to this, because it contradicts the Gospels. Let the reader turn to the following passages, and see whether our Lord depended on such sources as we do for ordinary knowledge, or rather, whether his knowledge can be in any proper sense called ordinary knowledge. Matt. xii. 25 and Luke vi. 8; John vi. 24, 25; vi. 64; xiii. 11; xxi. 19, 30; xxi. 17.

But why should we go further into the proof that Bishop Colenso, in denying the testimony of Christ to Moses, denies his Divine knowledge, and lays himself open to the charge of Socinianism? Why need we go further into evidence to prove that the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles fails with the Divine knowledge of Christ? Neither of these is necessary. We are literally driven to the conclusion that, logically carried out, Dr. Colenso's opinions conduct directly to the denial of the inspiration of the whole Bible, and the proper deity of the Son of God. We do not forget that he says his views are consistent with a belief in the divinity of Christ. But is he not aware that our Lord's perfect knowledge and truth have ever furnished powerful arguments for his divinity?

Neither do we forget that Bishop Colenso admits some kind of revelation and inspiration in the Pentateuch. But we remember that he explains his meaning by an appeal to passages from pagan authors, for which he claims like inspiration. He goes even beyond this, for he claims Divine inspiration for men "of all climes and countries, ages and religions." This is the ground which is taken by dairts and infidels when they mock and attack the charter of our faith. This is the ground which has been assailed by the ablest ancient and modern defenders of the Bible. The very principle on which they have proceeded has been that the light of nature only was enjoyed by the heathen, that the light of revelation has been imparted only by the Scriptures, and that the light of inspiration was limited to those who wrote the Scriptures or are recognised as prophets. What says St. Paul, and what says St. Peter on this matter? Two or three references to them may not be in vain. In Romans, for example, we have whole chapters based on the assumption that the Pentateuch is both true and inspired. Such is the fourth chapter, in which we have not only the historical character of these books admitted, but also their inspiration; as ver. 23, 24: "Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead."

Bishop Colenso has written a commentary upon Romans; and if he has not found history and inspiration taught here, we imagine we can find it nowhere. The records were written with a Divine purpose reaching to Gospel times. A similar employment of the Mosaic narration occurs in 1 Cor. x, where the apostle refers to several facts in the history which Dr. Colenso calls false, and says, "Now all these things happened unto them for examples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." Who can venture to say that God did not inspire Moses to write a true record, except those who reject the Bible altogether? We give one more example, which is from 1 Cor. ix. 9, 10, where St. Paul says, "For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Does God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written." Now observe how St. Paul here not only calls the Pentateuch the law of Moses, but he refers the precep-

quoted to God as its author, and he also shows that it was written with a spiritual intention. Here surely we have authorship, inspiration, and whatever else may justify our belief that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and that it is truly the word of God.

It would be easy to multiply these illustrations from St. Paul's writings; and the Epistle to the Hebrews in particular, might be appealed to as almost wholly founded upon the two-fold part of the truth and inspiration of the books of Moses. The testimony of Christ, thus repeated in St. Paul, finds its acceptance and repetition in the other inspired writers of the New Testament. See, for example, the second chapter of James, the third of 1 Peter, the first and second of 2 Peter, &c. Yet if we are to believe Bishop Colenso, all the prophets, evangelists, and other inspired writers, and even the Lord himself, were in error in believing Moses the author of a true history. Yet Moses was honoured to re-appear upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Nor is there any name in heaven of mere man more honoured than that of Moses; for the hosts above sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

Surely we shall not in this case feel any difficulty what course to follow. The thoughts of good men have for many long centuries been centred upon the holy book, and they have lived and died in its faith. Shall we listen rather to a writer of to-day, whose newborn doubts are set before us for our acceptance? shall we prefer his judgment to the judgment of prophets and evangelists, apostles and saints? Shall we prefer his judgment to that of the blessed Saviour? After all, it comes to this. If Dr. Colenso is right, we have followed fables, and fables not very cunningly devised. But what he says is not true, and it will be found that we can not only refute his objections against the Pentateuch, but produce positive and triumphant arguments in its favour. One thing is certain, and it is, that when the communion caused by this strange assault upon our Bible has passed away, the Bible will be found unshaken and unsmeared, the law of the Lord will still be perfect, converting the soul, and Moses will still bear true record of Israel, and true witness to Christ.

**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**—"Links in the Chain; or, Popular Chapters on the Curiosities of Animal Life." James Hogg and Sons.—"The Life of Arthur Vandeleur." Nisbet and Co.—"Hymns for Pastors and People." Hamilton, Adams and Co.—"Bird Murder; or, Good Words for Poor Birds." Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.—"The Round Robin." Emily Faithfull and Co.—Second Series of "Thoughts in Verse." Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. "Old Robert; or, Sunset Glory." Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.—"Onward and Onward." Caudwell.—"The Helping Hand; a Guide to the New Testament." Hogg and Son.—"Madame de Gascoigne." Tweedie.—"Lumaria Sacrifice." Tweedie.—"Religious Training for the People." Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.—"Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts." Tweedie.—"Hints for the Improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline." Hatchard and Co.—"The Public State

ment of Mr. J. H. Gordon with reference to his Reputation of Secular Opinions." Houlston and Wright.

—"The Victor Crowned; Thoughts on the Life, Character, and Death of Rev. John Leischild, D.D." Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.—"A Glance at the Universe." H. J. Tresidder.—"A Handy Book on Post-office Savings Banks." G. J. Stevenson.—"Honour to whom Honour; or, the Story of the Two Thousand of 1662." Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.—"Praying and Working." Strahan and Co.—"Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication." Churchill.—"The Story of Peter Parley's New Life." Low and Co.—"Brother Help." Darton and Hodge.—"Old Oscar." S. W. Partridge.—"Life Unfolding." Wertheim and Co.—"The National Magazine." Tweedie.

## Temperance Department.

### A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.

A CLERGYMAN, who some years ago resided among the convicts in our penal settlements, expressed himself as follows in a work published entitled, "Horrors of Transportation":— "Were I asked what, next to the convict's ignorance of the state in which he was about to enter, was the chief cause of transportation? I should reply, Intemperance. Were I asked a second time, I should answer, Intemperance. And were I asked a third time, I should still answer, Intemperance; and so on, as often as the question was put to me."

### AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

At a London police-court, a week or two back, a woman was charged with the maltreatment of her infant, aged nine months, both by beating and otherwise ill-using it, and by starving it. The little creature presented a ghastly appearance, being literally reduced to skin and bone, the former hanging loosely upon its emaciated frame, which was likewise covered with sores and bruises, the evident result of blows and lacerations. When discovered, it was lying on a heap of rags, the wretched apology for a bed, the unnatural parent stretched beside it in a state of stupefied intoxication, insensible to the feeble moans of her offspring, the sole signs which the poor infant gave of its existence. Is there another power on earth which could thus deaden and pervert the natural feelings of a mother, and degrade her below the very brutes, whose instinct in the preservation and tending of their young endows the feeblest with strength, and renders bold the most timidous?

### A JUDGE'S REMARKS.

BARON ALDERSON once observed, at the spring assizes held at York:—"If they took away from the calendar all those cases in which drunkenness had some connection, either with the person accused, or the accusing party, it would leave that large calendar a very small one." On another occasion, the same judge said, that "if all men could be dissuaded from

the use of intoxicating liquors, his office, and that of the other judges, would be a sinecure." At the assizes held in Liverpool, some years back, there were between sixty and seventy prisoners in calendar, all of whom, except three or four, were committed for crimes arising out of drunkenness. Four men were, on that occasion, convicted of killing their wives, each of the women being in a state of intoxication. In passing sentence, the learned judge above alluded to directed attention to the awful examples afforded by the unhappy criminals; he hoped that all present would take warning, and that they would resolve from that moment to the end of their lives *to abstain from all intoxicating liquor.*

#### MALONE, THE MURDERER.

MALONE, the murderer of Mr. Lennard (March, 1833), when the verdict "guilty" was pronounced against him, in Kilkenny Court-house, said to the judge—"Yes, my lord, I am guilty;" and pointing to his mother, in the same dock, exclaimed, "She has been the cause of it." It appeared that the aged monster, who was upwards of eighty years old, had agreed for the price of blood to be shed by her offspring. She watched the approach of the unfortunate victim, and also handed the pistol to her son on his coming within their reach. Malone was at first horrified, and refused. "How can I murder the poor gentleman?" he asked. "Take this, you cowardly rascal!" said his unnatural mother, and gave him a half-pint of whisky, obtained for the occasion. He drank the poison, committed the fearful crime, and suffered the penalty.

Pegsworth, the murderer, in an examination previous to his trial, said: "It has been stated that I was perfectly cool and collected at the time. I declare to God, at whose bar I must shortly appear, that I was *not sober*; and I can say, to the best of my recollection, that I did not think of the horrid deed at all, until about twenty minutes before it was perpetrated."

#### THE IDOL OF MODERN TIMES.

AT Exeter Hall there is now exhibiting a picture, by the well-known artist, George Cruikshank, entitled, "The Worship of Bacchus," in which are depicted, with a truthfulness that makes the representation terrible, some of the horrors by which such devotions have been distinguished. With all our modern enlightenment, there is no denying that we have set up in our midst an idol, whose altar is too often a bloody, desecrated hearthstone; whose rites are deeds of violence and abomination; who is worshipped with foul language, oaths, obscenity, and blasphemous mirth. The sacrifices demanded by this idol are human ones; the victims not alone those self-immolated—too often the nearest and the dearest to those wretched devotees are doomed to suffering by the craving of a restless and insatiate appetite.

The wife slain by the hand of the immolating priest—a drunken husband; the infant plucked from

the besotted mother's breast by her own hand; sisters, mothers, brothers, friends, whose lifeless and mangled bodies in turns testify alike to the mad recklessness of the worshipper, and the insatiable blood-thirstyness of the idol.

But not human life alone is the acceptable offering at the shrine of this Moloch. All those gifts which a beneficent Creator has bestowed, to adorn and enrich man's mortal estate, have in turn been laid upon the altar, *drink* rendering the owner of these gifts indifferent to their value. Innocence, honour, truth, valour, fame, daily become the prey of the modern idol. Beauty, health, strength, the love of country, and the domestic affections, have been laid low in the dust. Fortunes have been sacrificed—the daughter's portion, the widow's mite, the orphan's sustenance, have been swallowed up by the claims of the unclean idol—*drink*!

#### A "DRUNKEN" SCENE.

How pregnant often of riot, wounds, bloodshed, even death, is what is termed a drunken row! Men, illiterate and uncultured, to whose passions the rein has been given, are terrible enough for the time they are stirred by anger, prejudice, or vengeance; but while we can count upon reason, we may, at least, believe that some sort of justice, however wild, will guide their actions. Let the drink form an element in the motive power, and justice and reason vanish—blind, ungovernable, undirected fury alone guides the blow or points the murderous knife. Not many weeks have elapsed since an unoffending and respectable tradesman, quietly pursuing his avocation within his own shop, was set upon and murdered, almost before the eyes of his wife and children, by a ruffian, one of a party, just *fresh from the public-house*, and mad with drink. The wretch declared, when a few hours' confinement had sobered him, that he had not the slightest recollection of having committed the deed; and, though we may doubt the perfect truth of that statement, there cannot be a doubt that no malice existed against the murdered man; that in his sober senses it would never have entered into the head of the culprit even to originate the "row" which ended so fatally, and of which the results could be scarcely less terrible to the wretched offender than to his victim, though the life of the former was spared, chiefly in consideration of the testimony which spoke forcibly to his general good character and *mildness of disposition*.

Aye, but good character and mild disposition have little to do with the effects of the maddening draught. The harmless neighbour of to-day may become the furious assailant of the morrow; and while the worship of the grim idol is countenanced and sustained, who is safe?

Authorities whose experience in this matter are hardly to be questioned, have borne emphatic testimony to the mighty power of strong drink for evil.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;  
THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE WORD OF GOD.

V.—THE END OF THIS DISPENSATION.

JONES. Good morning, Williams. What is to be our subject this morning?

WILLIAMS. I think it is one which resembles the first on which we touched. I mean, that it concerns certain declarations of God's word, which we receive darkly and blindly, and only because we must. That is to say, when a man has satisfied himself that the Bible is the word of God, he will not allow himself to stumble at any of its "hard sayings." He will remember that he is like a fly crawling over the dome of St. Paul's, and that it would be mere folly if he were to expect to have every question made clear to him in this life. Hence he receives some statements of Scripture simply because he finds them in God's word, and expects that a day will come when he shall understand them more clearly.

J. What are the statements to which you are now alluding?

W. I am thinking of certain fearful predictions which are met with towards the close of the Bible; such as, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (2 Peter iii. 10). How have you been in the habit of reading such passages?

J. Why, I must confess, very much in the way you just now described. I have read them in the Bible, and therefore I have submitted to them. I knew that "with God all things are possible," and that therefore it would be foolish to say, "How can these things be?" Yet I own that when I looked at the mighty ocean, or cast my eye over a vast tract of sandy or stony country, I have felt that it was difficult to conceive of such a conflagration.

W. I know that such thoughts will intrude; and therefore the remark is useful, that here, too, geology comes in, and makes it far more easy to believe intelligently these declarations of Scripture, by showing us that, thousands of years ago, such scenes have actually occurred on the surface of this earth.

J. Is this so?

W. Surely. Have you already forgotten two

or three passages from scientific writers, which I repeated to you in our first or second conversation? For instance, the words of Cuvier: "Life has often been disturbed on this earth by terrible events; calamities which have moved and overturned the entire crust of the globe." Or those of Lardner: "It pleased the Most High to doom the past world to sudden destruction, by the secondary agency of geological convulsions." To which I might add the testimony of Professor Phillips, who says that the world, in its former period of existence, felt some "epochs of extraordinary disturbance, in which the relations of sea and land were altered by internal convulsions."

J. Yes, I remember that you quoted some of these passages; but do they not seem principally to relate to something like our earthquakes?

W. Doubtless, these were convulsions caused by fire, and in which fire played a principal part. Thus, Sir R. Murchison speaks of "convulsions utterly unmeasurable and inexplicable," which were caused by "vast outpourings of the subterranean fires." Again, he tells us of "outbursts of great volumes of igneous matter from the interior; the extraordinary violence of which is made manifest by clear evidences." And all writers on geology abound in passages on the earth's "cooling down," and in speculations as to the period when it became cool enough to be fit for the habitation of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

J. What, then, is your view, on the whole?

W. It is simply this: geology declares, with a very distinct and unbroken voice, that the crust of the earth presents abundant signs and tokens of a period or periods when fire ruled and raged upon it. Investigators find clear traces of "outbursts of great volumes of igneous matter from the interior, with extraordinary violence,"—"catastrophes utterly unmeasurable," with "repeated emissions of volcanic matter from within." Hugh Miller thus attempts a description of the state of the earth, after one of these convulsions:—

"We may imagine a dark atmosphere of steam and vapour which, for age after age, conceals the face of the sun, and through which the light of moon or star never penetrates: oceans of water heated to the boiling point; low half-molten islands; roaring geysers, ever and anon

\* "Siluria," p. 523.

throwing up their jets of boiling fluid, vapour, and thick steam; and in the dim outskirts of the scene, the red gleam of fire, shot forth from yawning cracks and deep chasms, bearing aloft fragments of molten rock and clouds of ashes."\*

And Sir Charles Lyell, rapidly glancing at the various tokens of suppressed and concealed heat which he detects in many quarters, comes to the conclusion that, even now, "it is astonishing that a single day should pass over without a general conflagration."† Hence, then, surely Dr. Lardner's view is the just one, that inasmuch as "the earth is still subject to the same local oscillations as heretofore, and the heavings of the internal fluid have lost none of their terrific energy, . . . when we affirm that a moment must arrive when what we call this present world will be destroyed, we declare no more than all the analogies of the past history confirm."

J. But do you really think that there is any kindred or affinity between the fires and earthquakes of the geological periods and the fires predicted by St. Peter, St. John, and others of the prophets?

W. Why should there not be? Both concern the same thing—the same globe of earth, air, and water. The prophets tell us, again and again, of a destruction of this earth by fire. We receive their predictions with a mere submission of mind, and suppose that in some way or other these things will come to pass, though we cannot tell how. Here geology comes in, and shows us that such things have been, and that there is therefore no great difficulty in believing that such things may again be. Geology tells us that in its earliest period the whole earth was fluid from intense heat, and that in it no kind of life was found. Next, we learn that as it slowly cooled, some of the lower kinds of life began to appear; and at long intervals, higher and yet higher; but that these various states, or steps, in the earth's progress were frequently marked and separated from each other by terrible convulsions—the bursting forth of internal fires, upheaving mountains, and sweeping away every living thing. Well, all this plainly harmonises with prophecy. The tremendous events which we are assured will end the present chapter of the world's history are akin to those which have ended former chapters. And thus geology makes it far more easy than formerly

to understand, and therefore to believe, the warnings of the prophets. Is not this tolerably clear?

J. Yes, I begin to see that our view is considerably enlarged, and that, instead of believing vaguely some strange and awful predictions, we may look back, intelligently, on vast revolutions which have passed, and from thence may calculate the nature and probability of that great elemental convulsion which is yet to come. But here, I see, we must part; and I wish you a peaceful and a happy day.

#### RELIGION.

REAL RELIGION is a jewel in a deep mine, requiring much labour to find it, and man, by nature, is too sluggish for the pursuit. Its object is to lay man low in the dust of self-abasement, and to promote holiness; and his pride, love of the world, and love of sin oppose this. "If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." "She is more precious than rubies, and all the things that thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

#### NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

A TRAVELLER was crossing mountain heights, amidst almost untrdden snows. Warning had been given him, that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time, he went bravely on his dreary path; but with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes, which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he exerted his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness.

At this crisis of his fate, he found a fellow-traveller lying across his path at the point of death, half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. Moved with pity, he took his fallen brother in his arms, and chafed his temples, and hands, and chest, and he also breathed upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of his own living body, and pressed the silent heart to the beating pulse of his own. The effort to save another caused the life blood to flow more freely, and restored warmth and energy to his own chilled frame. He saved his brother, and was himself saved by the very effort which he made.

#### "WONDERFUL."

##### A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"O Lord, I will praise thy name, for thou hast done wonderful things."—Isa. xlv. 1. FIVE years ago I first saw John Foster. He then lived in a neighbouring village, upon a farm, which was his own property. I only knew him, at that time, from his being pointed out to me as a dissolute,

\* "Lectures," p. 239. † "Princip.," vol. ii., p. 451.

godless man. He lived a reckless, dissipated life. He was one of the last persons I should have expected to see made a subject of God's grace. I little thought that I should ever pay repeated visits to that man, at his urgent request; ever kneel by his bedside, or have a good hope of his salvation, through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Yet all this has been, and I can only use his own words, and say, "It is wonderful!"

This man had a married sister, living on one of the farms in my parish, and after a time he sold his own farm, and came to live with her. During the time that he was there he never once came to church, nor did I ever see him, in my visits to the house, so long as he was in health. For a time he continued the old course of sin and ungodliness. When Christ entered that man's heart, he did truly go "to be a guest with a man that was a sinner."

After a time he was seized with illness. It became evident that he was going into a decline. These tidings soon reached me. I went to the house, and requested permission to see him. He declined seeing me. I left a message for him, and said that I would come again. A few days afterwards I did so; and again he refused to see me. A third time I tried to see him, with no better success. He was in a weak and nervous state. He knew that I was acquainted with his life, and so he shrank from seeing me.

All this soon changed. At last I gained admission. On condition that his sister would not leave him, he consented to see me. I tried to win his confidence, and to show him that he need not be afraid of me. In speaking to him of his sinful life, I was careful not to speak as one separate from him. As a sinner, once in danger of the same punishment which hung over him, but now washed in the precious blood of Christ, I spoke to him of our sins, and our Saviour. I made my first visit a short one, for I feared to weary him, and I wished him to look forward to my next with pleasure. I found him a tall, good-looking man. Though only forty years of age, his hair was completely grey. He was intelligent, but very reserved. He spoke very little, and seemed afraid to express the feelings which he really had. It seemed to me that he felt that, after a life like his, any expression of religious feeling was a mockery.

From this reserve I am unable to say what the exact state of his mind was when I first visited him, or how far God had carried the work of conviction. I do not think that I was the instrument of commencing the work; I believe that his increasing weakness had come to him as a message from God; but it was my high privilege to help forward what was thus begun. I visited my sick parishioner continually, though he lived more than three miles from my house. I took a deep interest in him. There was an evidence of strong feeling under his silence and reserve, which was more convincing than any loud profession would have been.

I think that after a time he began to feel that I was his friend. He would speak more, though still but little, about his own state and feelings; and he who, but a little time before, had refused to see me, now continually turned to me, as I took my leave, with the words, "You won't be long?"

With all his silence, one of the chief things which impressed me about him was his deep sense of sin. If ever man felt himself to be a deeply guilty sinner, this man did. His countenance spoke far more than his lips; and often the passage of strong and deep feelings over that wasted face was the only answer I had to my questions—the only commentary on my remarks. I desired no better. I would rather see such looks of sorrow, such evident marks of shame and remorse, than have the clearest testimony in words.

One day I was speaking to him about God's mercy, in giving to him, a guilty sinner, such time for repentance; and as I repeated the words, "a guilty sinner," he said, with such an expression in his voice and manner as I shall not easily forget, "Ay, guilty enough!" Another time I was speaking to him of God's wonderful plan of redemption, and of the free pardon which he holds out to penitent sinners, and I said, "Do you think that your sins are forgiven?" "I can't say that, sir," was his answer; "but I hope they will be." "Let us, then," I answered, "turn our thoughts wholly to that;" and I then dwelt much on the work of Christ, and his loving willingness to receive all that come to him. "But my sins," was his broken answer, "are so many!" And again the speaking face said more than the words. I continued speaking to him on this subject, and when I left, begged him to dwell wholly on it, and to cry unceasingly to God for pardon.

When I came again, after two days, his face was very bright. "Have you thought of what we last talked of?" I asked. "Of little else," was his answer. "And what can you say now?" said I. Slowly and thoughtfully, but thankfully, came the answer—"I believe I'm forgiven." He was slow to realise his pardon—to realise that such a one as he could be a child of God; but when he did grasp it, he held it fast, humbly and thankfully.

After a time, when I thought him prepared, I spoke to him about the supper of the Lord. He had been thinking about it, too. We spoke that morning altogether about it. I showed him what preparation was needed, bade him examine and prove his own soul, and that on my next visit I would, if he desired it, administer the Lord's Supper to him. That next was a happy visit. This poor wandering sheep, brought back, seemed full of love, full of wonder, that at the close of such a life his Lord should permit him to taste of his supper. He had seemed a little stronger on that visit, and circumstances prevented my visiting him for a whole week. "Where have you been?" said my poor sick friend; "I have been looking for you many times every day." "My thoughts have

been with you," I said, "though I have not been here." "My thoughts have been with you," he said, "hundreds of times." How sorry I was that I had stayed away so long! He had appeared better when I last saw him, but now he was evidently much worse—thinner, and paler, and weaker, he evidently was. How I grieved that I had allowed this earnest inquirer to look for me so often in vain! His days were evidently now numbered; he felt himself on the brink of eternity. His medical attendant had said, that if a few hot days were to come, he would pass away, like the dew before the sun.

I spoke to him, on one visit, about a missionary meeting which we were about to have, and asked him to think of us in prayer. When I next saw him, I mentioned that we had had a happy meeting. He made a sign to his sister, who understood it, and having taken his purse, gave me a sum of money for the society. He had been talking of it while I was away, and wished to do this. I suppose it was the first gift for God's service that he had ever made; it was the last he had the opportunity of making. When true religion comes into the heart, it is sure to prompt to efforts for the Lord's service.

When I next visited him he was very weak and ill; he was suffering much pain, too. While I was reading to him, he moved uneasily in his bed. Then he said, "I hope, sir, you will soon have done; you know," he added, "that it is not often that I think so." "I know that," I said, and closed the Bible at once. "Don't be long," he both said and looked, as I went away.

After this he was so evidently sinking, that I visited him daily. The last time but one he was so weak that I begged him not to speak. I repeated texts of Scripture, and then knelt down to pray. When I rose, he gasped out, "Pray—pray more!" When I had done so, and was again rising, he said faintly, "Our Father!" So I repeated the Lord's Prayer, his eyes upturned in intense devotion. I do not wonder at his craving for the Lord's Prayer—it was such a glad thought to this poor sinner to feel that he was now a son—that even he could come to the God against whom he had deeply sinned, and say, "Our Father!"

During my last few visits there had been marked signs of great growth in grace. It was not so much what the man said, as the manner in which he said it. His countenance was like a book to me, ever changing, and working with feeling. The love and adoration which towards the last expressed themselves in that face it was a delight to see. In my last visit, though he did not speak aloud, his lips were continually moving in prayer, and his eyes turned upward towards that home whither he was going—to that Lord on whom so lately his love had been set. My last service to him was to raise him in his bed, to give him the cup of wine and water for his parched lips; then as I pressed his hand, he said

again, "Don't be long!"—the last time he was to say it to me.

The next day I could not visit him; I was obliged to go to a town at some distance. While there I saw his brother-in-law, and asked if my friend was yet alive. "He was alive when I left him," he said, "but he took leave of me, saying, 'I shall not see you again; when you return, I shall be in heaven.'" It was not so, however: he lived through that day, till eleven at night. Next morning I went to see him, in the hope of finding him still alive; but the drawn blinds, all over the house, told the tale before I reached it. I saw his sister, who had affectionately watched over him during all his illness.

"The last day," she said, "was a day of suffering, except when he slept. During part of the day he was much convulsed; but during all his waking hours his lips were moving in prayer. Many times during that day he said, 'Wonderful, that God should forgive such a sinner as I have been!—wonderful, that he should give me a hope of heaven, a sinner like me!'" Often, until the very end, they could catch this word, "Wonderful!" upon his lips. It seemed to fill his whole soul. That day he seemed to have at once both his deepest sense of sin and the strongest realization of his Saviour's love. The wonder filled his heart. Lowly he was as a child, with a child's gratitude and love. At eleven o'clock, his sister, sitting by him, saw him awake with a little start; looking upward, "I see Jesus!" he said. The love and radiant happiness on his face was, she said, such as she could not describe. "I see Jesus!" and with these words he expired.

That Saviour came to seek and to save that which was lost: a poor wandering sheep was thus gathered into that Saviour's fold. Did the Saviour, at that last moment, beckon him upward? We know not. God does sometimes, at the hour of death, reveal himself so powerfully to the mind of the believer in Christ, as entirely to banish the fear of death; and in place thereof, he confers a foretaste of that celestial joy which awaits him in the presence of that Saviour whom, though unseen, he has loved.

Reader! may God grant that you may not lay this true history down without some profit to yourself. This man thought it wonderful that he should be saved. *It was wonderful!* but so is every sinner's salvation. Jesus Christ has done many such wonderful works—is doing them now—will do them again! If you have never come to him for salvation, *come now*—come, as this man did, with a lowly, broken heart; take fast hold, as he did, of the truth—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Then will your heart, too, be filled with wonder at his surpassing love. There is no love like that of Jesus. Let it fill your heart, and he will love you to the end. His love is wonderful!

Brother! you and I may be closer to eternity than we think.

## "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

Job xix. 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives, when, in temptation's hour,  
He prays for me that faith fail not, and saves from Satan's power.  
I know it when, with humble trust, we seek the house of prayer,  
And feel, with deep and holy awe, His unseen presence there.  
I know it when, in floods of grief, help seems too long delay'd;  
O'er the dark waves a voice is heard, "Tis I, be not afraid." I know it when, 'neath bread and wine, His dying love I see,  
And hear, by faith, those pleading words, "In memory of me."  
I know it when, upon some grave, tears fall in anguish vain,  
I hear Him say my lost one yet shall rise and live again.  
And, oh! that I may know it when my spirit fleeteth fast,  
And earth, with all its joys and cares, away from me hath pass'd;  
Redeemer! through the pangs of death, oh! let me hear Thee say,  
"I live! and thou shalt also live, in Paradise, this day."

## Eminent Christians.

## JOHN CALVIN.

Two lives of Calvin have lately appeared, one in German, and the other in French. This latter, by M. Bungener, of Geneva, is announced in an English translation,\* and upon it the following brief narrative is founded. John Calvin was born at Noyon, in the French province of Picardy, July 10th, 1509. His mother seems to have early trained him to Romish practices of piety, and intended him for the Church. In this intention his father coincided, and sent him to a public school; but he was soon after placed under more private tuition, in company with the sons of a gentleman. At the age of twelve, he was appointed to a small chaplaincy, the income of which was an advantage to him. A few days later (May, 1521) he received the tonsure. Similar abuses were at that time common, for Rome was sunk in corruption.

Not long after his appointment, the pestilence broke out at Noyon, and arrangements were made for Calvin to go to Paris to continue his education. Thither he therefore went in 1523. His principal tutor was named Cordier, in many respects a remarkable man. While Calvin remained at Paris, persecution was carried on against the Reformers, who had just begun their glorious work, and Calvin may have been a spectator when some of them perished in the

flames. Be that as it may, he can have been no stranger to the deadly enmity which followed the new opinions. What he was we only know imperfectly, but we are told that he was a thin, pale, and sickly youth, a martyr to headache, abstinent, severe, and studious. He made good progress in his studies, and laid the foundation for his remarkable skill in writing French and Latin. Suddenly his theological studies were interrupted by an order from his father to turn his attention to the law. Like an obedient son, he at once assented, and applied himself to subjects which his father thought would lead him more directly to wealth, fame, and dignity. He therefore left Paris and removed to Orleans.

At Orleans he was placed under the learned professor, Pierre de l'Etoile, and made rapid progress. From Orleans he went to Bourges, where Alciati was professor, and at the height of his glory. There Calvin devoted himself with new vigour to his legal studies. Again he was interrupted, and this time by a renewed desire to study theology. He had made the acquaintance of the New Testament in Greek, and it drew him with an irresistible attraction. He could not neglect his other studies, but he snatched from sleep many an hour for the perusal of the Word of God. Light gradually broke in upon his mind as he pondered the sacred page, and he came to the resolution to serve the Lord. In course of time he went back to Paris, where, when he was about twenty-three years old, he is found holding private meetings in the house of one who, in 1535, perished as a martyr.

In 1532 he published his first book, a commentary upon a Latin author. There is no trace of his religious bias in this work, which may be considered as a mere scholastic exercise, such as was then common. His book brought him more fame than profit, and he found himself straitened in his circumstances. But although he was poor, he resigned his chaplaincy, and a curacy which had also been given him. It is to be observed, that he had held both these offices without being ordained. While he was in difficulty about money matters, he fell into danger about his religious principles and practices. Happily, he made his escape, and went elsewhere. Soon after he appeared at Poitiers, where, as at Bourges and at Paris, the friends of the Reformation flocked around him. Here it was that he first celebrated the Communion. It was in a grotto, and a fragment of rock served for a table. Very soon his presence and doings were noised abroad, and he once more had to flee for his life. This time he removed to Orleans, but ere long he set out thence with a friend, intending to reach Strasburg.

On the way they were robbed by an attendant, who stole a horse and their luggage, and they had but ten crowns between them when they got to Strasburg. There they were more secure, for the Reformation had many friends in that city. The eminent Bucer was there, and he readily opened his door to Calvin, with

\* "Calvin: His Life, his Labours, and his Writings." Translated from the French of Félix Bungener. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

whom he had long been in correspondence. From Strasburg he went on to Basil, where several eminent men then lived, and among them Erasmus. They had heard the terrible news from France, where Francis I. had put so many Protestants to death, and their Christian kindness made them welcome their fugitive brethren.

It was at Basil that Calvin accomplished his first great work. He felt that a great cause was to be pleaded, and he believed that the best course for the friends of the Gospel to adopt was boldly and clearly to state their principles. Under this impression he wrote a summary of evangelical doctrine, which, in a fuller form, is still famous as Calvin's "Institutes." This book was first published at Basil in 1535 or 1536. New editions of it in French and in Latin were continually called for during nearly a century, and it has been translated into several other languages. For a quarter of a century after its first appearance, Calvin laboured continually upon this book, which he many times enlarged and improved, almost till his death. The work caused an immense sensation, and probably no other work except the Bible had so extensive and abiding an influence upon the Protestant churches. Then the Reformation found a voice which was not to be misunderstood, which was solemn, calm, and dignified as that of a prophet; and which combined profound learning with eloquence, logic, and Gospel doctrine. The preface to the volume was a dedication to the persecutor, Francis I., and to this day is considered by all as a masterpiece. As for the work itself it consisted of six chapters; the first expounded the ten commandments, the second was an explanation of the creed, the third an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, the fourth was upon the sacraments, the fifth refuted the false sacraments of Rome, and the sixth set forth the nature of church government. Justification by faith was the basis upon which the whole depended—salvation by grace and not by works. If the preface was a noble defence of the Reformation, the "Institutes" were a truly noble exposition of its principles. There was at that time much less of what is called Arminianism than there was afterwards, and hence there was less objection among Protestants to Calvin's strong views upon election and free will. As a matter of fact the book was hailed with gladness by all friends of light, and its influence is still felt throughout Christendom by many who have never seen it. Let not any reader suppose it was only a statement and defence of what we call Calvinism; it was a body of divinity on evangelical principles, which made its appearance when such things were unknown.

The name of Calvin was soon in all men's mouths; letters of congratulation were sent him, and men of distinction sought to see or to communicate with him. We know not why, but after his book appeared Calvin went into Italy to Ferrara, to the court of the

Duchess Renée, who was then a chief friend and patron of fugitive and exiled reformers. He was not allowed to stay long at Ferrara, so he bade adieu to his friends there. It should be noticed that he continued his correspondence with the princess, and, indeed, it was to her that he wrote his last letter. After leaving Ferrara, Calvin went to various places, which we cannot stop to specify; we only observe that he paid another visit to his native place. He left Noyon in August, 1556, with the design of going back to Basil by way of Germany. War, however, was raging, and he had to turn aside into France, through which he passed on to Geneva.

Geneva was at that period favoured with the presence and labours of some devoted men, at the head of whom was Farel. No sooner did he hear of Calvin's arrival than he sought him out, and with much earnestness implored him to stay. Calvin refused, but Farel insisted, and pleaded so powerfully that Calvin at length yielded, as to a call from God. Once decided, he set to work as a kind of professor, or preacher, for which he received but small remuneration. The registers of the Council in February, 1537, state that "six crowns of gold are given to Calvin, or Calvin, seeing that he has at present scarcely received anything." The love of money was never Calvin's sin, and he went on with the Lord's work. His talents and zeal speedily produced an impression, but his fidelity to men's consciences caused some complaints. Political parties had more or less to do with these rumours, as they had with many of Calvin's subsequent troubles.

Very shortly after settling at Geneva, Calvin joined Farel in drawing up a "Confession of Faith," which was adopted by the Government, and was the basis of Geneva legislation. The next step was to prepare a "Catechism," which was also adopted. Calvin was always anxious not only that adults should be well informed as to the doctrines they professed, and their duties, but also that the young should be trained up in Christian knowledge and practices. No man preached the doctrines of grace more perseveringly, but no man ever insisted more upon the obedience which we owe to Christ.

(To be continued.)

#### THE GODLY MAN'S DESIRE.

Be it henceforth and for ever my first and highest joy to set my affections on things above, to be filled with the love of God and the love of Christ, to pray for the grace of God's Holy Spirit, for increase of faith, and increase of grace. Oh! my soul, give thyself wholly to Christ thy Saviour; to him who, by his own blood, hath purchased thy deliverance from eternal death, the punishment due to thy sins; love him, bless him, praise him, serve him, and adore him with thy every power and faculty, with all that is within thee of devout affection, now and evermore.

And, oh! may the blessed Jesus own thee and receive thee for his when he shall gather his saints together, and make them eternally happy in his heavenly kingdom. Amen.

~~He that is faithful unto the end shall be saved.~~

**"NONE SHALL MAKE YOU AFRAID."**

A PIous cottager, residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a Christian visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?" replied, "Oh! no, sir; for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

### COVENTRY RIBBONS.

We are of opinion that the wisest mode of assisting a distressed man is to enable him to assist himself. We therefore regard it as a higher degree of benevolence to give half-a-guinea to purchase a spade and a pickaxe, than to present him with a guinea, and leave him a suppliant for continued aid.

The weavers in Coventry are in great distress; thousands of them are out of employ, at a period of the year unfavourable to poverty. What their sufferings may be from lack of food, lack of fuel, and lack of garments, none but the sufferers can tell. In this state of things, some ingenious person has produced a remarkable specimen of the ribbon weavers' skill, and we found on our table a few days ago a letter containing a richly-ornamented book-marker, and were informed that, splendid as it is, it is procurable for seven stamps, which would frank it to one's own door. We are also informed that if these articles were in demand through the patronage of the public, all the unemployed ribbon weavers would be restored to their labours. We, therefore, notwithstanding our adherence to the plain and simple, wish that every kind-hearted man in the kingdom would adopt these decorated ribbons for book-markers, or for any other purpose, and that every lady in the land would entwine one or more into some portion of her attire.

In thus giving utterance to our wishes, we call to mind the generous and considerate conduct, in years gone by, of a man of high position.

"When you make my coat, please to remember," said the good man, "I want few or no buttons."

"No buttons, my lord!" said the astonished tradesman; "then if others should imitate your lordship's example, the button-makers would perish!"

"Indeed! is it so?"

"Yes, my lord; they would be starved."

"Then, pray, put buttons back and front, up or down, put buttons anywhere, rather than the workmen should want bread."

Let it be ribbons anywhere, rather than the

Coventry weavers should shiver from cold and pine from hunger.

We must add that Messrs. Mulloney and Johnson, of Coventry, are the gentlemen to whom the Editor of THE QUIVER is indebted for this proof of the ribbon weavers' skill.

### The Editor and his Friends.

#### EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH W. A. R., T. R., J. A. P., J. N. F., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

The questions of J. W. B., E. J., B. J., and Venator, have already received answers.

### CHAPTER XVII.

F. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

E. These words are a quotation in sense, but not in words, from Isaiah lxiv. 4, and they are referred by the Apostle not to the blessedness of a future state, as is too often understood, but to the blessings enjoyed under the Gospel dispensation. The things formerly concealed from believers were now revealed, for, says the Apostle, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." By quoting this passage, as is common, in reference to heaven, the proper meaning is lost sight of, and thus one of the most cheering and instructive portions of Holy Writ cannot be estimated.

F. How are we to reconcile these passages?—"My Father is greater than I;" "I and my Father are one."

E. In the first case, Christ speaks in his human nature; in the second case, he speaks in his Divine nature. The Saviour was both God and man in one Christ; sometimes he speaks in his mediatorial character, as one that was sent; and at other times he speaks in the language and with the authority of Deity.

F. "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring" (Ps. xxxiii. 3).

E. While I neglected to confess my sins, I had no rest in my conscience; my sorrow brought on premature old age. Though silent in speech, I was loud in the sighs and moanings arising from my grief.

F. Is the title "Eternal Son," as applied to Christ, a correct expression?

E. Christ is the "Son of God," and Christ is "eternal," but there is no passage of Scripture in which these terms are united. It is supposed by many divines that the term "Son of God" applies to Christ as Mediator, and that the Sonship does not refer to his Divine nature alone, nor to his human nature alone, but to the Divine and human nature united in one person. That the Sonship of Christ respects him as Mediator will be seen, it is thought, by a reference to John x. 30, "I and my Father are one;" and John xiv. 23, "My Father is greater than I." It is found to be difficult to make these passages harmonise, unless there be a reference to Christ's office as Mediator. On mysterious subjects like that of the Sonship of Christ, it is best to speak only as Scripture speaks, and however important this subject may be to theologians engaged in polemic divinity, we

cannot regard the subject as profitable to private Christians.

F. Is there any Biblical warrant for the generally received opinion that Noah's ark was one hundred and twenty years in being built?

E. No. The 6th chapter of Genesis and 3rd verse is usually quoted, but fails to prove the point. Great diversity of opinion prevails in different parts of the world upon the length of time occupied in constructing the ark. According to Mahometan writers, it was commenced in the year of the world 1654, which allows only two years. Rabbi Tauchuma states that it was begun in 1604, which allows fifty-two years. According to Berossus, in 1578, which gives seventy-eight years. According to others, it was commenced in 1556, which allows one hundred years; and according to most authors, the building of the ark began in the year of the world 1536, and as the Deluge occurred in 1556, this would give one hundred and twenty years, assuming that when the ark was finished the flood came. From these conflicting opinions it will be seen how difficult a matter it is to adjust figures and dates in reference to early history. To cavil at Scripture because dates cannot always be settled, or because figures in an ancient manuscript cannot at all times, with the imperfect information we possess, be reconciled, is very little wiser than to question the fact of the Deluge in the days of Noah, or to deny the existence of the ark because a dozen men give a dozen different opinions as to the number of years expended in its construction.

F. Why is faith and not love connected with justification?

E. Because the Christian's love to God and man is the result of Scriptural faith.

F. What is meant by the old covenant?

E. The old covenant was that which was made with Adam, called the covenant of works—"Do this, and thou shalt live." The new covenant was made with the Second Adam, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Its language, therefore, is—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This mode of salvation was shadowed forth by the types and ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual, as well as prefigured by the appointed sacrifices.

F. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. xi. 24.

E. Christian liberality tends to prosperity; covetousness, and a refusal to aid others, often tend to withdrawal of those means which the possessor did not know how to employ for the honour of God and for the good of man. Nothing is gained that is withheld from God's service, and men who devote their time, their money, or their influence to benevolent works from right motives, soon discover that God is no man's debtor, and that his blessing bringeth prosperity. It is well for us to remember that a bad debt, or an unwise investment, may absorb more of a man's wealth than would be required for a hundred acts of charity.

E. To J. A. P. the answer is, Yes.

F. What is the work of the Holy Spirit?

E. To convince of sin, John xvi. 8, 9.

To renew a right spirit within us, 1 Cor. xii.; Eph. i. 17, 18; John iii. 5, 6.

To produce holiness in thoughts, in words, and in actions, 1 Thess. ii. 13; 1 Cor. vi. 11.

To comfort under the trials and conflicts of life, John xiv. 16, 26.

To animate for duty.

To direct us in the way in which we should go.

To strengthen and confirm our confidence in God.

The office of the Holy Spirit, in the work of redemption, is to teach, to sanctify, and to comfort, and in the order in which they are enumerated.

### DUTY.

WHEN Pompeii was destroyed, very many were buried in its ruins, who were afterwards found in very different positions. Some were found in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape; some in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security; some in lofty chambers. But where and how should a Roman sentinel be found? He was discovered standing at the city gate, his hand still grasping the war weapon. To that position he had been commanded by his captain; and though the heavens threatened him, though the earth shook beneath him, and the lava stream rolled round him, nevertheless, he faithfully maintained his post; there, after a thousand years had passed away, was he found.

Christian reader! aim at fidelity like this; learn to stand to your duty; keep the post to which your Captain appointed you.

### ALPHABET OF LIFE.

BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

#### ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS are sociable; but there is nothing so sociable as a cultivated mind.

#### BEHAVIOUR.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behaviour will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

#### CONVERSATION.

Conversation is the daughter of reason, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

#### DUTIES.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and, consequently, should not be any part of your concern.—*Epictetus*.

#### EARLY RISING.

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and on the walls of your bed-chamber, "If you do

not rise early, you can make progress in nothing." If you do not set apart your hours of reading—if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them—your days will slip through your hands unprofitably, and frivolously, and unenjoyed by yourself.—*Lord Chatham.*

## FIRMNESS.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the language of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve.

## GENIUS.

The three indispensables of genius are—understanding, feeling, and perseverance.

The three things that enrich genius are—contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.—*Southey.*

## HABIT.

Unless the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.—*Zimmerman.*

Habit, a second nature, which often supersedes the first.

## INDUSTRY.

If wisdom is the head, and honesty the heart, energetic industry is the right hand of every exalted vocation; without which the shrewdest insight is blind, and the best intentions are abortive.

## JUDGMENT.

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatever is done or said will be measured by a wrong rule, like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

## KNOWLEDGE.

It is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn, so long as we are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

## LEARNING.

That learning which is got by one's own observation and experience, is as far beyond that which is got by precept, as the knowledge of a traveller exceeds that which is got by a map.

## MANNERS.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

## HOPE.

No is a wonderful word. Be not afraid to use it. Many a man has pined in misery for years, for not having courage to pronounce that little monosyllable.

## ORDER.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams of a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—*Southey.*

## POLITENESS.

True politeness is a virtue of the understanding, and of the heart.

## QUIETNESS.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them. Quietness and peace

flourish where reason and justice govern; and true quietness reigneth where modesty directeth.

## READING.

Read, not to contradict and confute; not to believe, and take for granted; not to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.—*Lord Bacon.*

## SELF-CULTURE.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect your faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

## TEMPER.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—*Addison.*

## USEFULNESS.

Usefulness is confined to no station; and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

## VIRTUE.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.—*Bishop Butler.*

## WORSHIP.

First worship God: he that forgets to pray, Bids not himself good morrow nor good day.

—*Thomas Randolph.*

## XERXES.

It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after.

## YOUTH.

Youth is the golden period of life; and every well-spent moment will be like good seed planted in an auspicious season.

## ZEAL.

Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and must take the place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## ROVERS' REVENGE.

"The merciful man is merciful unto his beast."

GEORGE SINCLAIR was ten years old. He was not a badly-disposed boy; he generally learnt his lessons, and obeyed his parents, and was docile and attentive, as a little boy should be; but he had one great fault—he was continually ill-treating every animal that came in his way. He would pull the wings off the

flies on the window, hurt and stone any poor frog he saw, throw water on the cat, frighten the hens from the farmyard, and beat his little dog Tiny so cruelly that the animal quite lost his spirit.

It was then that the Crimean war was at its height. Georgie was always talking of the soldiers, and playing at being one. He had a tin sword, and a drum, and a funny little helmet with a plume of horse-hair, and all day long he would march about the garden pretending to be a British soldier, and cutting at the bushes for Russians.

One day, when he was thus amusing himself, Mr. Sinclair came into the garden and called him. Georgie ran up. His father's face was very grave. "I am sorry that my son is such a coward," he said.

Georgie was quite speechless with astonishment. He a coward, when he wanted to be a soldier, and fight for his country!

"Yes," continued Mr. Sinclair, "my son is a coward, for he hurts those that are weak and unable to defend themselves. Here I find Tiny quite lame from a beating you gave him this morning, and the nurse says it is a thing of constant recurrence. And who has killed the toad that was kept in the strawberry beds, to eat the insects; eh, George?"

Now Georgie, with all his faults, never told a lie. He burst into tears, and said, "It was I, papa; but I did not know the toad was useful for anything."

"And this is the little boy who wants to be a brave soldier!" said Mr. Sinclair. "George, you have seriously displeased me, and, what is far worse, you have offended your Father in heaven by your cruelty. Give me those playthings; they were meant for a good boy. And go and say good-bye to Tiny. I shall send him away at once to your cousin, for you are not fit to own him any longer."

So Georgie lost his little dog, and could no longer play at soldiers; besides which, he was in sad disgrace all day, and felt very unhappy. In the evening Mr. Sinclair called him into his study, and talked to him very seriously. He showed him how wicked it is in the sight of a good God to hurt any of his creatures; how little man deserves God's mercy, and how merciful he should be in his turn; how useful every grade of creation is, and how necessary to the wants of mankind. Then, when Georgie felt how wicked he had been, his father knelt down with him, and asked God to forgive him for his sin. Afterwards they had a long conversation on the nature and habits of the animals that Georgie had tormented. He was told of the sacred toads of Egypt, of their beautiful eyes; of the habits of dogs; of the Esquimaux, with their dog-sledges; the monks of St. Bernard, with their hounds trained to rescue travellers; and many other stories. And for several evenings after, Georgie continued to hear accounts of the birds and beasts, and he got so interested that his father believed he was quite cured of his evil propensity; but, inasmuch as Mr. Sinclair wished the lesson to be a deep one,

he would not let Tiny come back, but accepted instead a large Newfoundland dog from a neighbour, and had a new kennel built for him in Tiny's corner of the yard.

"And I caution you, for your own sake, not to ill-use him," he said to Georgie, "for Rover will not bear it like Tiny did."

One would have thought, after this, that Georgie would take great care to treat all the animals about him as he ought to do; and so, for many weeks, he did. Rover, especially, he made great friends with, and grew quite consoled for the loss of poor Tiny. But in a short time the effects of his father's teaching wore away, and his old habit began again to show itself. One day, when Rover lay blinking lazily in the hot sunshine, Georgie begged a few scraps of meat for him from the cook, and began to throw them, one by one, into the dog's huge mouth, as it opened, with lazy condescension, to receive them. Suddenly the idea struck him to see how Rover liked cayenne pepper. Georgie had himself been burnt by some the day before, and one would have thought his own pain would have prevented his giving it to Rover; but no. He ran to the dining-room, took the cruets off the sideboard, and completely covered a large piece of meat with mustard and cayenne pepper. Then, coming back to Rover, who, supposing the meat was all done, had composed himself to sleep, "Catch, Rover," he said. So Rover opened his mouth as usual, and away went the mustard and pepper down his throat.

Poor Rover! he was dreadfully hurt. Big tears rolled out of his eyes; and he coughed, and wheezed, and rolled over with pain, till Georgie was quite frightened, and would have given a good deal not to have played his cruel joke; but it was too late now. Their friendship was broken from that moment. Rover would never come near, or follow, or play with him any more. He would not touch a piece of meat from his hand, and stalked away, growling, if Georgie attempted to pat him. Mr. Sinclair noticed the alteration, but Georgie said nothing on the matter.

Winter had come on now, and there was a heavy fall of snow for several days together. All the country was covered with it. One morning, having got permission, Georgie ran merrily off for a long walk across the fields. Rover would not follow him, so he went alone. When he had got a mile or two from home, he fell suddenly into a deep hole, which had got filled with snow to the level of the ground. For a moment he was stunned; and when he recovered he found that one of his ankles was badly hurt. The sides of the pit were too high for him to climb out; there was no road near; the air was bitterly cold, and, moreover, he could scarcely stand. He called and shrieked for aid, but none came. He tried to clamber out, but only fell back again, making his ankle so painful that he could

scarcely bear it. Hour after hour went on, and he thought of the stories he had read of people being frozen to death, and then it struck him what a naughty boy he had been, and his cruelty and disobedience came to his mind; and there, in the cold snow, Georgie prayed God to forgive him and help him, as his parents had taught him to pray; and God did help him, for there, as he looked up, was Rover's black nose peering down upon him from above. Oh! how he laughed, and cried, "Dear Rover! Dear old dog! Oh, Rover, I am so glad to see you!" And Rover whined and wagged his tail with joy, too. Then Georgie stood up, and tried to reach him; and when he could not, he threw up his handkerchief, and the sagacious animal caught it with his teeth, and pulled back to see if he could get Georgie up; but it was too steep, and Rover slipped down into the pit, too. How warm he was, and how soon the blood began to circulate again in Georgie's frozen veins, as Rover rolled over him with his shaggy coat.

At last Rover made a desperate bound and got out again, and ran away as hard as he could. Georgie knew he had gone home to fetch assistance, and he was not afraid any longer. Soon the faithful dog came back, and with him Mr. Sinclair and the menservants, all very much alarmed; and they lifted Georgie out, and carried him to a warm bed, where he lay several days, from the effects of the cold and his sprained ankle. Then he learnt how Rover, when he saw them searching for him, had gone off of his own accord, and must have tracked him all the way to the place where he fell. And this was the way that the poor dog returned good for evil.

Georgie is now grown up, but he never forgot the lesson he had learnt. He never ill-treated any of God's creatures from that time. Rover is very old, but a great pet; and whenever George sees a little boy tormenting a dumb animal, he calls him to his side, and tells him the tale of *Rover's revenge*.

#### THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"WILLIE TOMKINS and I had a dispute yesterday, and what do you think it was about?"

"I'm sure it's hard for me to say, Bob."

"It was about our eyebrows, uncle. He said our eyebrows were intended as an ornament and not for use."

"And what did you say, Robert?"

"I said they were made for use."

"Well, what makes you of that opinion, my young philosopher?"

"Because, sir, I have seen great bushy eyebrows that were very far from being ornamental according to my idea of beauty, and because everything is made for use, you know."

"Ha! good logic, indeed, Master Robert. Can't you handle your reasons a little better than that?"

"Isn't that clear enough, sir?"

"One thing is clear, namely, neither you nor young Tomkins has mastered the subject."

"One or the other of us must be right, surely!"

"There you are at fault again, Bob. There is no 'must' in it; for you *may* be both wrong, though your views be contrary. I don't say that in this instance you *are* both wrong, for you are quite the reverse."

"What, sir, do you think we are both right, then?"

"That's my view of the matter, Robert. The eyebrow was made for both use and ornament."

"It serves as a defence to the eye, does it not?"

"Well, perhaps it does in some small degree; but it is plain that such was not the chief object of Nature, or rather of the Creator, in placing it where it is."

"No? What was, then?"

"Do you recollect the terms of the curse that was put upon Adam and his posterity when, in the garden of Paradise, he disobeyed God?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"I forget some of them, but the last runs thus:—  
'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground.'"

"Ah, now you have one purpose for which the eyebrows are formed, Robert—the sweat of the face. Do you not see anything in that expression applicable here?"

"Not very much, uncle. What has it to do with the eyebrows?"

"What! did you never perspire when playing at cricket?"

"Many and many a time, sir."

"And did you not observe the big drops that would trickle down your forehead?"

"That I have, indeed."

"And but for your eyebrows, where would many of them find a nice cosy resting-place, do you suppose?"

"In my eyes, would they not, uncle?"

"Undoubtedly, Robert. They would trickle into the eye, and not only prevent your seeing distinctly what you were about, but would soon irritate and destroy the eye by reason of the foreign substances they would carry into it."

"Foreign substances, sir?"

"Yes, such as dust and the like, which the perspiration might carry down with it."

"Oh, I see now, Uncle John. The eyebrows act as a kind of strainer, do they not?"

"Not particularly as strainers, but as *eaves*, like those of a house, to shoot off the water."

"Well, I declare, I had not thought of this before. So, then, I was right, wasn't I, in what I said to Willie Tomkins?"

"Yes, yes; you were right, but so also was Master Willie."



flag? You must undergo a nice little course of study first, sir: instead of joining a ship, you join the naval college, and fag for your examination. In six months' time you may think about a ship—if you are lucky."

"All right!" cried Harry, heartily. "I'll fag: fag with the best of them. What do you think I have been doing, papa?"

"Many things that you ought not, I expect."

"I daresay I have," honestly confessed Harry. "But I have been studying navigation. I have indeed, papa, all my spare time. I got the books out of Robertson's library, and I shouldn't be afraid now to navigate a ship with any captain going. It seems to come to me by intuition. Gruff Jones thought he'd have a go-in at it, too; but he was tired in a week. Horrid stuff, he called it; as dry as saw-dust!"

Mr. Vane left the room, laughing. Harry turned to his mother.

"Mamma, why is it that you have always, until now, so disliked the idea of my going to sea?"

"Your papa has just asked me nearly the same question. I answer you as I answered him. The danger. Harry! have you ever reflected that on board ship there will be but a plank between you and eternity?"

Harry looked a shade graver than usual. His countenance brightened as he hastened to reply:

"There's no real danger on board one of her Majesty's ships, mamma. They never get drowned—as the children say. I hope I shall be appointed to a three-decker! They are well built, well manned, and their strength is our protection."

"What else do you think is your protection?" quietly rejoined Mrs. Vane.

He made no reply: though quite conscious what she meant.

"When I spoke to your papa of the danger, my boy, he reminded me that the same God, who has hitherto watched over you on the land, will watch over you on the sea. Ah, Harry! you talk of the ship's strength being your protection. What protection could there be in a few frail boards, unless he held them together?"

"Mamma, I was speaking only of man's strength."

"I know. Listen to me, darling. The sea is a hazardous life, more so than common: take you heed, therefore, that you abide under God's good care. Morning after morning, night after night, commit yourself to him. Never omit it; never forget it. *Try and find God.* Try and realise the fact that he is ever present with you, your powerful Protector, so long as you trust to him. Amidst the hurry and bustle of a sea-life, steal a moment sometimes for him; in the silent deck watches, let your heart be often lifted up to him. Trust yourself wholly to God: let your ever-recurring daily prayer be, 'Lord, my time is in thy hand: do thou undertake for me!' And then you may rest assured that, whether he shall see fit to spare you, or to take you, it must, and will, be for the best. Do you think you can realise this, Harry?"

"I can hope for it, mamma."

"Hope and strive. Your prayers will not ascend alone. For every one that you breathe, I shall offer up its fellow. It is a pleasant belief, that which some of

our divines have given utterance to—that the urgent prayers of a mother for her child are never lost. Void they may be, for a time—dormant the answer may seem to lie: but the fruit appears at last. I often think that no prayers can be so urgently fervent as those sent up by a mother for her boy at sea."

"What was it papa wanted with me?" inquired Harry, after a pause, turning to a lighter subject.

"To inform you of the news; and to let you know that you would have but a few days longer at Whittermead. You may go on your fishing expedition now."

The fishing expedition, all-important as it was before, had faded into nothingness. What was that trifling pastime in comparison with these great tidings? Boiling over with excitement, scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels, Harry Vane hunted out his glazed sailor's hat—the article he had invested a certain Christmas-box in the previous Christmas—and proceeded to the linendraper's shop. There he went in trust for four yards of blue ribbon, wound it round his hat, leaving the ends flying, and proceeded to show himself in the village. "I am going to sea! I am going at last!" was his salute to everybody. At length he reached Mr. Allair's.

"Give me joy, William!" he cried, bursting in, and waving his hat in triumph. "The long lane has at length had a turning."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked William Allair, staring at the ribbons.

"I am off in a few days; off to Woolwich, or some of those places, and in six months join the navy—the best middy it ever had, if it will only appreciate me."

"You have gone deranged, I think."

"It's with joy, then. Why, I am telling you nothing but sober fact. The governor—like a sensible governor, that he is—entered my name for the navy long ago, though he never spoke of it; and to-day my appointment arrived. Of course he had to speak of it then."

"In the navy!" repeated William, rather overwhelmed with the news that had broken upon him.

"Is it not prime? I had made up my mind, if I did get to sea, to have a hard, working life of it, on board some obscure trader—perhaps, like Gruff Jones's—and now there's this glorious prospect opened to me. Oh, I am so heartily glad! I shall be as happy as the days are long."

William sighed a sigh of envy. "But what will Mrs. Vane say?" he questioned.

"She is a dear mother, and has shown out sensible, too. She says it is evidently my appointed sphere of usefulness in life; and so she'll oppose it no longer, but send me away with a God speed."

"Well, I'm sure I wish other mothers and people would show out sensible," grumbled William—discontent and envy uncommonly rise in his heart just then. "What have you tied those blue things round your hat for?"

"To let the public in general know of my good luck," said Harry, with a laugh. "I shall hang a flag out at my bed-room window when I get home. I say, I am in no mood for fishing to-day. I must race about to spread the news—going to Lady Sayingham first. I know she'll be glad."

"Who cares for fishing?" testily interrupted William. "I don't mind if I never go fishing again. I wish I was you, Vane! Some people do get all the luck of it in this world."

Harry Vane laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, this is a change!" repeated William. "Why, it was only yesterday you were saying your hope of sea was further off than ever."

"I thought it was. But, look you, I did not despair of going some time or other."

"Suppose they had still held out against it—your governor and Mrs. Vane—what should you have done? Run away?"

"What rubbish! Gruff Jones asked me that, one day. As if I should take the reins into my own hands in that way! No good comes of defying your father, when they are good fathers, you know, like ours are. Besides, it's not gentlemanly to play the runagate."

"Then, what *should* you have done?" persisted William, "supposing they had held out in denying you the sea?"

"Stopped on land, and made the best of it, always hoping that something or other would turn up to subdue their prejudices. I did not think my mother would come to, yet awhile, at any rate; and I never would have gone in opposition to her. She is my mother, you know, Allair, and a regular good mother, too; and I'd not have turned against her. I shall look out for luck and happiness now. And that's what I never should have had, if I had gone in opposition to my mother."

William sat drumming on the table. "I wish fathers and mothers could see with our eyes!" he fretfully cried.

"I had been casting about in my mind what I could do—what employment would be the least distasteful to me, hopes of the sea being at a discount," went on Harry. "And I had nearly fixed on being a ship's carpenter."

"A ship's carpenter!" repeated William, in astonishment.

"In some of our great big dockyards," he continued, with equanimity. "A ship's carpenter, or ship-builder—anything of that. It would have brought me into constant contact with ships; and that's the next best thing to sailing in them."

"But to be a ship's carpenter! That's such hard work!"

"Well, a builder, then. But what do I care for hard work? Knocking about suits me. And, as I tell you, I should always have had the hope upon me that some lucky turn-up would send me to sea. But, I say, Allair, what a stunning thing it is that I have got on so far with navigation! I *would* stick to that; and I *did*. Ha, ha! that's of more use to me than Latin and Greek. I'll leave the classics to you—you'll want them. William Allair, Esquire, attorney-at-law, and one of the Masters Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery! *Exempli gratia!*"

Catching up his hat, with a joyous, ringing laugh, Harry Vane tossed it on his head sideways, sailor

fashion, and tore away towards Sayingham Court, his blue streamers flying behind him.

William remained alone, giving way to one of the most discontented reveries he had ever had the pleasure of indulging. It showed itself in his countenance. He carried his gloomy looks into the presence of his mother.

"What can be the matter?" she exclaimed, as soon as she caught sight of his face.

"Harry Vane's going to sea."

Mrs. Allair was surprised at the answer. "To sea! Well, need you look so sorrowful over it? He will be home occasionally, I suppose."

"Who's looking sorrowful over that?" not very dutifully responded William; but he was in a testy temper. "I wish I could go with him! That's why I look sorrowful: because I want to go, and can't."

Mrs. Allair laughed pleasantly. "Don't envy him, William. You will find happiness in a home-life—he is a sea one."

"Mr. and Mrs. Vane have consented, have approved. It turns out that he was entered for the navy long ago, and now his appointment's come," continued William, in a tone of fierce resentment.

"I am glad to hear it; glad that Mrs. Vane has seen for the best at last. Were Harry Vane my boy, I believe I should have seen it long ago."

"That's good, mother!" retorted William; "when you know how you hate the sea."

"I don't hate it; you are mistaken. What would become of our ships, our commerce, our prosperity, our proud name as mistress of the world, if there were to be no sailors?"

"I am sure you hate it for me."

"That is another thing. Though 'hate' is not precisely the right word."

"You and Mrs. Vane both hate the sea like poison," persisted William, who was not in a conciliatory mood. "At least, she has hated it up to now; and it's odd to me, what has changed her," he added, *par parenthèse*. "Were it the river Styx, you could neither of you have gone on more against it. Do you remember the duel you kept up, the last time you were at the Vane's at tea?"

"Our 'going on,' as you call it, has arisen from different motives," said Mrs. Allair. "Mrs. Vane dislikes a sea-life in itself. She dislikes it for its hazards, its dangers—dislikes to live a life of almost constant separation from her son: hence has arisen her opposition to Harry's embracing it. My objection is a different one. I dislike it for you, because I know how entirely unfitted you are for it, both in temperament and physical capacity. Were you constituted as Harry Vane is, you should go, with pleasure."

"Where's the difference between one boy and another?" angrily debated William. "There's none."

Mrs. Allair quite laughed at the words. "So much difference is there, William, that what would be pastime to one boy would kill another. Do you suppose that all are endowed alike?—equally strong to endure the rubs and crosses of life?"

"Well, it's not very kind of you, mamma, to preach up for Harry Vane, and ridicule me."

"When boys fall into an absurd temper, the best plan is to let them alone until they fall out of it again," said Mrs. Allair, still good-humouredly. "Be reasonable, William. There has been no preaching up for Harry Vane, except in saying that he is fitted for a sea-life; and there has certainly been no ridicule cast upon you. You have each your several and individual talents. Never was a boy more suited to a profession than you are to follow that of your father: but were Harry Vane to attempt to follow it, he would break down. You are adapted for one sphere; he for another. The prospect of making it your pursuit in life afforded you pleasure at one time."

"That was before I knew anything about the sea."

"Allow me to ask you a question, William—if you can for a moment get the sea out of your head. Were you left at liberty to choose your profession, is not that of a solicitor the one you would prefer?"

"I would prefer going to sea."

"I asked you to put the sea out of your head for an instant. I speak of life on land. Answer me."

"Well, I'd as soon be a lawyer as anything else. Rather, I think."

"Yes, I knew it. You have no dislike to the calling, in itself, but the contrary; and you are well adapted for it. But in this wild notion that you have taken up, and persist in encouraging, you lose sight of things fitting. I can only compare you to a blind man, William—one who has taken a wrong turning, and gropes his way along in darkness, believing he is on the right road, whereas each step takes him further from his destination."

"The world calls all lawyers rogues," cried dutiful William.

Mrs. Allair turned her eyes gravely upon him.

"William!"

The boy blushed at the silent reproof. It was very like an insult to his father's name, and he wished he had not uttered it.

"All lawyers are not rogues," pursued Mrs. Allair, quietly. "Some are honest and honourable, even in the sight of men; striving earnestly to do right before God. William, you know that your father is one of these."

"I know he is. Indeed, mamma, when I spoke, I was not thinking of him."

"And you can be one of these honourable men, if you will. A profession or a trade is just what its exerciser makes it; one of honour, or one of shame. The highest calling in life is that of a minister of God; and yet, William, we know how some, professing it, have made it a disgrace."

"I wish I was in Harry Vane's shoes—going to sea," ejaculated William, reverting to the old grievance. "I shouldn't disgrace that. Seymour must hand over his wager, now."

"What wager?" asked Mrs. Allair.

"Oh, he had a bet with young Robertson. There was a talk in the school—knowing how his going to sea was objected to at home—as to whether Vane wouldn't take French leave, and run away. Seymour bet he would—"

"William!"

The interrupting word was spoken in a tone of painful wailing. William looked up in surprise. Every vestige of colour had forsaken his mother's cheek, and she gazed at him with a yearning look of apprehension. Had a prophetic vision of the future come across her?

"Why, mamma, what's the matter?"

"I do not like to hear such things spoken of. Wicked ideas they are, William. Had Harry Vane taken so false a step, it would have killed his mother."

"Killed her!" echoed William.

"It surely would. Wake my darling boy"—she laid her hand impressively upon his shoulder—"my best and dearest son, ever to fall into so terrible an act of disobedience, it would kill me. Not at once, no: but, if I know anything of myself, the sorrow would bring me to a lingering death. It must be a grievous thing, William, to die of a broken heart," she added, with a shiver.

"Mamma, what are you saying!"

"I think I could bear any sorrow better than the rebellion of my children. Not for my sake; no, no. I could struggle with the trouble it might bring to me; but I could not bear it for them. Nothing but sorrow could be in store for them, if they so set at defiance the law of God. For every pain a child feels, its mother undergoes one infinitely greater. She suffers in and for her children. Many a mother has been laid in her grave by the ungrateful conduct of her sons. William, take you care never so to offend, if you would have God's blessing rest upon you."

William was softened to contrition. "You cannot bear such a step for me, mamma!"

"My boy, I would almost rather die than fear it! I do not fear it."

"You never shall have cause," whispered William. He spoke in his earnest belief; and the tears shone in his eyes as he fondly kissed his mother.

A few days, and Harry Vane departed. The whole village was sad for he was a favourite with everybody; but none were more sad than William Allair. Not that he was grieving after Harry Vane, personally: boys are not so sentimental. His grief lay chiefly for himself: because he was not going; or, so far as he saw, likely to go.

"This is obstinacy, William," said Mr. Allair, hearing a rebellious and discontented speech that William gave utterance to. "You must let your good sense return to you, or you will seriously displease me."

"We can't help our likes and dislikes, papa."

"We can *persuade* ourselves into any liking or disliking that we choose," significantly rejoined Mr. Allair; "especially when we turn obstinate over it. You have picked up this very absurd fancy about the sea, and are hugging it and cherishing it by every means in your power. Take care that it does not over-master you, so as to render you permanently dissatisfied and miserable. Put it away from you, William. It is good advice, mind, that I give you."

"Of course you think it is, papa."

"And you don't," said Mr. Allair. "He never supposed this fancy of William's would turn out to be a

serious one, or that they should have trouble over it. "William," he resumed, in a joking tone, "my old uncle was very fond of repeating a certain truth to us boys, wishing it to be impressed upon our memory. 'Young folks think old folks fools; but the old folks know the young ones to be so.'"

"What a donkey the old fellow must have been!" thought William.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AN ILL-OMENED RESOLVE.

THE time went on. Harry Vane, in due course, joined the "Hercules," Captain Stafford, as midshipman, and the ship departed on what was thought would prove a long cruise.

There was a spirit of obstinacy in William Allair, not altogether pleasant. Did he set his mind upon a thing and get opposed, so much the more eager became he for it, simply because he *was* opposed. Mr. Allair's remark, that we can persuade ourselves into any liking or disliking that we choose, was a perfectly correct one. Boys, take you notice of this. When you are earnestly bent upon some project, some idea, and protest that you cannot get it out of your head, such hold has it there, although you know (if you listen to your conscience) that it ought to be got out, just try and discover whether the fault does not lie with you. You are prejudiced in its favour; you look at it but from one point of view; you think, there it is in your head, and there it must be, and all your efforts tend to keep it there. Suppose you were to try the opposite course; to make a few genuine efforts to throw it away, instead of to keep it; you might find the benefit. So great is this prejudice carried, that a boy may set on and long for the moon; ay, and may grow ill, miserable, feverish, because he can't get it. But were the coveted thing thrown into his lap—the moon, or any other toy so wished for—he might find it a source of pain, instead of pleasure; a subject for loathing, rather than for liking.

It was just so with William Allair. You have seen that he had set his mind upon going to sea, and although he promised his mother he would no longer think of it, the desire remained in all its unabated force. He tried no means, save wrong ones, to make good his promise. Instead of striving manfully to put the wish from him, he took all possible pains to augment it. The appetite grows by what it feeds on. He so fed this ideal desire, that it was becoming nearly irrepressible. Never once did he say to himself, "I will turn my thoughts away from its fascinations." All his wishes were on the wrong side, and pursued in a spirit of discontent. "How I wish I could go! What a shame it is of them to deny me! As if they could tell what I should like to be, so well as I can!" After this fashion did the gentleman daily and hourly reason.

Harry Vane's final departure, in high glowing spirits, had tended to fan the flame. Before he joined the "Hercules," he came home for a few days, and his golden visions, breathed in William's hearing, of the stirring life he was about to enter on, excited William beyond everything. He grew pining, moping, miser-

able; quite unhappy. And so passed the winter and spring months till summer came round again.

Dr. Robertson's school broke up for the summer holidays. William quitted it for good, and was to be articled to his father. But, about a fortnight before this, as ill-luck would have it, there arrived a young man at Whittermead on visit to the Jennikers. His name was Carter, and he was related to Mrs. Jenniker. He was a sailor, second mate of an Indiaman, of which vessel his father was captain and part owner.

Young Carter had seen only the more favourable auspices of a sea-life. Voyaging with, and under his father, in a fine vessel, well disciplined, well provisioned, accustomed to the sea from boyhood—for he had more than once been taken the voyage to India for pleasure—possessing also a natural liking for it, there is no wonder that he spoke of it in terms of enthusiasm. He had nearly as great a liking for it as had Harry Vane. With this gentleman William became intimate, and it was productive to him of mischief.

William imparted to him his longing for the sea. Mr. Carter, fond of boasting, proud of speaking well of his own pursuit in life, encouraged the longing. He pictured a sea-life in colours so glowing, that one, with less inclination for it than William, might well have been taken in. His own good sense ought to have told him that James Carter had seen only the bright side of the profession; and all professions have two sides, a bright and a dark one. Sometimes the dark becomes bright, and the bright dark, according as they are looked at. Three weeks did the visit of Mr. Carter last; three pernicious weeks to William Allair. He had dwelt a vast deal too much upon going to sea before; but now he dwelt upon it in a different spirit. Then he had said "I wish I could go;" now he began to say, "I will go."

His entire conversation, whether with young Carter or others, was of the sea. His thoughts by day never quitted it; at night his dreams brought it to him again. You may perceive that he never attempted *not* to think of it; he encouraged his mind to dwell upon it; and therein lay his error.

At home he said nothing; he had given over speaking of it to his father and mother.

A hint had been imparted to William of the disease that threatened his father—that he could look for no long life. It was Mrs. Allair who had told him; and hence it was so necessary that he—he, William—should be rendered capable of taking to the business in his father's place. But the impression made upon him at the time by this communication had worn away. He was sure his father was not ill, he reasoned with himself. He was active, and lively, and looked well—why shouldn't he live as long as other people? As for himself, he should get plenty of money at sea. Sailors, especially when they got to be mates, had good pay; and captains always made money; some of them were as rich as Croesus. Oh, yes, he should fill his pockets with money there, and he'd bring every farthing of it home to his dear mother.

Somewhat after this fashion did William constantly reason. His mind was unsettled, his brain was at work,

his heart was miserable. The first day that he was to take his place in his father's office happened to be the day fixed for James Carter's departure from Whitter-mead. At half-past nine, the usual hour of Mr. Allair's proceeding to his office, he looked into a room that his children were fond of sitting in.

"Come, William."

"I'll follow you, papa. I'll be there as soon as you are." But the words were not spoken cheerfully or readily.

He snatched his hat, however, and went out after his father. It was a warm, beautiful day—too warm; inclining idle people to idleness. William, as a matter of course, began wishing that he could go roaming about the fields, instead of being cooped up in a close room, and—worse thought still!—where he was to be cooped up for ever so many years to come. In the midst of his murmurs an open carriage came bowling towards him. It contained Mr. Jenniker and James Carter, the latter being driven to the four-mile-off station to catch the London train. James Carter, who had previously taken leave, moved his hat in an animated manner to William.

"Yes! he may well look pleased," grumbled William, as he turned to gaze after the carriage. "He is going to enjoy the beauty of this sunny day, while I must be stowed to death in that horrible old office. Put Carter into one, and see whether he'd stand it! And next week he sets sail for China! It's a shame there should be so much disparity in the world!"

In this remarkably cordial mood did William take his appointed place on the high stool at the clerks' desk, and begin the work assigned him. It was the copying of a deed. But now we all know how unpalatable—nay, how almost unbearable—is a task to which we set ourselves unwillingly. With every word that William wrote, his eyes were raised to the dusky panes of the window opposite him. A wretchedly discontented feeling filled his mind. He was longing to be careering abroad in that bright sunshine, or to be basking idly beside some gleaming pond; in short, to be doing anything but what he was doing.

The day seemed a terribly long one, and his task irksome to a degree—as was sure to be the case, pursuing it with so ill a will. Had it been the most delightful employment, he would, in his present temper, have completed it rebelliously. He set himself against it. Every line that he wrote chased his spirit worse than the preceding one; and, at length, it was with difficulty that he could bring himself or his fingers to go on with it at all. Like an idle child, who is put to learn a lesson when he would rather play, the closer he is kept to his task, the more impatient and fretful does he become. William Allair was like too many of you. How often are you discontented with the task assigned you, and get through it perforce, your unwilling spirit bubbling up to rebellion. You think the fault lies in the work—that it is irksome beyond bearing, flat, stale, unprofitable; everything that the English language can express of bad. But you are mistaken; the fault is in you. Throw your antipathy to the winds; return to it with a willing mind, a cheerful spirit, and you will find its irksomeness gone. William Allair had not the sense to do this.

At five o'clock, and in a very ill humour, he left the office for the day. Contrasting, as he went along, the dull employment he had been kept to, with the delight of a sail over the dark blue waters—as Mr. James Carter was wont to style the sea. They are green sometimes, though, mind you, and very angry. Upon entering home, his brother Edmund came dancing gleefully about him, holding something concealed in his hand. "It's for you," said Edmund, with his vacant laugh. "Guess."

"Don't tease, Edmund," was the fretful answer. "I am too tired to guess. Keep it yourself."

"Tired, are you?" asked Mrs. Allair.

"Just dead," groaned William.

"But what has so tired you?"

"Why, the writing, of course. Write, write, write all day—the pen going upon one parchment, and the eyes upon another. I feel quite ill. I am convinced I can't stand it long."

"You will soon get used to it."

"I shall never get used to it. And I shall never like it."

"Not if you set your mind against it, as I fear you are doing," replied Mrs. Allair. "Where is your papa? The dinner is waiting."

"He is coming soon, I suppose," ungraciously rejoined William.

"Edmund is holding a letter for you. It is from Harry Vane. They received a packet from him to-day, and Caroline brought yours up. He is well and happy. The one he wrote to her she read aloud to us. Edmund, give it to your brother."

William tore open the letter, glanced at its contents, swallowed down his dinner at a speed enough to choke him, and then went to his own room, to digest the letter at leisure. But it had come at a most unlucky time, filled, as it was, with a seductive description of Harry Vane's sea-life, painted in accordance with his peculiar temperament, his highly-wrought imagination. He had not deceived himself: his satisfaction in it was as great as he had expected it would be; and he expressed his regret that William was not with him; or, at any rate, on board a ship of some sort. He said he had been in a storm at sea: that no description could do justice to its terrific grandeur, and that he had felt subdued and awestruck, but never for one instant alarmed. The letter also contained some charming anecdotes of Madeira—all in midshipman style—and of other places where they had touched; and it concluded with the information that the captain was a "stunner," and the "grub" good.

William read the letter over and over again. To his jaundiced mind, it appeared to contain—that is, the ship—all that can exist of earthly Elysium. A dim thought which had long hovered over his mind, and as often been thrust away again, came rushing on now, with ominous force. It brought a hot glow to his face. He made some resistance to it, for the conscience was at variance with the will. But the mental repugnance grew fainter and fainter; and at length, William Allair rose up, yielding to the temptation, and his fate in life was sealed.

(To be continued.)

## Literary Notices.

*Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time.* By EDMUND KIRKE. London: Ward and Lock.

This is an extraordinary book, and we do not expect soon to read another so graphic and stirring a narrative of what may, and does, happen where slavery flourishes. The author very emphatically declares that his story is substantially true, and that he has simply altered such names and dates as seemed necessary, and thrown his facts into shape and order. Its appearance in America has obtained for the work an unwonted measure of attention, and there is no doubt that the impression it leaves upon the readers' minds among ourselves will be deep and permanent. Since we read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we have read no slave story of such thrilling interest. Possibly it has some advantages even over Mrs. Stowe's wonderful volume. That was, avowedly, a fictitious narrative, based upon scattered scenes and circumstances. This is the record of personal experience and observation in South Carolina since the secession agitation found its *dénouement* in civil war.

Of the contents of the volume we can only give a very partial indication. It is throughout written as an individual record. The author meets with Colonel J——, a South Carolina planter, and this leads to a correspondence and an intimacy. Mr. Kirke is invited by the colonel to visit his plantations, and he sets out with that intent. This was over two years ago. At this point the narrative fairly begins, and the author takes us to Georgetown, and thence across the country to his destination. Of Georgetown, and the journey which follows, we have a remarkably striking account; and we begin to feel that the bearing of slavery upon the moral, social, and intellectual condition of a people is only evil, and that its curse rests upon the very cores where it prevails. After numerous and amusing adventures the plantation is reached, and the rest of the book is mainly occupied with what occurred during the visit. The colonel was a turpentine planter, and we have some notice of the method in which his business is carried on. We feel that we are in a strange land, where men and their occupations are strange. There is, moreover, an unearthly aspect about life in those regions, which makes it difficult for us to realise it. The strange mixture of kindness and of cruelty, of religion and profanity, of culture and barbarism, of virtue and vice, of ignorance and intelligence, and of all other opposites, appals us, and assures us that this is an abnormal and unnatural state of things. Among the incidents detailed by Mr. Kirke are many which illustrate all these points, and more; and we tremble to think of the fearful responsibility of a government or of men who carry out such a system. Well may our author say from the human point of view, that it reminds one of a man smoking a cigar upon a barrel of gunpowder.

The book is a kaleidoscope; its variegated hues change with every chapter, and almost with every page. It is often merry and jocular; nor can we help smiling at the words, the wit, or the incidents, as the case may be. But it is often deeply pathetic, and probably there are pages here which none will read without emotion. Above all,

the book is instructive, and fitted to make men think. The more or less disguised vulgarity, coarseness, or profanity, which garnishes it are very saddening; but if they are realities, if they enter into the daily life of the parties referred to, it is not well that they should be unknown. An impenetrable veil has to be drawn over much of the iniquity which is perpetrated in these dark places of the earth. But some things must be known, and we hope that what Mr. Kirke has here revealed will set more of us thinking and asking what can be done for our benighted and degraded fellow-men—oppressors and oppressed. One thing at least is plain—that if we love God we must love our brother also.

*Our Moral Relation to the Animal Kingdom.* Being a Digest of the Statements of the Bible in respect thereto. Fourth Thousand. London: Morgan and Chase.

The writer of this interesting pamphlet wishes to show that the lower animals have a peculiar claim on our regard, because the lot in which they are placed resembles in so many things the lot of man, and because they are included in so many declarations of the Divine will. The passages supplied by the Scriptures in illustration of the argument, or rather, the texts which go to make it up, begin at the beginning, and run on through the whole history of the human race. Most of the passages thus cited are judiciously applied, but there are a few about which we are not by any means sure. Thus the word "creature," or "creation," in Rom. viii. 19—22, we would not refer to the brute creation; in Ps. viii. we do not think verses 4—8 apply specially to the Lord Jesus, but generally to man. Yet we are quite sure that God's cup of blessing has ever overflowed for the animal kingdom, and that, in a peculiar sense, "the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from the master's table." The blessing is not spoken to them; but they are blessed by it. So, also, the curse upon man, and evil among men, has brought on the lower animals countless sorrows and sufferings. It is also interesting to observe how the Divine Lawgiver has interposed his authority in favour of the lower animals by special enactments for the regulation of human conduct toward them: thus, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." We have no doubt whatever that when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth," the condition of the animals dependent upon man will be greatly improved. The horse and ox, the ass and the sheep, and all other domestic animals, as a Christian duty, will be better cared for, and treated with all humanity and kindness. Those harmless and helpless creatures which cannot be domesticated will not be the objects of ignorant, unfeeling, and indiscriminate cruelty and destruction. Their uses, and the places they occupy in the Divine economy, will be understood and recognised. Men will show respect to life and consciousness, and will not, as now, torture and destroy for the sake of amusement. In the meantime, enlightened Christians should endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the lower animals, as objects of the common Father's care, and recipients of his bounty. We trust the cause of humanity will be served by this interesting little book.

*Our Feathered Families: The Birds of Prey.* Being an Anecdotal and Descriptive Account of the Rapacious Birds of Britain; with a Chapter on Ancient and Modern Hawking. By H. G. ADAMS. London: James Hogg and Sons.

THIS interesting book contains accounts of a large number of birds, among which are not a few which we are accustomed to regard as anything but rapacious. The idea seems to be to include all birds which prey on living creatures, from gnats to lambs. There are some fifty illustrations, and altogether the volume is a very pleasant and instructive one.

*Snow Flakes, and the Stories they told the Children.* By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. London: Low, Son, and Co.

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book in verse. A very elegant Christmas present for the young, who cannot fail to be delighted with its amusing pictures and stories.

*The Stories that Little Beeches told, and the Pictures which Charles Bennet drew of them.* London: Low, Son, and Co.

ANOTHER of Messrs. Low's pretty Christmas books, rather comic in its style and illustrations. It will be a source of much amusement to youthful readers at the festive season, for which it has been provided. It is merry and wise.

*Kingston's Annual for Boys, 1863.* London: Low, Son, and Co.

THIS handsome volume, with its gilt edges and its beautiful pictures, presents an attractive appearance. Its contents are exceedingly diversified, and fitted some for amusement and some for instruction.

*The Mother's Picture Alphabet.* London: Office of the "Children's Friend."

A TRULY gigantic A B C book, on tinted paper, and profusely and splendidly illustrated. Under each letter we have a series of words poetically explained. The book is dedicated to her Majesty, and we are sure it will be a favourite in the Royal nursery, and in every other nursery where it gains access.

*Menton, the Riviera, Corsica, and Biarritz as Winter Climates.* By J. HENRY BENNET, M.D. Second Edition. London: Churchill.

DR. BENNET'S work contains a multitude of matters about the places mentioned in the title. He writes as a medical man, and as an observant man of scientific tastes. The details of his experience and observations are valuable and interesting. We may confidently give our strong recommendation to it as a useful and instructive book.

*Angels.* By LEONORA C. PRINCE. London: Hatchard and Co.

THIS is a simple and sensible little book on a difficult subject. We generally concur in the views of the writer.

*Sermons Preached on Different Occasions during the last Twenty Years.* By the Rev. E. M. GOULBURN, D.D. In Two Volumes. London: Rivingtons.

AT present we can only announce these excellent sermons, but we hope shortly to be able to furnish our readers with a detailed notice of them. They are every way fitted to edify the Christian reader.

**Temperance Department.**  
**INTEMPERANCE VIEWED AS AN INCENTIVE TO CRIME, AND A HINDRANCE TO MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.**

To those who have made this matter the subject of consideration, it would appear almost superfluous to put forth arguments in support of an assertion which the experience of every day tends to confirm, namely, that the use of alcoholic stimulants in the form of a beverage has ever been one of the most formidable hindrances, not only to the social comfort and well-being of the community, not only to its moral and intellectual progress, but also to the inculcation of religious truths; that it has obscured the light of the holy Gospel, and acted as a stumbling-block in the way of earnest and conscientious Christians seeking to spread the tidings of salvation to their fellow-men. Professor Miller says, speaking of "the power of alcohol to resist and neutralise the Gospel," "That such power should exist in great intensity, necessarily follows from what has gone before. The Gospel, being the true agent of man's elevation and reform, is opposed bitterly and unceasingly by the enemy of man. He seeks to thwart it in every way; and in his experience he seems to have found intemperance the most effective of all his hellish antidotes. Look at China, as shown by Mr. Matheson, in his excellent pamphlet. When did opium enter that country? When the Gospel came. Men sought to introduce the Bible, and Satan took care that intemperance by opium should accompany it. And where does drunkenness most prevail? In those European countries, generally speaking, where the Bible is most free. Not that Christianity produces drunkenness, not that true Christianity is open to the allegation by the heathen of being synonymous with drunkenness, but because Satan takes care always to accompany the Bible with strong drink, as its antidote, to neutralise its effects. While the Son of Man, by his Spirit, sows the good seed, Satan comes behind and sows his cruel tares."

The same powerful writer says, speaking of the power of alcohol as an instrument of vice, "There is the evil nature of unrenewed man at the bottom of all the mischief, prompting to self-indulgence and sin; and on every side, all around him, there are special temptations, 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' with foolish custom varnishing and toning down the whole. Man's evil nature originates and maintains a desire, the gratification of which pleases the grosser sense,"

the all but universal use of the noxious agent, with the marvellous frequency of the extension of this to what is base and sinful, gives a cloak of commonness and conventionality; and the result is, that the whisperings of conscience, as well as the teachings of sad experience, are overborne and set at nought. . . . This is the consummation of Satan's favourite scheme for thwarting man's redemption. By a lie he does it, as of old he compassed his fall. 'It is good for *food*, it is pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise.' 'Ye shall not surely die.'

Numberless are the instances which might be quoted in which strong drink appears as the agent of the tempter, the betrayer into crimes of the most horrible nature. But even in a smaller degree, the use of alcohol affects the understanding; under its influence moral obligations are less clearly discerned; the allegiance due to God, the fellowship of Christianity, the laws of society, the sacred ties of the family circle—all are set at nought, and evil—differing, perhaps, in degrees, but evil still—must inevitably ensue.

At every turn philanthropists have found this insidious evil a hindrance to the progress of their good work. Mrs. Wightman, Mrs. Bayley, and many charitable ladies whom we might name, have invariably found that the introduction of the temperance element into their teaching was the prelude to an almost magical improvement in the state of conduct of those they sought to benefit; indeed that they were perchance driven, as it were, to adopt it as the pioneer to the Gospel; since what man or woman can be awakened even to the glorious truths of Christianity, while their hearts are deadened, and their spirits clogged by the chains of captivity to a vice so degrading in its effects? For the sake of their eternal, as well as for their temporal welfare, total abstinence principles have been disseminated among these objects of Christian benevolence, and how satisfactory have been the results their repeated testimony declares.

The following extract is from a paper by Miss Adeline Cooper, read at the Temperance Congress of 1862, and bears emphatic witness to that which we aim at impressing on our readers. The experience of that excellent lady, whose benevolent labours among the very lowest classes have borne such precious fruit, can hardly be questioned. Miss Cooper, speaking of the causes which hinder the progress of improvement among the poorer class, enumerates—'First, the want of example, which is a serious obstacle to the spread of temperance. The working-classes, from the mechanic or artisan to the humblest 'street merchant,' are chiefly approached by the clergy, the city missionary or Scripture reader, and the Sunday-school teacher. In a well-ordered district, one or more of these agencies is constantly at work, and *one and all complain of the same hindrance in their efforts* to promote the temporal and spiritual good of those under their visitations. Advice is freely given,

tracts are liberally circulated; but the good old saying, that 'example is better than precept,' is in a great measure ignored; for the larger number of these visitors are themselves moderate drinkers, and are unwilling to make a sacrifice for their weak brethren, who are quick to notice any inconsistency in the professors of that religion which teaches self-denial for the sake of others. The people naturally look first to their pastor for an example; and when a clergyman openly declares himself to be a total abstainer, *his influence is at once increased tenfold*; the weak are strengthened, the erring are brought back—for even the poor inebriate can appreciate the love which has led to the act of self-denial, and the moderate drinker is brought to contrast his own selfish indulgence with the good example thus set before him, and probably to give up what was taken from habit only. Surely the time will soon come when the clergy of every denomination will give their powerful influence to the temperance movement.'

The proof of the soundness of Miss Cooper's views, and of the success which is the result of earnest, zealous, and prayerful endeavour, is to be seen in the wonderful improvement wrought by her simple agency in one of the very worst districts of London. The Working Man's Club and Reading Room, in Duck Lane, Westminster, is doubtless known by reputation to some of our readers. In that uncongenial atmosphere of misery and crime, how encouraging to find in existence, and flourishing, a powerful rival to the surrounding public-houses—the poor man's bane—affording all the opportunities of rational recreation, mental improvement, and sober refreshment. In connection with the Reading Room are reading, writing, ciphering, Bible, and singing classes; a penny bank, a loan society, and a Temperance Society, all in a prosperous state; on Sunday evenings a simple religious service is held.

Can there be any hesitation in admitting what must be the influence for good of such an institution, and how much of its success is owing to the temperance element pervading it? What would be the result of the introduction of alcoholic beverages? Can it be doubted that the universal harmony and good order which now render the place a blessed haven of rest to the weary labourer would be at once broken in upon, and destroyed?

Very beautifully and appropriately does Miss Cooper say, "'God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth,' in peace and love; how much more should the *people* of each nation be bound together in one bond of brotherhood; and as the eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee,' nor the head to the foot, 'I have no need of you,' so each class should cheerfully acknowledge its mutual dependence on the other, and strive to remove those stumbling-blocks which inadvertence, negligence, error, or indifference, have thrown in the path which leads to harmony and good-will."

## THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY

OR,

THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE WORD OF GOD.

## VI.—THE NEW HEAVENS AND NEW EARTH.

WILLIAMS. Ah, my friend, here is another Sabbath morning, and here is a reviving, refreshing subject of contemplation for you. It strikes me that we are naturally brought, by our last Sunday's topic, to a thought which is full of comfort. The course of things around us, according to Scripture and according to geology, is onward and upward. Should not our desire and prayer be, that we may be moving onward and upward also?

JONES. Gladly would I respond to such a thought; but pray explain to me your meaning.

W. Well, my meaning is this—the general tenor of God's Word points us to a course of onward progress, through nearly six thousand years, and it tells us that after a certain crisis, which cannot be far off, this earth will take another upward spring, resembling that which it took in that great week when, popularly speaking, on Monday morning, it was "without form, and void," and on Saturday night was clothed with verdure and inhabited, and pronounced to be "very good." So says the Bible, and so says geology, and hence I reckon this the sixth particular in which Holy Scripture receives testimony from the researches of science.

J. I am glad to hear you say so, but you must explain to me what you mean, for I must confess that this view of geology has never occurred to me.

W. I can easily do so, for my subject is a plain and simple one, and the proofs are at hand. First, let us look at the representations of Scripture. You know that at the opening of man's history, in Genesis, we see the Divine Spirit calling a new and beautiful world out of chaos, and placing Adam and his wife in a garden, where every delight, including constant intercourse with their heavenly benefactor, surrounded them. Into this scene of happiness, the destroyer, the tempter, the serpent, thrust himself, and was permitted for a time to defile and ruin everything. But, even from the first hour, it was declared that his portion, at last, should be final defeat and punishment. A Deliverer was promised, and after a time that Deliverer was sent. I need not stop to review the whole Gospel history. My object is, to remind you that by various prophets—David,

Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and others—a complete deliverance of this earth from the great enemy was foretold repeatedly in glowing terms. You will remember in an instant the picture drawn by Isaiah—"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified" (chap. ix.). So also closes the prophecy of Ezekiel, and that of Daniel, and that of Malachi. And the whole Word of God finishes with a magnificent picture of future blessedness; when, we are told, "The tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people" (Rev. xxi. 3); precisely as Ezekiel, six hundred years before, had described the new Jerusalem, ending with the words, "The name of the city shall be, THE LORD IS THERE."

J. Yes, I am aware that Scripture is very explicit, and very emphatic and glowing in its descriptions of a future state of blessedness; and I know, also, that men's minds have latterly inclined to the belief that this blessedness will be granted on this earth, and not in any other place. But what can geology have to say to these matters?

W. It lends to these anticipations all the confirmation that it was in its power to give. Dealing only with the past, and having no prophetic voice, it can only speak by way of analogy. But if it reveals a principle, or a settled plan or course of action, on the part of the Divine author of all creation, then it does much, for we may safely deduce an idea of his mind and will from his past actions. And it is from a close observation of these, that all the leading geologists gather precisely the same conclusions which prophets have learnt by inspiration. Thus, Sir Roderick Murchison observes, at the close of his great work, that—

"He who, commencing with the earliest visible signs of life, can thenceforward trace a successive rise in the scale of being, until that period is reached when man appeared upon the earth, must acknowledge in such works repeated manifestations of the design and superintendence of a Creator."

\* Siluria, p. 530.

Mr. Page proceeds a step further, and adds:—

“Unless science has altogether misinterpreted the past, and the course of creation, as unfolded by geology, is no better than a delusion, the future must transcend the present, as the present transcends that which has gone before it.” \*

And Dr. Lardner is still more distinct, arguing that—

“If we judge by those creative laws which have hitherto characterised the operations of God’s power, a new assemblage of organised beings will be called into life, and a new Flora will clothe the earth. Intelligences will preside over the new world with faculties as much exalted above those with which man is endowed, as the understanding of man himself is above that of the highest creatures of the last or Tertiary age.” † Hence, “after the convulsion which will sweep away man and his works,” there will follow a new period of calm, and a new race of inhabitants, “whose faculties will as much exceed those of man, as man exceeds the ape or baboon of former periods.” This anticipation, you will observe, is quite in accordance with the views of St. Paul, in 1 Cor. xv.

J. Yes; but I hardly perceive upon what Dr. Lardner bases this anticipation. Pray explain it to me a little more particularly.

W. As I understand it, the argument runs thus:—Geology finds, that in the primitive or earliest of the rocks, of which the crust of the earth is composed, there are no remains of life of any kind; and most geologists believe, that “in the beginning” the body of the globe was “fluid from intense heat,” and unfit, therefore, for the habitation of any of the creatures which are now found upon it. In process of time, however, all geologists agree that it gradually cooled, and while the melted mass of which it was chiefly composed congealed into what we now call granite, other substances also appeared, lying above or upon the granite, and among these the lowest kinds of organised beings, such as *mollusca* and *radiata*, or limpets and star-fish, began to be found. These increased, and a progress was now visible—each successive stage of the world’s existence being an advance on that which preceded it. A few fish appeared, then new varieties, in large numbers. Then birds are found, and a gigantic vegetation, by which

our present stores of coal were accumulated. Large reptiles next show themselves, and after many periods of immense length had rolled away, large elephants, deer, tigers, and other beasts, began to abound. But amidst all, as Sir R. Murchison says, “a successive rise in the scale of being may be traced;” and hence, as Mr. Page argues, “unless science has misinterpreted the past, the future must transcend the present, just as the present transcends that which has gone before it.”

J. And this, you think, confirms the statements and the anticipations of Scripture?

W. Does it not? Read St. Paul’s glowing language in 1 Cor. xv. “It,” that is, the human body, “is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.” “As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.” “The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.” So to the Philippians he writes—“We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.” (Philipp. iii.) Such, also, as I said just now, is the language of Isaiah, of Daniel, of Ezekiel, of Malachi, and of St. John, concerning the future of this earth. All speak of a glorious time, shortly to arrive, when “the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.”

J. What is the particular fact, then, in which you consider that geology confirms Scripture in the matter which we have been considering?

W. It is that of progress. Read as the Bible used to be read by our grandfathers, two ideas, and two only, were commonly gathered—to wit, one earth and one heaven. The world was considered to have been created about five thousand eight hundred years ago, and its whole history to have been told in the books of Holy Scripture. That history was considered to be closed, in prophecy, by a tremendous fact, which was yet future, when this earth was to be utterly and finally destroyed, and its inhabitants removed to two other scenes in God’s creation—named, respectively, heaven and hell. Such, I say, was the idea formerly entertained of man’s past, and present, and future. Now, however, those views have been

\* “Life of the Globe,” p. 288.

† Lardner’s “Geology,” p. 158.

greatly modified and enlarged. The researches of geology have shown us that, between "the beginning" spoken of in the first verse of Genesis, and the chaos spoken of in the second, there must have intervened many periods of immeasurable length, in which the earth underwent mighty revolutions, but which, as not belonging to man's history, were not revealed to Moses, or made any part of his narrative. Geology also tells us that the prodigious changes, the burning up with fire, foretold in Scripture, will not be new or unparalleled events, but rather a repetition of immense convulsions which have rent the earth in past revolutions. It also adds, that in these past revolutions one feature has been always visible—*i. e.*, that the change has been one of progress—that each new creation has been of a higher and nobler kind than that which preceded it. Hence geology, on the whole, points us to the conclusion that a fresh convolution, destroying all visible things, is likely again to occur, as it has often occurred before; while it is equally probable that the new earth which will then be brought forth, and its new inhabitants, will exceed the earth and the men and women of our time, just as they have exceeded all that went before them.

J. And as to the expectations of the last three centuries, that the earth would wholly vanish away, and its inhabitants be removed to some other spot in God's creation, you deem them to have been erroneous?

W. Nay; I only remark, that while geology has been showing us, on the one hand, that this earth has had a long existence, under other circumstances, before the days of Adam, criticism has been examining the text of Scripture with new care, and has brought many to the conclusion that the language of Isaiah, of Ezekiel, and of St. John does not point to a future period of blessedness in heaven, or in some other sphere, but on the earth itself. And so the earth's whole history, instead of being limited to the human period only, or from Adam down to the last day of the present dispensation, is expanded to far larger dimensions. It appears to begin as a mere insenate orb, destitute of spirit or life of any kind. After a long existence of this kind, life now appears in its lowest forms. Huge convulsions, at intervals of perhaps millions of years, take place, by each of which all existing creatures having life are destroyed; but each such convolution is followed by long periods of

peace, in which higher and higher forms of life are brought forth. After many creations, destructions, and new creations of this kind, the human period arrives, and man, the noblest of all God's work, appears. The analogy of the past seems to coincide exactly with the declarations of God's Word, and to show it to be exceedingly probable, from a view of the past, as well as certain from the declarations of Scripture, that a moment will arrive "when the earth and all that is therein will be burnt up;" and that after this tremendous event "new heavens, and a new earth will appear, wherein righteousness will dwell."

\*.\* Our correspondent from Westbourne Grove must surely be aware that his views are diametrically opposed to those of Sir Roderick Murchison, Baron Cuvier, Dr. Lardner, and most other leading geologists. We are aware, indeed, that there is a rival school, but it seems to us to be inferior in weight of authority, and most unquestionably inferior in weight of proof. When men who have spent their lives in investigation, in all the four quarters of the globe, tell us that they find evidence of "convulsions immeasurable and inexplicable," raising up vast ranges of mountains, and changing the whole surface of continents, it is clear that something more than a mere assertion of disbelief is necessary to set aside such statements.

#### PAYSON'S HAPPINESS.

"CHRISTIANS might avoid much trouble and inconvenience," says Dr. Payson, "if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine if a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case:—God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expect to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

#### THE INDUSTRIOUS ANTS.

A GENTLEMAN once found a nest of ants in a box of earth, placed out of a two pair of stairs window, from which they made excursions both upwards to the top of the house, where some corn lay in a garret, and downwards into a garden that was overlooked by the window. Notwithstanding this great distance, none of them ever returned empty, but each brought a grain of wheat or oats, a small seed, or even a particle of dry earth, if nothing else could be got. Some travelled to the end of the garden, and with prodig-

ous labour, brought heavy loads from thence. It required four hours to effect this work; so that a poor ant seemed to labour as hard as a man who would carry a heavy load twelve miles a day.

## TRUST IN GOD.

I WILL not doubt Him, though his grace delay;  
I will not cease to trust him, though he slay.  
Full on his promised mercy I rely,  
For God hath spoken—God, who cannot lie!  
Thou of my faith the author and the end!  
Mine early, late, and everlasting friend!  
The joy that once thy presence gave restore,  
Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no more.  
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame;  
Receive my spirit, Lord, from whom it came;  
Rebuke the tempter; show thy power to save;  
Oh, let thy glory light me to the grave;  
That those who witness my departing breath  
May learn to triumph in the grasp of death!

## Eminent Christians.

JOHN CALVIN.\*—II.

CALVIN had not been long at Geneva when the enemies of holy life and pure doctrine broke out into open hostility. These factious and restless spirits had gladly welcomed two leaders of the fanatical Anabaptists, and a demand was made that Calvin should dispute with them. He did dispute with them, and the council dismissed the men from the city. The Libertines, as they were called, were greatly provoked, and meditated revenge. Farel and Calvin would yield nothing, and they found an ally in one Corault, an ex-monk, old and blind, but full of holy courage and energy, and of rude, strong eloquence. On the one hand, the Reformers endeavoured to carry out the regulations which they believed the Gospel required, and, on the other hand, the Libertines strove to secure freedom from all restraint. The violence of the Libertines prevailed, and the Reformers found themselves in a minority. Confusion and disorder were the natural result, and Calvin, with his colleagues, were exposed to danger. Old Corault was sent to prison for his boldness, and soon after expelled the city, and he died a few months later.

A new difficulty was raised in connection with Berne, where the Reformation had been accepted, but not so thoroughly as at Geneva. Among other things, the Bernese used unleavened bread in the communion, and they wished the same plan to be followed at Geneva. Calvin was opposed to this, and, of course, he had the Libertines against him. Easter was at hand, and a resolute attempt was made to force Calvin and Farel to compliance. Tumult and disorder prevailed. Easter arrived, and the two pastors nobly vindicated the truth, and denounced

all error. This exposed them to peril of their lives, in the very churches, but they stood their ground. The next day they were banished from the city.

Calvin practised the courage which he preached. As he had exhorted others, both in France and elsewhere, to constancy, so he was faithful to his principles. He and Farel at first withdrew to Berne, and then to Zurich. All efforts to restore them were fruitless, so they went to Basle. Here Calvin received letters from Bucer, urging him to go back to Strasburg; so thither he went, bidding adieu to his dear friend Farel. At Strasburg Calvin found a welcome. He was authorised to lecture on Holy Scripture, and then to minister to the French refugees. Here he enjoyed comparative peace, and, although he was poor, he was industrious and contented. A few months after leaving Geneva he sent a letter to the faithful friend whom he had left there, and it was very evident that his heart was still towards that city, where things went very badly.

The Romanists were overjoyed at the course which events had taken, and hoped to see Geneva won again to the Papacy. Cardinal Sadolet, an able and learned man, wrote a letter to the senate and people of Geneva, in which he flattered them, and sought by eloquent and winning words to persuade them. This letter produced an effect contrary to what its writer desired; it aroused many in Geneva to a sense of their danger. The only question was, who should answer it? and the only man thought of was the exiled Calvin. Nor did he hesitate, but in a brief space produced a masterly and crushing reply. Sadolet was silent; but Europe listened with admiration. Luther himself was delighted. Geneva began to see more clearly the value of the man she had cast out.

Reaction gradually advanced; the Libertines lost their power; Viret was asked to return, and Calvin himself was begged to come back. While the arrangements were pending, Calvin went to the Diet of Worms, where, on January 1st, 1540, he wrote the only poem he is known to have written—a Hymn to Christ the Conqueror. During his stay at Strasburg, Calvin published his valuable commentary on St. Paul to the Romans, and a translation of the Bible. He had also married. His wife, called Idelette, was a lady from Holland, and with her he lived in all happiness.

As we said, the Genevese wanted Calvin back again, and after much prayer and anxious deliberation he resolved to go; and he went. A messenger was sent to fetch him and his wife, and a residence was provided for them. He lost no time after his return, but at once laboured to restore what had been broken down. He was especially desirous that the organisation of the Church should be settled. The Genevese seem to have been very attentive to him; they bought him a new gown, for which, cloth and fur included, they paid eight crowns; they appointed him a salary,

\* "Calvin: His Life, his Labours, and his Writings." Translated from the French of Felix Bungener. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

partly in money, and partly in corn and wine, and they added to the scanty furniture which he brought for his house. Calvin was happy in his wife, but afflicted in his children, which were taken away by death. On this last point he nobly says: "The Lord gave me a son; the Lord hath taken him away. Let my enemies see obloquy for me in the trial. Have I not tens of thousands of children in the Christian world?" For the rest, his wife was often afflicted, and he himself suffered almost continually. It is a marvel how so frail a man accomplished so much work.

Calvin was a man of order and of law, so he laboured to prepare and have adopted a code of ordinances, or religious laws. The adoption of these took place early in 1542, and the Calvinistic republic of Geneva was thereby regularly established. These ordinances relate to ministers, baptism, the Lord's supper, psalmody, religious teaching, and other matters. It is not needful that we should go into all the details, but they decide the claim of Calvin to the name of a legislator of no common order.

Laws, however, are one thing, and government is another. The greater difficulty lay in the latter, but Calvin and his fellow-workers endeavoured, with considerable success, to carry out their principles. With Calvin God's Word was the supreme authority, and Christ the only Saviour. Hence he preached, and encouraged preaching and teaching, and the circulation of the Scriptures. To remind men of Christ, the letters I. H. S., the initials of the Latin words for "Jesus the Saviour of men," were inscribed upon the public buildings, coins, and standards.

But, as we have said, Calvin was a lover of order, and therefore, while demanding the utmost simplicity in worship, he introduced a liturgy on a scriptural basis. In the matter of preaching he gave such directions as he thought necessary, and among others, a frequent change of preachers was appointed. For singing in public worship the Psalms were adopted. Many things were also determined upon for the proper care and edification of the flock, both young and old.

While all these things were going on, the state of affairs was generally satisfactory. The reformer was left in comparative peace while he was building up an ecclesiastical edifice, and moulding a civil constitution, which were to last for centuries. Geneva seemed to have been committed to his special care, and it is perhaps not too much to say that no other man in modern times changed so completely and so permanently the aspect of affairs in any state. Enemies they had, so that they had to build up their walls with their weapons at their side. The Popish princes were some of them bent upon rooting out this nest of heretics, or, rather, upon overthrowing this fortress of the true Church. Once and again they threatened it, but Providence preserved it. Nor was this all. From time to time the city was visited

by the plague, which in those days was a truly terrible enemy. On one of these occasions some of the pastors devoted themselves to the ministry of the plague hospital, and died.

We cannot undertake to fill up the list of Calvin's publications. His writings were so many, that one might suppose he had time for nothing else. But his public duties were so many, that most men would have found them more than enough. One of his works about this time was a refutation of the Romish doctors at Paris; another was an exhortation to Charles V. and the Diet of Spires to carry on the work of restoration of the Church; another was notes upon a writing by Pope Paul III.; another was a controversial book against the Nicodemites, or timid and time-serving professors. Nor must we forget his treatise on relics, where he rudely and powerfully exposes the enormous abuses and impostures connected with relic worship. Other books might be named, but let these suffice as specimens. Some of them afford intimations that Calvin had again to contend with fanaticism, error, and disorder. And such was the fact. The revival of hostility to him and his principles was the prelude to a long and painful struggle, which continued from 1546 to 1555. It arose out of endeavours to punish certain irregularities. Calvin and his party were not the men to look coldly and indifferently upon heresy, or to withhold punishment from treason. They regarded themselves as intrusted with the care of public morals, and when the laws were infringed the penalties were enforced. Hence the resistance. Calvin, of course, stood like a rock, and the storm which beat on him could neither break nor move him. At the moment of danger he offers to leave the city, but this is not agreed to. Peace is for a time restored, and the work goes on as before. But the peace was only superficial, and energetic measures had to be taken. A sudden turn in affairs seemed to threaten ruin, but, with masterly address, Calvin succeeded in bringing good out of apparent evil. The measures which were devised brought back the confidence which seemed to be departing. And so things went on. Now one and now the other party seemed to be about to triumph. The growing oak was to be nurtured amid storms and buffeted by tempests; but this was God's plan, and he meant that the tree should bear fruit and be strong, and a shelter for many. Calvin, to whom the Lord had committed its culture, was qualified by grace for the heat and burden of the day. England felt the worth of his work when the throne was filled by Mary.

(To be concluded.)

#### CAPACITIES OF CHILDREN.

It is always painful to hear parents complain of the capacities of their children; they should never do so. The dullest and least thought of them may, in after life, prove to be their greatest treasures. Many such instances have occurred in private life, and biography

abounds in examples of the kind. The great Isaac Barrow's father used to say, "that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as the least promising." Isaac lived to be the most eminent member of the family.

### RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WE have all heard of the Arctic Regions. Only a few have been in them; but many of us have read of the intense cold, the huge icebergs, and the vast frozen seas; of the breaking up, by the storms, of extensive plains of ice, and of the deafening roar of the wild warfare that ensues as the huge masses rush, dash, and grind against one another, until they are broken in thousands of fragments. We have been told of the perils of Arctic navigation: how the hardy little ship is, at one time, threatened to be engulfed under the beetling iceberg which is ready to roll down on her; and how, at another, she is caught between the floating frozen fields, and crushed—or "nipped," as the sailors say—and her crew obliged to take refuge on the ice; and how, again, whole mountains of ice bear down on her in the storm, and drive her before them, a wreck on shore. We have read of these things, and of the hardships endured by the brave men who—under Sir Edward Parry, the two Rosses, Franklin, Richardson, McClure, and M'Clintock—endeavoured to discover what, in geography, is called the North-West Passage; and we have been inclined to ask, what occasion was there for all this hardship and waste of treasure, and, worse still, of life, in sending men and ships out to discover what any one might have long since foreseen could not be of any possible use? It is true, indeed, that Arctic discovery, as a commercial speculation, as the means of discovering a short way round the north of America to India and China, has been an utter failure; but let us not be hasty in concluding that it has been without any fruits. We are not here concerned with the advantages of the mere extension of Arctic geographical knowledge, and of the honour justly due to Great Britain therein—these are of some value, no doubt; but what we aim at is something different. We desire to look at Arctic discovery in a religious and moral point of view, and to direct your attention to the religious impressions which the character, the scenery, and the perils of these regions of perpetual ice and snow never fail to make on an ordinarily well-constituted mind.

In no place does the necessity of dependence on Divine Providence, and the fact of man's utter helplessness, seem to be more steadily and frequently taught. In other parts of the world, the ordinary chances of life are more in man's favour. If his occupations are on land, he may calculate on the ordinary duration of life, and no unusual amount of hardship, unless it be on the occasional visits of

war, pestilence, or famine. If he be a mariner on the ocean, in ordinary circumstances, he feels safe so long as he knows he has a good ship, and that she is in good hands. But in the silent solitude of the North, under the contracting influence of piercing frosts, in the midst of dangers perpetually recurring from ice, from snow-drifts, from snow-blindness, frost-bite, scurvy, and the labour of dragging of sledges, and working his ship, the proud spirit of man is humbled to see his own weakness, and the thought of God is constantly recurring to his mind as his best companion and only friend, to shield him in danger.

The narratives of the several Arctic expeditions are full of instances of the truth of these observations, from the time that Sir Edward Parry, himself a seriously religious man, made his first successful voyage into the Arctic Seas to the last searching expedition of Sir Leopold M'Clintock. Of some of the most remarkable of these it is our intention to give an account, commencing, however, with an attempt to give an idea of the intense cold and dangers of Arctic explorations.

People living in the climate of the British Isles, where cold is very seldom experienced lower than ten or fifteen degrees below the freezing point, can have no idea of an Arctic winter, in which the temperature is often fifty or sixty degrees lower still. Such cold must be felt in order to be known. Description can only give a faint idea of it, and that by some of its effects. Let us, then, imagine some of these effects. First of all, everything at this temperature—between seventy and eighty degrees below freezing—becomes solid, both meat and drink. A glass of water in the open air would be a curiosity. In fact, it would not remain so long; it would be turned solid in a moment. Such a luxury could only be found in the warm cabin of the ship, and there only close to the stoves. Port wine and sherry become a solid, toughish substance; brandy and spirits, thick, like honey. To put any of these substances into the mouth in this state would be as coals of fire—tongue, lips, and palate would be so burned and excoriated. Butter, pork, and beef are all solid as the rock, and can only be cut and released from the barrels in which they are packed with the hatchet. Saw and hatchet are the knives with which cook must prepare dinner. No one can stay long outside, unless he moves about in the most active exercise; and if the wind be blowing, and in his face, let him run for his life to his ship; for he is in danger of being frozen to death, and may already feel the death stupor coming over him. He must be clothed in flannel and furs, woollen socks over other socks, and woollen breeches; and, over all, the complete seal-skin dress, including the hood, to protect his face and head. When he breathes, the warm vapour issuing from his lungs condenses at once into a shower of diminutive snow, which settles, in its whitened garb, on his forehead, nose, and eye-

brows, on his very ears, and his beard and moustache, binding both together by hundreds of icicle links, so that he cannot open his mouth without an effort. His eyes become so glued together, by their natural moisture being frozen, that it will be impossible for him to wink. Should he be so unfortunate as to put out his tongue, it will adhere to his lips; and if he attempts to release them with his hands, his woollen mittens will be frozen to both, and not released without tearing away the skin. As he walks, he may be attacked with snow-blindness, or his nose or cheek may become frost-bitten, without his being conscious of it. Iron or stone he must not dare to touch with the naked hand. If he do, they will be as burning coals, and the result will be either excoriation or a frost-bite. Add to all this the Arctic darkness, when the sun is absent for three months, and there is no light but that of the moon, or stars, or the brilliant flashes of the Aurora Borealis. It is easy to conceive how depressing it must be, and trying to the feelings of the hardiest and bravest of men, to face a winter of this kind, often three of them in succession, not knowing how they may end, what may be the upshot of their undertaking; and we can understand how it is that, where the whole of nature seems to be thus arrayed against man, religion comes to his help; and a sense of duty, and firm dependence on God's providence becomes the surest means of enabling him to do his work, and to bear his hardships with cheerfulness.

### The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH J. N. F., M. N., AND OTHERS.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

E. We have examined the work which J. N. F. has been good enough to send us. It would be a very unwise expenditure of our time to reply to a book abounding with objections to Christianity, which have been again and again refuted, and which objections will continue to be quoted by men who "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." A mind must be painfully perverted that can derive satisfaction from the perusal of such a work, and were we to notice the book we should give it the publicity which the enemies of godliness require. If men will not believe the Word of God, and the lessons taught by his providence, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead. Our Lord says of such, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life."

F. Is the receiving of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper still binding upon Christians?

E. Certainly, and will be so until the coming again of Christ (1 Cor. xi. 26). Consider the force of the injunction uttered by Christ himself, "This do in remembrance of me."

F. What is meant by "Heb." in the margin of the Bibles?

E. It is used when denoting the strict interpretation of a passage from the original Hebrew.

F. Is it faith alone that saves, or faith and good works?

E. Correctly speaking, neither; for it is not faith that saves, but Christ, the object of faith. Faith without works is dead. Living faith is productive of good works; and these good works arising from faith are valuable, as evidences of the vitality of our faith, and no man who has the power to perform them can be safe without performing them, though when performed they have nothing to do with his salvation; yet upon these deeds of faith and love will depend the rewards which will be given to them that are saved, for God will render to the faithful and the unfaithful according to their works.

#### TO AN INFIDEL.

You reject the Scriptures, and scoff at the Saviour's teaching; in so doing, you tend to fulfil prophecy, for it was foretold that in these latter days there "*should be mockers*," who should walk after their own ungodly ways. You profess to have searched the Scriptures, and are dissatisfied with the result; this is explained by the Book you spurn—"The scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not; but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth." With your mistaken views, you will do well to remember the saying of one of the profoundest minds of modern times: "In Scripture there is light enough to guide him that loveth light, and darkness enough to confound him that loveth darkness;" or, to use the quaint language of a good old man, "There is in God's word food enough to cherish the humble, but bones enough to choke the proud." When you sneer at the claims of Christ, and at the statements contained in the Gospel, you pay a very poor tribute to your own intellectual attainments, and afford a sad evidence that the extent of your knowledge is not equal to the bitterness of your hostility. You lose sight of this great fact, that the literary character of the age in which Christ and his Apostles lived qualified men in a pre-eminent manner for the investigation of evidence, and the minds of the men of those days were so disciplined that they would believe nothing without the strongest evidence that the nature of the subject admitted; and we may fairly affirm if Bolingbroke, and Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and Paine, had lived at the time of Christ's appearance upon earth, they could not have brought against the Gospel a larger amount of intellect, of talent, and of hatred, than the intellect, talent, and hatred that then existed. Yet Christianity grappled with its ablest foes, and, in the fulness of their strength, made the challenge, and boldly dared philosophy and learning, wit and sophistry, ridicule and sarcasm to withstand her claims. The claims of Christ, as the Messiah, were submitted to the highest and fiercest scrutiny the world ever produced, and its opponents were neither feeble reasoners nor men of common powers; therefore Christians of the present day do not turn pale with fear, or tremble for the safety of the truths of the Christian faith, and for the claims to inspiration of Holy Writ, because some men of modern days, less gifted than the enemies of olden times, think fit to cavil at the deep mysteries which the Bible contains. You seem to prize too highly your reasoning powers. Men who overrate their reasoning powers ought to know that the highest exercise of

reason is the ceasing to reason about the things that are above their reason. The unbelieving Greek, the opposing Roman, and the prejudiced Jew saw so many evidences of Christ's holiness, truth, and power, that, in spite of wounded pride and bitter hostility, they were constrained to acknowledge the despised Nazarene as the Christ—the Son of the living God. Therefore the truth of the Christian faith is not a question that remains to be settled in the nineteenth century. It has been already settled; for it was brought into court, before competent judges, and was by the result settled—completely settled—some eighteen hundred years ago. It was tried before the courts of Athens, of Rome, and of Jerusalem; and from their verdict there is no appeal: for on earth there is no higher tribunal; and the millions of Greeks, of Romans, and of Jews that became the disciples of Christ unite to confirm the truth of the Gospel, and to rebuke the scoffer. Nor is this the only truth the past has confirmed: it has shown that in life men may be infidels, but as infidels they cannot die; they let go their creed, though they may retain their impudence. Will our correspondent ask himself, What must be the state of that man's mind who can seek to destroy that Christianity which has ameliorated the condition of man—which has placed woman in her fitting station—which every day tends to banish ignorance, and cruelty, and infanticide; and which has conferred indescribable blessings on laws, morals, religion, literature, science, commerce, and domestic comfort?

We say to our correspondent, At present, you sin against Christ; but in the Book you despise, it is written, "All blasphemy against the Son of Man may be forgiven." Take heed lest, by perseverance in error and in insult, you sin against the Holy Ghost—an offence which can *never* be forgiven. Be wise, then, in time, and guard against the condition of those men who hereafter gain wisdom, but, to their sorrow, discover that it is wisdom gained too late. Listen to a voice from Heaven:—"Why will ye die?" "My son, give me thine heart;" and, "From this day forth I WILL BLESS THEE."

### Youths' Department.

**THE SPOILT CHILD.—A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.** MRS. FLETCHER and her sister, Mrs. Ansley, had not met for many years; they therefore agreed to take a house between them for two months, that they might see each other, and also become acquainted with their respective nieces. Mrs. Fletcher had one child, who would have been pretty, but for the fretful expression so constantly to be seen in her countenance. Mrs. Ansley had three children; and they all might have spent a very pleasant two months, had it not been for Alice Fletcher, whose bad temper and selfishness spoilt everything. She was some years younger than her cousins. Her father did not interfere with the management of her, because he had found it did more harm than good, as her mother always had some excuse ready as an apology for bad behaviour; or if the child was sent to her room, she would go to her

and take some sweetmeats, to atone for the punishment; so that Alice Fletcher was never corrected for her faults. How far this unwise conduct promoted the child's happiness, it is the object of this narrative to show.

One day they were all to spend some hours with a friend, who had a beautiful house and grounds. The day was very fine; and at twelve o'clock they were to set out, so as to be in time for luncheon. The carriage was at the door, and all were ready; but, at the last moment, down rushed Alice crying, and wanting them all to stay at home, because she had a headache, and did not care to go. Her mamma tried to persuade her that the air would do her good.

"No, it won't," said Alice, "I feel so ill. Don't go—you must not go; get one of my cousins to stay at home and amuse me."

Mrs. Fletcher said she would stay with her, and asked Ellen Ansley also to stay. Ellen had no wish to stay; before, however, she could give an answer, her mamma said—

"No; Ellen is not to stay. Alice has made herself ill with the cream and apples which you told her not to eat, and I think it would be very hard to make Ellen suffer for Alice's disobedience. You had better come, and leave Alice to the care of Kate; it may be a lesson to her to be more obedient."

"No," replied her indulgent mother; "I cannot leave her when she is ill; it's quite punishment enough not being able to go."

Mrs. Fletcher, therefore, stayed at home with Alice.

Mrs. Ansley and her daughters spent a most delightful day. As soon as luncheon was over they wandered about the garden, where they were allowed to take what fruit they liked, for they had been wisely brought up, so as to be trusted; their mother knew also that neither of them would spoil the trees and bushes in getting the fruit. They had some donkeys provided for them, that they might have a ride and a view of the sea, and spend an hour or two on the sands.

What fun it was to the girls to run on the sands, and pick up shells, and see the little crabs, that the tide had left on the shore, walking into the water. They were quite sorry when it was time to mount the donkeys and return. When they got back they found tea, with many niceties, ready for them; and, as they were very hungry, the pies, the chickens, and the cakes were soon diminished. These happy children did not reach home till nearly ten o'clock, and were then astonished to find Alice, the invalid, up, playing with a new doll. After they had left in the morning, Mrs. Fletcher had given Alice a dose of medicine, but the getting her to take medicine was always a very difficult thing, and attended with a good deal of crying and fuss. Her mother, knowing this, promised her a new doll. The dose and a quiet sleep soon made her well, and then there was no peace till the doll

was bought, and when it was bought she would not go to bed till she had shown it to her cousins. They talked of the delightful day, but she did not like to hear them tell her how much they had amused themselves, and what pleasure she had lost by not being of their party.

The next day Ellen and her sisters were going for a walk by the river side. Alice wished to go, yet as she had not first been asked what she liked to do, she was peevish, and all the way complained that they walked too fast, or too slow; at last they came to a place where they had to cross a little stream that ran into the river, and there was only a narrow plank to cross on. Alice, who had been getting more and more out of temper, thought it would be a good opportunity to have her revenge for, as she fancied, her cousins' unkindness in not having first asked her what she would like to do, before they settled it among themselves; she therefore cried out, "I can't cross that plank by myself; I shall fall in. Mary will you help me? Give me your hand." Mary did so, and Alice then maliciously tried to pull Mary, so that she should fall into the stream; but Mary had seen too much of Alice's ways to trust her, and had set her foot very firmly on the plank, and Alice, in her attempt, fell herself into the water. She was not hurt, and was soon pulled out. This disaster greatly increased her anger, and she had the misery of walking home in her wet clothes. When they reached home, Alice at once ran to her mamma, and said Mary had pushed her into the water. Mrs. Fletcher scolded Mary, though Mary assured her aunt it was all Alice's own fault; it was no use, Mrs. Fletcher would not believe her truthful niece. Alice had to go to bed, and there she had to stay for two days from a bad cold, and then two days more when she did get up, for fear the change of air should bring her cold back. For the sake of quiet, Ellen and Fanny had to sit in her room, and play with her; she would not have Mary. The children read to her, and did what they could to amuse her; but she never thanked them—she never did thank any one. When she did come down, no window was allowed to be opened, and as she was not permitted to go about the house, she spent the greater part of the day in sending any one she could to fetch her first one plaything, then another, then a book, or a pencil; and as her mamma sat in the room, her cousins did not dare refuse—they were afraid of their aunt. Alice knew that they did not do it from love to herself; the silly child thought they were jealous of her, and that made them dislike her the more. She judged of their conduct by her own evil thoughts.

The following day they were to have an early dinner, and a long walk to see some very pretty woods, in which were a number of wild flowers. At dinner the first thing that came to table was some fish, which Alice was extremely fond of. Her papa, in helping it, sent some first to her aunt. Alice's face became very much flushed. Then her mother and three cousins she

knew would be helped before her. This was more than she could bear; so to prevent it, she burst into tears, and said, "I will be helped first, or I won't eat any dinner." Her father took no notice, but her mother said, "Give it to Alice; the others won't mind her being helped first; she is but a little child." "It's not good for her," said her papa, "always to have her own way, and others ought not to be kept waiting for her." Alice, however, obtained the fish, for her mother gave her plate of fish to the selfish child, who ate so fast, for fear she should not get as much as she wished, that she nearly choked herself, and had to leave the room, and did not get back till all the fish was eaten, for as her mother went out of the room with her, no one else thought it would be doing her a kindness to set aside any portion for a selfish girl. Dinner over, they all went to dress for their walk to the Heath. Two donkeys had been ordered, as it was too far to walk the whole way. The cousins were to ride in turn, the elder members of the party were to drive in a pony chaise. Alice started on one of the donkeys; but she was very timid. If they let go of her, she called out, "Oh! hold me on, I shall fall off!" so that riding was not much pleasure to her; still she chose to ride the whole way. When she arrived at the wood she was not more happy, for if any of her cousins gathered a finer primrose than she had found, she said she was just going to gather it, and it was very unkind of them always to take the best away from her. However, her cousins took no notice of her cross remarks; sometimes they offered them to her, but even that did not please; she wanted to have gathered them herself.

Never was there a more unhappy child, all through her own bad, selfish temper, and that sad temper strengthened by foolish indulgence.

The two months passed away, and glad was Mrs. Ansley and her daughters to be rid of a very disagreeable little girl; and Alice was left alone.

Some months later in the year, when the snow was on the ground, and Alice was confined to the house from a bad cold, she begged a paint-box from her mother, who gave it, at the same time telling her she must not spoil any of the books, by daubing them with paint. The very prohibition reminded her of a picture her mother had of her grandfather. She had often heard her say it wanted fresh painting; she knew where it was kept, and off she started in search of it. In a short time she returned, but without the picture; Mrs. Fletcher had been showing it to a friend, and had put it away in another place. Alice, not being able to do mischief with the picture, took up a book with some choice engravings in it, and painted them. She knew she ought not to touch the books; so when she had done as much colouring as she wished, she shut up the book, and was then sadly frightened for fear her father should find it out. To prevent this, she put the book in the least likely place to be seen, and put the box and the colours

away. She was afraid to ask for them again ; but she thought of the book, and every day looked to see if it had been taken out of its hiding-place. Sometimes she thought she would burn it. She did not care for the amount of mischief she did, if not found out ; nor did this wicked child care on whom the blame might fall.

One morning, about a year after the painting of the book, she heard her father say he should change his house in the spring ; and as many of his books were valuable, but of no use to him, he would look them all over, and sell what he did not want. Alice thought of the painted one. What should she do ? It was a large book, and she knew it was costly. Still, to be found out, and that after so long a time, was a state of things that would not do ; so this naughty child determined to burn this valuable book. But then, it must be done when no one was in the way ; and as one fault always leads to another, and one crime prepares the way for a greater, so it did with Alice. Her mamma told her to go and put on her bonnet and cloak, and they would go and see, as it was a fine morning, what they could buy for Christmas presents for her papa and the servants, according to their friendly custom. This was what Alice liked above all things ; she delighted in going into the shops, and looking at all the pretty things ; but then the thought of the book came into her mind. Supposing her papa should begin that day to look over the books, she would be found out, and then there would be no presents on Christmas-day. She knew that her papa would not let her have anything, though he never interfered with her but once, and then it was when she had been at his dried plants and spoilt some very fine ones. On that occasion, not all her mother's efforts could save her from being sent to her room for three days ; and to make sure that she received nothing but what he took her, he locked the door, and kept the key in his pocket. Alice had not forgotten how miserable she felt. She was quite glad of the handkerchiefs that were given her to hem, though, at another time, she would not have done one to please all the family ; for she could not endure work any more than she could endure lessons, and now it might be worse. Alice therefore decided to stay at home.

"No, mamma, I don't wish to go with you ; I have such a headache, and the cold air will make it worse," said the deceitful girl ; for she had no headache.

"Then, my dear," said her mamma, "I will not go this morning. There is a week yet to Christmas-day. We will go another time ; I know it's such a pleasure to you to go shopping."

"Oh, no, mamma ; I had rather you went. It will amuse me to look at the things when they come home."

"I like to have you with me," said her mamma ; "for I do not always choose what you like. We had better wait till to-morrow."

"I shall like whatever you get, mamma ; I don't want to choose them this year."

"Well, my child, if you like it best, I will go. You had better lie down on the sofa in the drawing-room. I will tell Kate to come and look after you."

"No, don't, mamma ; I don't like Kate. She is always cross. I'll ring if I want anything."

She watched her mother out of the house, and went to listen if her papa was safe in his study ; then she proceeded up to the drawing-room, locked the door, and took out the spoilt book from its hiding-place. She stirred the fire, and put the book on the fire. She was in a great fright all the time that it was burning. Just as she was congratulating herself that no one had come near the room, she heard her father at the door. Finding it locked, he called to the servant to know if she had the key, for he was afraid something in the room must have caught fire, there was such a smell of burning.

"Please, sir, I left the key in the door, and Miss Alice is there. Missus said we were not to go in, as Miss Alice had a bad headache, and was gone to lie down on the sofa."

Back her papa went to the room, and called Alice, who, in her fright, tried to put the book into the fire with the poker, so that her papa might not see the few last leaves that were not quite burnt ; but, in her haste, she went so near that her frock caught fire. She began to scream in a frightful manner ; she could not unfasten the door from terror, and it was some minutes before it could be forced open. When it was opened, Alice presented a sad spectacle. Her papa rolled her in the rug, to put out the flames ; which he succeeded in doing, but not before his own hands were much burnt. Alice was in a very sad condition. She was carried to bed, and the doctor sent for. One leg was so burnt that it was thought it would end in lameness ; many months passed before she could put her foot to the ground. Her neck was so disfigured that she was obliged always to wear high dresses, to hide the scars.

It was never known what had become of the book. Her papa thought she had been looking at the pictures, and had fallen asleep, and let it drop into the fire ; but when asked, she said, No ; she was asleep on the sofa, and her father, by his knocking at the door, awoke her in a fright, and, in her hurry to admit him, she had fallen over the fire-irons, and so set fire to her dress.

Alice grew up, and what she had been as a child she became as a woman ; and then did her mother see how unwise and sinful had been her conduct in not making her child more obedient. The mother lived to mourn day and night over her mistaken kindness—her neglect of duty as a Christian parent. She saw in her child—though now a woman—selfishness, unkindness, deceit, falsehood, and the absence of all religious principle. May parents and children learn wisdom from the facts of real life !

## The Student's Page.

TESTIMONY BORNE TO CHRIST BY THE FATHER, BY JESUS HIMSELF, BY THE SPIRIT, BY ANGELS, SAINTS, MEN, AND DEVILS.

THE Father—"My beloved Son," Matt. iii. 17; xvii. 5. Jesus himself—"I am the Son of God," John x. 36.

The Spirit—"The Son of God," Mark i. 1.

Gabriel—"The Son of God," Luke i. 35; Luke ii. 11.

John Baptist—"This is the Son of God," John i. 34.

John Apostle—"The Christ the Son of God," John xx. 31.

Paul Apostle—"He is the Son of God," Acts ix. 20.

Disciples—"Thou art the Son of God," Matt. xiv. 33.

Nathanael—"Rabbi, thou art the Son of God," John i. 49.

Martha—"The Christ the Son of God," John xi. 27.

Eunuch—"Jesus Christ is the Son of God," Acts viii. 37.

Centurion—"Truly this was the Son of God," Mark xv. 39.

Unclean Spirits—"Thou art the Son of God," Mark iii. 11.

The Legion—"Thou Son of the most High God," Mark v. 7.

## THE BREVITY OF SACRED HISTORY.

OWING to the brevity of the sacred history, we find many things mentioned occasionally of certain persons, which are not related in their particular narratives:—

Joseph's feet bound with fetters, Ps. cv. 18.

Jacob's weeping, Hos. xii. 4.

Jaunes and Jambres notwithstanding Moses, 2 Tim. iii. 8.

Moses sprinkling the book, and using hyssop and scarlet wool, and saying, "I exceedingly fear and tremble," Heb. ix. 19; xii. 21.

The prayer of Elijah and its effects, James v. 17.

Michael's contending for the body of Moses, Jude 9.

Enoch's prophecy, Jude 14.

Balaam's stumbling-block, Rev. ii. 14, are of this number, with many other instances.

These things might be known by immediate revelation, or tradition, or from histories extant in those times, as we find mention made of some of them in Josephus.

## TYPES AND ANTITYPES.

THE type and the antitype, or the symbol and the thing signified by it, are often called by the same name. In Exod. xxiv. 8 it is said, Moses sprinkled the blood of the covenant upon all the people, that is, upon the twelve pillars he had set up (ver. 4) as their representatives, and which are called by the names of those whom they signified, for it was next to impossible that he could have sprinkled so many hundreds of thousands of individuals personally. The name of the typifying person is often put for the person intended to be held forth, as David is put for Messiah, the King of the Jews, in Hos. iii. 5, and many other places, he being a great and well-known type of him, as well as one of his leading ancestors. Thus Elijah, both in Malachi and in the address of the angel to Zacharias, in Luke, is put for John the Baptist, whom in several important features he remarkably resembled.

## CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

Pleasing to God, 2 Cor. ix. 7; Heb. xiii. 16.

God never forgets deeds of mercy, Heb. vi. 10.

Christ set an example of, 2 Cor. viii. 9.

Characteristic of saints, Psa. cxlii. 9; Isa. xxxii. 8.

Unprofitable, without love, 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

## LIBERALITY SHOULD BE EXERCISED.

In the service of God, Exod. xxxv. 21—29.

Towards saints, Rom. xii. 13; Gal. vi. 10.

Towards servants, Deut. xv. 12—14.

Towards the poor, Deut. xv. 11; Isa. lviii. 7.

Towards strangers, Lev. xxv. 35.

Towards enemies, Prov. xxv. 21.

Towards all men, Gal. vi. 10.

In lending to those in want, Matt. v. 42.

In giving alms, Luke xii. 33.

In relieving the destitute, Isa. lviii. 7.

In forwarding missions, Philipp. iv. 14—16.

In rendering personal services, Philipp. ii. 30.

Without ostentation, Matt. vi. 1—3.

With simplicity, Rom. xii. 8.

According to ability, Deut. xvi. 10, 17; 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

Willingly, Exod. xxv. 2; 2 Cor. viii. 12.

Abundantly, 2 Cor. viii. 7; ix. 11—13.

Labour to be enabled to exercise, Acts xx. 35; Eph. iv. 23.

## WANT OF LIBERALITY.

Brings many a curse, Prov. xxviii. 27.

A proof of not loving God, 1 John iii. 17.

A proof of not having faith, James ii. 14—16.

Blessings connected with, Psa. xli. 1; Prov. xxii. 9; Acts xx. 35.

Promises to, Psa. cxlii. 9; Prov. xi. 25; Eccles. xi. 1, 2; Isa. lviii. 10.

Exhortations to, Luke iii. 11; xi. 41; Acts xx. 35; 1 Cor. xvi. 1; 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.

## EXEMPLIFIED.

Princes of Israel, Numb. vii. 2.

Boaz, Ruth ii. 16.

David, 2 Sam. ix. 7—10.

Barzillai, &c., 2 Sam. xvii. 27, 28.

Araunah, 2 Sam. xxiv. 22.

Shunamite, 2 Kings iv. 8—10.

Judah, 2 Chr. xxiv. 10, 11.

Nehemiah, Neh. vii. 70.

Jews, Neh. vii. 71, 72.

Job, Job xxix. 15, 16.

Nebuzar-adan, Jer. xi. 4, 5.

Joanna, &c., Luke viii. 3.

Zacchaeus, Luke xix. 8.

Primitive Christians, Acts ii. 45.

Barnabas, Acts iv. 36, 37.

Dorcas, Acts ix. 36.

Cornelius, Acts x. 2.

Church of Antioch, Acts xi. 29, 30.

Lydia, Acts xvi. 15.

Paul, Acts xx. 34.

Stephanas, &c., 1 Cor. xvi. 17.

## EXTRAORDINARILY EXEMPLIFIED.

Israelites, Exod. xxxvi. 5.

Poor widow, Mark xii. 42—44.



WILLIAM ALLAIR;  
OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S  
TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A RACE WITH A GIG.

It was a battle: but not a great one. Where the wish to do wrong is powerful and the conscience deadened, resistance does not cost much.

The resolve to run away had come over William Allair. The wicked resolve. He determined to quit his father's house clandestinely, proceed to London or Liverpool, and get himself engaged on board a ship about to sail for some distant port. He leaned his head upon his hand and thought it over. While he did so, a wavering arose within him, and at the same moment a harsh, discordant noise was heard, as of some bird of prey flying over the house. Why did he not take the ill omen as a warning? He wavered, I say. And then he set himself deliberately to recall Mr. Carter's gleaming descriptions, his marine tales, and again read Harry Vane's letter: just as though he wished to subdue the wavering. He was deliberating, he thought. But he was deliberating in a partial manner, all the bias leaning to one side. So the faint, still small voice that would have saved him was disregarded; and he rose up with his resolution fixed.

Yet, pause ere you execute it, William Allair! As you value your happiness in this life, and, it may be, in the next, pause! If no other thought can deter you, remember your mother. You were her first-born; you are dearer to her than any other tie on earth: the love she bears for you is planted in every fibre of her heart, is interwoven with her existence. She guarded you in infancy, watched over you in sickness, soothed you in your wayward childhood. She has looked at you until her eyes were dim with tears in her excess of love; she has caught you to her bosom, praying that God would have mercy on you, and keep you in this world and in the next. When you have been wrathful, when you have committed faults, and others have chidden, she has found excuses for you in her heart, loving you all the more for their harshness. Others may and do love you; but not as she does. The love of a mother stands alone; there is nothing on earth so deep and so holy.

There is no passion, no affection in the whole wide world of nature that can be compared, in its enduring strength, with that of a mother. A brother loves his sister, a sister her brother, a father loves his child, the child its father; and there is another love spoken of in the world, William Allair, which it may chance you will some day experience, but which, all potent as it is, cannot stand beside a mother's; for her love for you will be green and fresh, when all of that transient one, save its remembrance, shall have passed away. The heart of all—father, sister, brother—may grow cold to you; but your mother's never. Shame, poverty, guilt, every ill that will cause others to shun you, does but draw closer the love of a mother; it is the only solace that will cling to you in your depth of guilt and sorrow. And you would fly from a shield such as this? My boy, in mercy to your mother, desert her not.

Think what you are about to do. To isolate yourself from her, to leave her to anxiety and despair, ignorant of your destination, uncertain what your fate may be. Pause, ere you *thus* requite her love, and embitter her whole future life with this black ingratitude!

Know you not, that if she could fathom your project, she would cast herself on her knees before you, and implore you, with tears and kisses, not to fly from her; not to turn her tranquil days to one long, bitter, unavailing yearning—the yearning to behold you, her dearest and best-beloved child? Know you not that, night and morning, she bends before God in supplication for you, that you may be good, dutiful, kept from the evil? Know you not that she would rather lose life in this world, than that you should lose it?

Oh! pause, pause, William Allair! pause, ere you fling back this all-enduring love! It is a painful thing to rend mother's heart; to bring grey hairs upon her head before their time; to shorten her declining years of life with anguish. It is a sin that must cry aloud in its ascent to heaven: pause, ere you are guilty of it! Have you forgotten that it was she who taught you certain Commandments with her own lips, and bade you strive to keep them? Have you forgotten this one? "HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER: THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG IN THE LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE."

No, you have not forgotten it, William Allair: the words rush to your mind now, and your conscience shrinks. But you attempt to make a compromise with your conscience. You resolve that you will one day come back to your mother's hearth, at no great distance of time—when you shall have been over the broad seas, or to those foreign lands you seem so desirous to visit—and then you will implore her pardon with tears and contrition, and be all to her that a son should be. But does no shadow of the future cross you? does no suggestion whisper that it is just possible you never may return? that you may die in one of those foreign lands or on those broad seas? You will do well to pause. I tell it you for the last time.

You will not?

Then you must follow your own course. Yet, remember, when you are on the world of waters, when—as Mrs. Vane aptly expressed it—there is only a plank between you and eternity, and the waves rush, and the winds shriek around you, and the good ship seems destined to sink, when you call in anguish upon your father and mother's name, and would fain implore their forgiveness before appearing at the bar of a Higher Tribunal; remember that it is *you* who have placed yourself beyond the power of receiving it.

William Allair shook off his reverie, shook off compunction with it, unlocked a drawer, and examined his purse. It contained eighteen shillings. Had it been Harry's Vane's, it would not have contained eighteen farthings; but William had always been more inclined to save than to spend.

Mrs. Allair also held a sovereign of his. A few days previously his uncle had sent him one as a present, wishing him at the same time joy of his articles.

"He knows they are a bitter pill," was William's remark at the time.

He tied up a few things in a pocket handkerchief, sailor fashion, locked the bundle in a drawer, lest it should be spied, and went down stairs. The tea-things were on the table, but only his mother and sisters were in the room.

"Mamma, you have a sovereign of mine. The one my uncle sent me. I want it, please."

"Very well. But don't go spending it in waste, William."

"Waste! oh, dear, no. Can you give it me now?"

Alice looked up. "You can't want it now, William: you are not going out. Let mamma give it you at her leisure."

"It is no affair of yours, Alice. Mamma, please! I really do want it."

Mrs. Allair laughed as she rose to get the money. "That you may have the pleasure of seeing it in your own purse," she said, as she handed it to him.

But he was not dead to all feeling. No, no. In spite of the wicked project which occupied his mind, and appeared to him fraught with glowing colours for the future, he felt miserably wretched. And when his mother bent over him for her good-night kiss, he thought his heart would have broken.

When everybody was at rest, and the house quiet, he stole down stairs with his bundle, opened the door as silently as was possible, and got away. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, and the night was warm and light. Not to any railway station went he; he was afraid of that, afraid he might be traced; but chose, rather, bye-roads; his destination, as he had resolved, being Liverpool. Onward he pressed, now walking with rapid strides, now running swiftly, terribly afraid lest he should be missed and overtaken.

Very slowly did the hours of the night seem to pass; and on went he, putting more distance between himself and Whitterhead. "They'll be sure not to miss me before breakfast time," he kept whispering to himself; but there was an under-current of fear at work within him, whispering that he *might* be missed earlier, and overtaken. He thought the night would never go.

It was just past four in the morning, for William had his watch with him; the sun was rising, and he was peeling along at a fine pace, tired to death, when he heard the sound of wheels behind him. Were they after him? One hasty look back, and away he tore as fast as his legs could carry him. Something there was, at a great distance, coming along at a strapping pace; but what he could not yet discern.

Away he dashed. The vehicle came dashing on faster. William snatched another look, and saw that it was a gig.

A gig! His father's, no doubt. There was no feasible way of escape for William. On either side of the road was a perpendicular embankment, the climbing which was impossible. There was nothing for it but to go blindly on, or to turn back and face the gig.

Another stolen glance. Yes, sure enough, it was their gig, and one gentleman in it: his father, of course. What was he to do? What was he to do? William had heard of earthquakes. He began to wish that one would obligingly sever the earth just then, and allow him to drop into it.

On it came, at full gallop, he was sure; and on went William, at full gallop also; his face streaming down with perspiration, and his breath panting. He thought of Dick Turpin's ride to York, and questioned if the renowned highwayman had ridden faster than he was then running.

But he could not keep up the pace, and the gig gained upon him; canter, canter, canter; nearer, nearer, nearer. It was at his heels now; and now—it was abreast of him.

With a desperate effort he turned his face towards it; no good in holding out longer; and there he beheld—what? Why, sufficient to impress fully on his mind the old adage, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

It was neither his father, nor his father's gig, but a farmer on his way to a market-town. The stranger accosted him.

"So, young gentleman, you are pretty fast! Why, you weren't afraid of me—eh?"

"Afraid! oh, no!" panted William, alarmed lest suspicion should be excited. "I am in a hurry, and, seeing your gig coming, I thought I'd have a race with it. It has got me on, you see."

"You have got on, pretty smartly. I have come at a tolerable pace, for I'm later than I thought to be. I am going on to Brickborough, a matter of eleven miles yet. It's the fair there to-day."

Brickborough was the very town William was making for, where he would take the rail. How he wished the farmer would invite him into the gig! "I am going on to Brickborough, too," he said.

The farmer did invite him; perhaps, taking the hint. "Will you accept a seat in my chay?" he asked. "You are heartily welcome to it."

And very welcome, indeed, did it prove to the tired runaway, who parried the farmer's questions cleverly, and arrived safely at Brickborough. Thence he would make his way to Liverpool in the best manner that he could.

"They'll make sure I have gone up to London to join Carter, and will raise the hue-and-cry in that direction," he cogitated, "which will give me time to get clear of on the briny ocean. Ah, ha! I am too deep for them!"

Ah, William! deep and clever as you deem yourself now, the time will come when you would give all your future existence to re-live the period of this ill-starred journey, so that you might have been less "deep," and have suffered yourself to be overtaken!

#### CHAPTER X.

##### MR. GRUFF JONES AGAIN.

WHEN the morning broke at Whitterhead, and the Allairs assembled at breakfast, William's place was vacant.

"Lazy boy! he has overslept himself," said Rose.

A servant was placing a dish of toasted bacon on the table. Mrs. Allair spoke to her.

"Go up to Master William's room, Sarah. Tell him we are at breakfast."

Sarah went, stayed some minutes, and came back again.

"I've knocked till I'm tired, ma'am," said she. "He won't answer."

"Perhaps he is not awake yet," suggested Rose.

"Yes, yes," said Alice; "he is sure to be awake. He has allowed Sarah to knock to tease her."

"Go up again, Sarah," said Mrs. Allair. "If he does not answer, go into his room. It is possible he may have overslept himself. He said last night he was very tired."

The servant did as she was bid, and the next minute came flying into the room big with excitement, her eyes staring and her mouth open.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, sir! whatever has happened? Master William is not in his room, and the bed has never been slept in! Where can he have took himself to?"

"Nonsense! You must be mistaken, Sarah," spoke Mr. Allair. But Mrs. Allair turned deadly pale.

"How can I be mistaken, sir? There's the bed for anybody to see. And I am sure he is not in the room."

Alice and Rose Allair ran up the stairs. Mrs. Allair followed more slowly; she knew not what she was dreading. Mr. Allair came after her. The chamber was empty, as the servant had said. There was no trace of William: no trace that he had been in since the previous evening.

Mrs. Allair turned her gaze upon her husband, words faltering from her ashy lips. "What can be the meaning of this?"

"I'll let Master William know what is the meaning, when I catch hold of him," was the angry rejoinder. "He must have got out on some spree with the schoolboys. But it is strange, too! He never attempted such a thing before."

"He came up to bed all right last night, sir, and went into his room," interposed Sarah, who stood by as much consternation as anybody, whilst poor Edmund looked vacantly from side to side. "The young ladies came up at the same time."

Mrs. Allair drew her husband aside. "A fearful, strange dread is upon me," she uttered. "I fear he has run away."

"Run away!" repeated Mr. Allair, incredulously. "What for? Where should he run to?"

She would have said "To sea," but the words refused to come. She seized hold of a chair to save herself from falling.

"Don't distress yourself," said her husband, soothingly; "there's nothing to be alarmed at. It is not likely he should have run away, as you call it. And if he has, we'll soon bring him back again. I—"

A shriek from Sarah interrupted Mr. Allair. She had been employed in an inspection of William's drawers. "Some of his things are gone," she called out. "Here's only three of his shirts, and not half his handkerchers. He must have gone off somewhere, on the sly, I should be afeared—what's that?"

It was a fall. Mrs. Allair had fainted away.

The news of William's disappearance went forth to Whittermead, and the village was up in arms. Some of the schoolboys privately told Mr. Allair that he had, "for certain," gone off to be a sailor; had gone, "for certain," to join James Carter. Mr. Allair at length adopted the same view, and departed for London by the first train, in search of him.

But that was not the only surprise Whittermead was favoured with that day.

A brown, lanky, worn-looking object arrived in the afternoon at Whittermead. A contrite sort of object, with hanging head and bent eyelids. He bore some resemblance, the village thought, to Master Gruff Jones; but Master Gruff had never been seen in a shame-faced plight such as this.

Master Gruff it proved to be; and shame-faced enough. For he was come to ask grace of his father for his past rebellion, and fervently to implore never to be sent to sea again.

"So you have had enough of it!" cried the squire, his surprise a little abated.

Master Gruff, albeit getting on now to be Mr. Gruff burst into tears: long-restrained, grievous, heart-broken tears, none the less bitter for their having been for months suppressed. "Oh, father! don't send me back again!" he wailed forth. "A sailor's life on board those working vessels is worse than a dog's!"

"Highty tighty, but this is news!" exclaimed the squire. "A fine change in the weather, this! I understood you to say that in going to sea you would step into a sort of terrestrial paradise. Where's the mistake, Hugh?"

"Father, it is the most awful life. It's enough to kill a dog. There! And you are beaten black and blue besides! And instead of the ship being a beautiful, trim, clean thing, ever in apple-pie order, with her noble sails set, as you read of in Marryat's novels, or as the talk used to be in the school, and Vane boasted, she's a dirty, clumsy, unmanageable mass of ugliness, always wanting to be attended to, with no place where you can sit, and close, fetid holes to sleep in, worse than your dog-kennels, and scores of rats running over you! And we are kept at labour night and day, and our naked feet and hands are cut and bruised with the work, and for weeks together we don't have a dry thread about us, for the water washes in, and soaks everything on board, clothes on and clothes off. O sir! do have pity upon me! I can't go back again."

Squire Jones never felt more inclined to laugh. It was precisely what he had anticipated.

"And then the language you hear, ay, and get to learn, too!" went on Mr. Gruff, his sobs nearly choking him. "It's a wonder that the skies don't fall with it. And you have to eat biscuit with the maggots in it, and green beef, junk they call it—oh, it's awfully sickening. Father, I'd rather be put to sweep a crossing at home than I'd be at sea!"

"I can't believe my own ears," mocked the squire, keeping his countenance. "I have told everybody what a charming life my eldest son had entered upon; nothing that I had ever heard or read could come up to it, save fairy land, or the scenes in the 'Tales of the Genii.' How is it, I say, Hugh?"

"Don't send me back again?" wailed Gruff, in his agony. "Put me into a coffin, and follow me to the grave if you like, but don't send me back again. Father, dear father! I would, ten times over, rather be dead and lying at peace in my grave, than live under the hardships of a sea life."

Mr. Jones changed his tone to seriousness. "You chose the life, Hugh."

"I did not choose *that*—the life I found. I chose the picture drawn by the boys and Harry Vane—the false, pleasant aspect given to it in false books. You remember those two plates, father, in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' of the famous city of Eden. The beauty, the fertility of the drawn picture, and the utter desolation of the reality. Well, going to sea is like those pictures: I have thought of them many a time in my misery, when I have been up aloft. We are led to look for everything that's pleasant and smooth; but when we get afloat, we find out the deceit, and the horrors we have entered on."

"You lead yourselves to look for smoothness, Hugh. I told you you'd find what it seems you have found."

Gruff hung his head. "It's true, father. My mind was perverted, and I would not listen to you. Forgive me the past, and let me stay on land. You will not force me to go again?"

"Well, I don't know," said the squire, keeping up the joke. "Perhaps another voyage would prove better, more agreeable to you than the last has—"

Down went Gruff on his knees, and sobbed out his prayer, more terrified than before.

"I should never come back again alive. I should die of the hardships. Father, don't send me!"

"Will you turn rebellious again, Hugh, if I forgive you now?"

"Never. This has cured me, father."

"Very well. I am glad it has. There's nothing like self-cure. Get up. Another of you is off to-day, as I hear. William Allair."

"Not off to sea?" debated Gruff, rising from his knees.

"It is thought so. He has disappeared, nobody knows whither, taking some shirts with him. He had the sea fever upon him, so there's little doubt that he is off to it."

"Poor Allair!" uttered Gruff, rubbing his tearful face. "He little thinks what he will have to encounter."

"A pity but you had come home a day sooner. It might have stopped him."

"I don't know," mused Hugh, casting his thoughts back to his fever. "When you are regularly in for it, all the talking in the world doesn't stop you. You don't believe it, and don't listen to it."

"The only thing would be, then, to drive back the fever in its onset, not to suffer it to take hold of you," said the squire.

"Ah! if we could!—if we did but know!" lamented Gruff.

"*Could!*" returned the squire. "What do you mean by that? A right-minded lad, anxious to do his duty, does not say 'If I could.' He says 'I will.' Don't forget that, Master Hugh."

Pray don't you forget it, either, boys.

But meanwhile where was William Allair? Speeding fast to that delightful Eden of his imagination, the sea.

He reached Liverpool unmolested, unpursued. Mr. Allair, you see, was on a false scent: he had gone to London. William's object was to engage himself on board some vessel, any that was about to start, as a

working sailor: he could not expect to go in a higher capacity at present. Difficulties, however, lay in his path. He had no registered ticket, no discharge, no outfit. It was his fortune, however, to fall in with people who overcame for him these little obstacles; certain crimps, who in sea-port towns are ever on the look-out for victims. A ship was found for him, the *Prosperous*, an American vessel, hailing from New York. He bound himself to work on board her for three years, as an "apprentice," and a small outfit was provided; how very small and short, William never knew until at sea; the clothes he had gone down in, and the contents of his pockets, including the valuable gold watch which had been a legacy from his grandfather, being left on shore in compensation. He rather rebelled at the binding himself for three years, but was assured that it was the only way in which he could get to sea, and that at the end of the three years he would be promoted to the place of second mate, with immense wages. William believed his friends.

The vessel was a trader, of four hundred tons burthen, having the usual complement of men on board, all of whom were Americans, save a boy who joined when William did. The captain's name was Janns; he was of Dutch extraction, but had himself been born in the States. He was not a prepossessing man in features: truth to say, William did not like the look of him at all; but he strove to admire him as a bluff sea-captain.

There was one thing, however, that did strike somewhat chilly to his heart. Whenever William had thought of a ship—and it had been pretty frequently, as you know—the picture that rose up in his imagination was of a trim, elegantly-built vessel, her white sails set, and her colours waving, gliding majestically over a wide expanse of transparent waters, deep and beautiful in colour as a painter's ultramarine. Gruff Jones, you may remember, had cherished the same ideas. But what did William see when he first reached Liverpool? It was a dull, rainy day, so that may have made the aspect of things worse; but he saw a heap of dirty, ugly, black-looking vessels huddled together, a heterogeneous mass of sides, decks, spars, masts, ropes, pitch, tar, dirt, and confusion, all floating in the muddy, turbid, yellowish-tinted water of the docks. It was an impression that struck coldly upon William. He was not like Harry Vane. The latter's heart yearned to a ship, no matter how unfavourably viewed; William's heart already recoiled from them, as they looked there; though he would not have admitted the fact for the world, even to himself. "But this will soon be changed," reasoned William. "Let us get a day's sail, or so, from port, leave this thick, unpleasant-looking water behind, and give the fair ship range on her pure native element. That will be the time o' day!"

Had William Allair wished to be treated to the ills of a sailor's life in their worst bearings, he could not have fixed upon a better ship than this identical one, the *Prosperous*. It was not a favourable specimen of the American service. There are hardships in their service as well as in ours.

The *Prosperous* was ready for sea when William joined her. She was about returning to New York, and it was expected would thence be sent to California—

at that time far from being deemed a desirable country to visit. What a scene it was to William when the vessel made preparations for getting under weigh! Hurrying, screaming, shouting, swearing! Innumerable orders were given. Some to him: orders which he could not obey, simply from being at a loss to know what was meant, and *how* he was to execute them. Many a hard word was given him, and harder blow; pushed hither, knocked thither; contemptuously thrust aside, and called a lazy, sneaking land-lubber! Yards had to be braced, sails loosed, the craft around cleared. It appeared a maze of confusion, and William was in a maze with it. But the start was effected at last; the moorings were loosened, the docks and the river were left behind, the ship commenced her course on the sea, rolling from side to side with the ground swell: and William Allair was fairly launched on his perilous voyage, and had bid adieu to England and to ease and happiness for ever.

And, as the days passed on, he became slowly but surely aware how widely different was the reality from the fabled romance he had conjured up. And then came repentance: that terrible, unavailing repentance, which saddens the brain, and turns the heart to sickness. What a life was his? How could he so madly, so blindly have rushed upon it? He, who had not known what it was to soil his hands, who had never so much as cleaned the boots he walked in or brushed the clothes he wore, had now to pass his days in toil that was totally unfitted for him. He who had often said to Harry Vane that a sailor's must be a deliciously lazy life, who had laughed in derision when told the contrary, had now to find that a sailor's work is never done. From the rising of the sun to its going down, it was toil, toil, toil; added to which there were the midnight watches, and broken rest.

Thousands like William Allair have fallen, and are falling, into the same error. "What can there be to do at sea?" they cry. If you, my inexperienced boys, feel inclined to stand upon the dispute, and make the same inquiry, take what I now tell you as an answer. The hardest, the most laborious life you can possibly fix upon, I may say the most *cruel* life, is that of a sailor's on board these merchant ships; and it is, of all others, the most comfortless. It is of no use to go into details of the labour; you would find the description tedious, and not understand at last; but rely upon it, it has broken many and many a spirit, many a heart, many a life. Gruff Jones's expression, "It's a worse life than a dog's," was not an inapt one.

No unhappy criminal at the galleys labours harder in his chains than did William Allair, now he was a common seaman: neither are the transports kept under more strict discipline than was he. The forecastle where he lived, in common with some dozen or fifteen others, was a dark, damp, wretched hole, so full of chests and lumber of some sort or other that there was no room to sit or move in it. The everlasting salt-junk was their food: at home he would have gone without meat for a month rather than have touched it. The mode of taking their meals reminded him of Mr. Jenner's pigs. A large, hard, red lump of this junk was put in a small tub in the forecastle, and each man, with his own

sheath knife, cut off what he wanted. It was eaten with equally hard, unpalatable biscuit. This was the living; it was rarely varied; and the drink was water. Night and morning they had a tin jug full of tea. It was made in a furnace, some treacle stirred into it with a rolling-pin, and served out to them, tea-leaves and all. William would let his leaves settle to the bottom, but most of the sailors swallowed them with the tea. The *Prosperous* was a temperance ship, as it is called, consequently there was no grog. The captain took enough, though, for his own share.

William was not alive at first to the full ills of his position. He never thought that the incessant work was to last; he supposed it to be but what was necessary upon getting out to sea. He lay in his berth, suffering agonies from sea sickness; too ill to pay attention to the coarse fare eaten around him: but he did gaze upon the wretched place, with its inexpressibly close, nauseous smell, that was henceforth to be his home; he gazed upon the rude, hardened crew, with whom he must fraternise. He, the refined William Allair, so unfitted, both by nature and education, to be forced into the rough companionship of such! He would henceforth have many bitter pills to swallow, but none that would be felt more annoyingly than this.

Bitter pills indeed! and in his obstinate ignorance he had honoured the articles that were to bind him to his father by the same epithet. He would recall the expression now, could he exchange his present life for the one he had then rejected.

(*To be continued.*)

### Literary Notices.

*Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog.* By H. G. REID. London: S. W. Partridge.

A PRETTY story of a dog, and one which will impress upon the reader the duty of kindness to animals.

*Bishop Colenso Answered. First Part.* A Sermon by the Rev. JOHN CHRISTIEN.

THIS sermon earnestly defends the truth of the Mosaic narrative, and its claim to inspiration. It contains well-conceived answers to some of Bishop Colenso's objections.

*The Story of Peter Parley's Own Life.* Edited by his Friend and Admirer, FRANK FREEMAN. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

A MOST interesting book, and one which all the admirers of Peter Parley will read with pleasure. It is admirably adapted to the young.

*Life Unfolding.* A Poem for the Young. BY ELIZA BETHE ANN CAMPBELL. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

MISS CAMPBELL has treated poetically many of the facts and institutions of the Scriptures, and endeavoured to set forth the spiritual lessons they are designed or fitted to teach. Without claiming any high poetic inspiration or originality, the authoress has written skilfully, and the tendency of her book is excellent.

*Leaflets of the Law of Kindness, for Children.* Edited by ELIJAH BURRITT. London: S. W. Partridge.

THE title of these small tracts indicates their aims. Such of them as we have read strongly commend themselves to our judgment and heart.

*The Round Robin.* By C. COKER. London: Emily Faithfull and Co.

A SMALL collection of simple poetic pieces, mostly fitted for the capacity of the young, and adapted to instil into their minds right sentiments in regard to various members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

*Second Series of Thoughts in Verse.* London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

THE author says, "Many of these thoughts are taken from great authors, and put into simple rhyme." The subjects are of a religious nature, and the versification is easy and agreeable.

*Old Robert; or, Sunset Glory.* By Mrs. J. C. WEST-BROOK. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A WELL written narrative containing a brief account of the conversion of Robert Warren, a village postman, and of his happy death, which took place only a few months afterwards. Suitable for extensive circulation.

*Onward and Upward. Temperance Poetry.* By REUBEN CHANDLER. Second Edition. London: Caudwell.

THESE pieces are the productions of a working man, who is anxious to use his gifts for the welfare of others. There is much variety and ingenuity displayed in the composition, and the tendencies of the book are excellent.

*Words for Women.* London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

WE noticed the present work when it came before us in the form of tracts, and we need only add to our former commendation that it is decidedly improved in its new shape, and will be gladly and profitably read by those whom it addresses.

*Bird Murder; or, Good Words for Poor Birds.* By a COUNTRY CLERGYMAN. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

WE sincerely hope that all who think it either wise or humane to destroy small birds by wholesale will read this little book. The author has our best thanks for what he has written, and we shall be glad if he issues a penny edition, and circulates it by myriads.

*Brother Help: the Heroism of Humanity and Benevolence in every Age.* London: Darton and Hodge.

THIS book is dedicated to George Peabody, Esq., whose noble gift to London a few months since is fresh in all our memories. The author gives an account of the men who have been most distinguished in the cause of education, in the cause of liberty, in religious exertions, in regard to slavery, war, peace, and capital punishment, and in prisons, hospitals, ships, and social and domestic life. The volume is well arranged and well written, and

may be accepted as a memorial of great and good men, as well as a monitor to us to aim to be like them. We have been much pleased with the work, and have no doubt others will be so too.

*On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication. With an Inquiry into the Influence of the Abuse of Alcohol as a predisposing Cause of Disease.* By W. MARCET, M.D. Second Edition. London: Churchill.

THE first portion of this book treats of the action of alcohol on the health, of chronic alcoholism, its symptoms, causes, effects, and treatment. The second part is an inquiry into the abuse of alcohol as a predisposing cause of disease. It is a book which indicates considerable ability, and one which we hope will promote the cause of temperance and sobriety. Some of its facts are striking and monitory.

*Hymns for Pastors and People.* By SAMUEL DUNX. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THREE hundred and twenty-four original hymns on practical subjects, by one who has obtained a name in the world of prose. The composition of these hymns appears to be correct, and the sentiments of those we have read are Scriptural, and of a right and wholesome tendency. Some are fitted for public and domestic worship, and others are more suited for devout perusal. As poetry we do not judge them, for many of them cannot claim to take a high place in that respect; but we recommend them as skilfully executed specimens of religious versification.

*Honour to whom Honour; or, The Story of the Two Thousand of 1662.* A Book for the Young. By P. S. WILLIAMS. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*The Episcopal State Church, and the Congregational and other Free Churches, Compared and Contrasted. A Bicentenary Lecture.* By the Rev. J. ADKINS. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

*The First Dissenter.* With Preface by Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A. London: H. J. Tresidder.

THE first of the above is a skilfully drawn up narrative from the Nonconformist point of view, but, in any case, hardly a book for the young. Both it and the lecture by Mr. Adkins indicate considerable ability, but they relate to a controversy which, under actual circumstances, we are not inclined to meddle with. "The First Dissenter" is an ingenious little book, deeply imbued with the spirit of Christian charity; and may be warmly recommended as a suitable tract for the times.

*A Handy Book on Post Office Savings Banks.* By H. R. SHARMAN, F.S.S. London: G. J. Stevenson.

THIS book has been out for some time; but it is a very useful manual for the large class in whose favour the Post-office Savings Banks have been established. It supplies all the information as to the proceedings to be taken by those who wish to invest their savings beyond the reach of danger. Habits of economy are a source of wealth to the industrious, and to such this little work will be every way an acceptable guide.

*The Morning Walk.* A Narrative of Facts. 39th Thousand. London: Bagot and Thompson.

A COLLECTION of facts illustrative of the power of religion in the humbler walks of life. It is a little book, but a beautiful one, and designed for great usefulness.

*Little Julia; or, Early Glorified.* A True Tale in Verse. London: Jarrold and Sons.

AN artless story, and one calculated, with the Divine blessing, to awaken the interest of the young.

*The Victor Crowned.* Thoughts on the Life, Character, and Death of the Rev. John Leifchild, D.D. Being the Substance of Two Discourses by the Rev. JOHN GRAHAM. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM worthily occupies the pulpit of Craven Chapel, near Regent Street, where Dr. Leifchild held so useful and conspicuous a place for three and twenty years. The sermons before us are an affectionate tribute to Dr. Leifchild, whom all agree to honour as an eminent minister of Christ. To those who were privileged with his acquaintance, these sketches of life and character will be welcome reminiscences; and to those who knew him not, they will tend to show what he was, and to teach precious lessons.

*The Public Statement of Mr. J. H. Gordon, with reference to his repudiation of Secular Principles, and his adoption of the Christian Faith.* London: Houlston and Wright.

MR. J. H. GORDON is a young man who had the privilege of a godly mother, but who in an evil hour went over to the Secularists. Such was his zeal and ability as an infidel that he was appointed lecturer to the Leeds Secular Society. In this capacity he was soon popular and successful, so much so that the unbelievers were increased in number and boldness. He was induced by his mother to hear a sermon, and this, in God's hand, led him to renounce his infidelity, and to declare himself openly and publicly as a believer. The statement made by him on the occasion of his recantation is honest and courageous, and often striking and instructive. We hope that this renunciation will be followed by enlightened zeal for the Gospel at which he once mocked. Nor can we but hope that this change in him will lead other poor deluded young men to consider their ways and to return to God. We have heard that his example has already been followed by at least another like recantation.

*Hints for the Improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline.* 17th Edition. London: Hatchard and Co.

ALTHOUGH the character of this book is sufficiently stamped by the fact that it has reached a seventeenth edition, it may not be known to all our readers. The course adopted by the author is to lay down the general principles of education, and then to enlarge upon such topics as truth and sincerity, authority and obedience,

rewards and punishments, temper, justice, &c. In this way most of the duties of the teacher and the taught, and most of the features of moral and religious training, pass under review. We quite approve of most of the opinions expressed by the authoress; and we would especially commend the book for its high tone, its intelligible and practical method, and its exemplification of the great principle that "good education must be the result of one consistent and connected system." Here we have a consistent and connected system in a thoroughly Christian spirit, and we believe that if carried out in the same spirit, parents and teachers will find the blessing of God resting upon their endeavours.

*The Life of Arthur Vandeleur, Major, Royal Artillery.* Sixth Thousand. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE AUTHOR of this volume is well known for her zealous, Christian, and philanthropic labours, as well as for her "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." Perhaps few of her sex have laboured more earnestly and honourably in the cause of religion and humanity, and the name of Miss Marsh is a household word with thousands. In the book before us, she sketches the course, character, and end of Major Vandeleur, who was born in 1829, in the county of Clare, entered the Royal Military Academy in his sixteenth year, joined his regiment in 1847, took part in the Crimean war, returned home, married, went out to Gibraltar, came back an invalid, and died in June, 1860. The author has thrown around her compilation the charms of her own graphic style, and she has set before us the picture of one who, though a soldier, was a sincere and devoted Christian. We dare not recommend the profession of arms as in any sense favourable to piety, but there have been many instances in which Almighty grace has triumphed over the obstacles such a profession must interpose in the way of eminent devotion to God. An instance of the kind is presented to our consideration in the work before us. The Holy Spirit enabled Major Vandeleur, amid the excitement, the temptations, the distractions, and the horrors of a Russian campaign, to hold fast his profession of faith in Christ. To us there is something mysterious in all this; but we are content to accept the fact, and to give God the glory. We can sincerely and cordially recommend this memoir, but we are anxious that our youthful readers especially should not mistake our commendation of this beautiful life for a commendation of the military profession. Men who are called into active service are prone to become hardened and indifferent, through the revolting and dreadful scenes of which they are spectators; and we are willing to record our deliberate judgment that an eminent Christian in such a position is pre-eminently a miracle of grace.

*Sketches of Character.* By Rev. T. W. MEDHURST. London: A. P. Shaw. SHORT chapters reprinted from the "Christian Cabinet," cleverly written by a faithful minister, and directed against many of the faults which are apt to attach to character and habits.

## Musical Notices.

*The Life Boat*, a song composed and dedicated to the patrons and supporters generally of the Royal National Life Boat Institution, by a subscriber. This song, both as regards words and music, is admirably suited to musical amateurs; it is light, graceful, and appropriate, singularly characteristic in arrangement, and not wanting in power. We have much pleasure in recommending it to the notice of our musical readers, especially as the object of the writer is to realise by its publication a sum sufficient to establish a new life boat under the auspices of the above-named institution. The "Life Boat" is also arranged as a duet, and in this form it is, in our opinion, more attractive than as a simple song. The composer and author generously devote the profits of this publication, in both instances, to the charitable work of the Life Boat Institution. The song and duet are published for the author by Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles Street, Oxford Street.

*New Tutor for Deacon's Harmonium*.—Cramer, Beale, and Wood, 201, Regent Street. The Harmonium is now becoming so universally appreciated that there is a demand for really good instruction on this instrument. The New Tutor is the best we have yet seen; lucid in all the elementary principles of the Harmonium, it furnishes a valuable selection of sound classical music, from the works of Rossini, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Auber, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Spohr, &c. The work is edited by Edward F. Rimbault, who has performed his task with taste and skill.

*Half Hours at the Organ*.—Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street. We have received numbers four, five, and six of this useful serial. On a former occasion we noticed this work, and expressed our approval of the fidelity with which the ancient and modern composers had been rendered by the editor (Bishop). We have only to add, that the series is continued in the spirit in which it was begun; it has attained, we are gratified to learn, a wide-spread popularity.

*The Burlington Album of Pianoforte and Vocal Music* for 1863. This favourite gift book, issued annually by Messrs. Cocks and Co., has duly made its appearance. As usual, it is distinguished for the musical excellence of its contents; but its illustrations and elegant exterior attract admiration, and are somewhat even in advance of the issues of previous years.

## Temperance Department.

## PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY.

At the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, the last week in October, the Grand Jury, in bringing up the last of the bills of indictment submitted to them, madethe following presentment:—

"At the termination of their labours, the Grand Jury, in acknowledging the care and diligence with which the several indictments have been prepared for their consideration, thereby virtually relieving them from grave responsibility, cannot withhold from the Court the amazement and horror they have felt, during their investigations, at the systematic countenance of and encouragement to vicious habits, by the facilities afforded by the numberless places of resort for drinking and profligacy, thereby providing nurseries for crime and destitution; and they earnestly hope that some effectual steps may be taken, either by the withholding of licences or curtailing the hours for the sale

of intoxicating liquors, and thus grapple with a system of demoralisation as antagonistic to the interests of religion, and as injurious to the social well-being of all classes of the community, as it is degrading to us as an enlightened nation."

## PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

A PERIODICAL which has not hitherto lent its pages to the very prominent advocacy of Total Abstinence, has in a recent number inserted an article "On the Influence of Christians in relation to our Drinking Customs." We quote the following:—

"It is our firm conviction that the general disuse of intoxicating drinks by the Christians of Great Britain would, by the moral influence thus exercised on all within their reach, have the effect of saving from ruin a far larger number than are likely to be rescued by reformatory efforts after the path of sin has been trodden. Our readers will bear witness that it is a want of sympathy with these restorative agencies that leads us to give the foremost place to preventive measures. To prevent an evil is better than to effect a cure. The use, even the moderate use, of intoxicants by society generally, and Christians in particular, tends to conceal the peril arising from drinking habits. From the ranks of moderate drinkers fall off, from day to day, the weak and erring men, who in due time sink into the abyss of confirmed and helpless drunkenness. At the table of the moderate father the son learns the use of that which, when removed from the restraints of home, he is often tempted to abuse; and its temperate use by the Christian mother veils from the child of her love, and even from herself, the danger to which we have already alluded, by which the (so-called) innocent glass of wine is transmuted into 'the wine of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps.'"

## THE DRUNKARD AND THE ABSTAINER.

A DRUNKARD one day assailed a trades man, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The tradesman waited until the crowd had collected, and then, turning upon the drunkard, said, "There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a sum of two hundred pounds; now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot: I challenge him to do it; for if he had a penny, he would be at a public-house. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him; his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts; while the crestfallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further ridicule,

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;  
THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE  
WORD OF GOD.

VII.—CREATION A FACT AND A MIRACLE.

JONES. Good morning. Have you any other of your thoughts on creation and on geology which may usefully occupy our time to-day?

WILLIAMS. Yes; there is one other idea which I should be sorry to omit. Perhaps you will hardly understand me when I say that geology seems to me to furnish a conclusive refutation of certain objections which have lately been started with reference to the miracles of Holy Scripture.

J. No, certainly this thought never occurred to me; neither can I, at first sight, understand what you mean.

W. Well, I will try to explain it to you. I think you must have remarked that the strange and startling ideas which have been mooted in the course of the last few years all, in point of fact, have their root in atheism. It is, however, a covert and disguised atheism: its disciples avoid shocking men's common sense by looking abroad upon the glorious sun or the starry heavens, and exclaiming, "These all made themselves, or came into existence by accident;" they are willing to admit that in the far distant "Beginning" some Divine Mind, some Universal Father, may have put this vast machine in motion, and may have imposed an immutable law upon it; but, having made this "admission," they are resolved to go no further. They are firm in the belief that here the Great Author stopped; that having set the universe in motion, and imposed a law upon it, he henceforward took no further part in its government. Hence, the God of the Bible—the God who is "about our path, and about our bed, and spiest out all our ways," they cannot bear to hear of. A dominion of unchanging, universal law is their theory; and as the thought of any departure from its regularity of movement is hateful to them, so they want not, they see no use for, an ever-present God. The idea of a miracle they declare to be intrinsically absurd, and like Hume, they hold that no amount of testimony could possibly establish such a fact. Such is the theory which has latterly been revived in some quarters. I say revived, for it is nothing else than the system of Epicurus under new phraseology; and this system, I repeat, geology utterly demolishes.

J. How so? You must excuse me, but I do not yet understand you.

W. I will explain the matter as I go. A miracle, these philosophers tell us, is intrinsically impossible. We point to the first chapter of Genesis, and say, "There was a week of miracles;" and, very naturally, they reject the narrative of Moses, treat it as an old Hebrew tradition or fable, and set up schemes of "development" in its room. According to them, all things began in germs, or molecules. Life, they think, can be produced by certain chemical combinations. A principle of gradual growth or development is impressed upon all things. Such is the theory advocated in two or three works of some notoriety which have been published in the course of the last twenty years. Now, this whole scheme is utterly broken up and destroyed by the discoveries of geology.

J. Pray explain to me how.

W. Why, as I have said, creation is essentially a miracle, and hence these philosophers abhor the idea of creation. But no man can investigate the earth's history as exhibited in its crust, or external structure, without meeting with "creation" at every step. So argues Sir R. Murchison, who declares that "Geology reveals to us, that during immeasurable periods, long anterior to the creation of the human race, whole races of animals were successively created, lived their appointed time, and perished." And again: "He who, commencing with the earliest visible signs of life, can thenceforward trace a successive rise in the scale of being, until the period when man appeared on the earth, must acknowledge in such works repeated manifestations of the design and superintendence of a Creator."\* Therewith agrees Professor Agassiz, who says, "For my part, I am convinced that species have been created successively, at different epochs." But the whole history of this earth is most vividly sketched in a few sentences by Hugh Miller, in one of his finest passages, which I always keep in my pocket-book. Here it is:—

"Nature lay dead in a waste theatre of rock, vapour, and sea, in which the insensate laws, mechanical, chemical, and electric, carried on their blind, unintelligent processes. The creative fiat went forth, and amid waters that straightway teemed with life in its lower forms,

\* *Siluris*, page 4. † Page 530.

vegetable and animal, the dynasty of the fish was introduced. Ages passed, during which there took place no further elevation, when the fiat again went forth, and, through an act of creation, the dynasty of the reptile began. Again ages passed by, marked, apparently, by the introduction of a warm-blooded animal—the bird; when, again, the creative fiat went forth, and the dynasty of the quadruped appeared. Once more, after the lapse of ages, an act of creation took place, and, with the appearance of man upon the earth, the moral government of God in this world took beginning.”\*

J. Yes, that is all very fine; but is it any more than a vivid picture drawn by a fervid imagination?

W. That is the whole question. I say that Hugh Miller's description is a description of known geological facts; and I charge it upon the promulgators of the development theory that, while professing to be rational philosophers, they do, in reality, rear up, or try to rear up, a system of belief on no facts whatever. Take, for instance, any of the great revelations of geology—the huge mammoth, or the vast mastodon. We come to these enormous creatures in the geological strata suddenly, and without any preparation whatever. How came they there?

J. I think that one of the essayists says something about “the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of Nature,” and of “the origination of new species by natural causes.”

W. Yes, I know he does; and that is just the idea which is utterly annihilated by geology.

J. How so?

W. Simply by proof positive that the fact is otherwise. The theory of development is that, beginning with the earliest and lowest forms, such as limpets and star-fish, “the self-evolving powers of Nature” gradually produced new, and newer, and nobler forms, so that the little reptile advanced into the rank of a monkey, the monkey into a larger ape, and the ape into a man. Now, this is all mere theory, based upon nothing more than an ascertained improvement in a few cases. It is as if a gardener, finding that he could by cultivation grow finer roses and hearts-ease than he had ever had before, should, therefrom, deduce the conclusion that a rose was only a daisy largely developed. But let us turn to geology. There we have a vast magazine of

facts. We find, as I have said, the mammoth, or the mastodon. Specimens of these, whole skeletons, or large portions, have been found in a great number of places. They all bear the same likeness to each other that a number of specimens of the ox or the horse would among ourselves. Now, an advocate of the development theory, denying that the mammoth was created, asserts that the creature grew, by a hundred successive steps, out of the molluscs of the early Palaeozoic period. We need not stop to dwell upon the absurdity of this theory; we come at once to the question, What is the testimony of fact? Had such a change ever occurred, must not the evidence of it exist? Among the 24,000 different fossils already catalogued, must there not have been some specimens showing the incipient mammoth? Nay, as the mammoth is one, while the steps between the mollusc and the mammoth must be many, ought we not to find twenty specimens of the developing mammoth for one of the matured animal?

J. Yes; I should think so.

W. Well, then; what is to be said when, against a great number of mammoths in their complete form, there is not a single developing mammoth to be placed? Each of these creatures, standing alone, is a witness to the fact of creation. Geology tells us, with unhesitating voice, that for millions of years in its Palaeozoic period there was no mammoth; that for millions of years in its Secondary period there was no mammoth; but that in the Tertiary period multitudes of mammoths suddenly appeared. The inference is obvious—“The hand of the Creator has been at work.” “No,” say some who dislike the idea of creation: “these creatures were merely developed.” To which we reply, “Show us some proof of this, for without it your supposition is simply absurd. Just as easily may we give credit to the dreamy legends of the Hindoo or the Chinese, as receive the surmise of a would-be philosopher without an atom of proof. If, for tens of thousands of years, inferior animals were constantly developing into higher kinds, there must have been specimens and examples of this change among the myriads of fossils which everywhere abound. Their non-appearance is a proof of their non-existence. Your theory is submitted to the test of fact, and it is disproved.”

J. You think it clear and certain, then, that

\* “Footprints,” p. 294.

if these great quadrupeds were gradually formed by enlargements and improvements of inferior creatures, some evidence, some specimens of these animals in the course of "development," must exist?

W. I leave it to you. Is it not a dictate of common sense? The fact, be it observed, is as certain as any one fact in geology can be, that during the whole of the Paleozoic and Secondary periods, embracing millions of years, no such creature as a mammoth can be found. Yet other creatures, fish and reptiles, are met with by thousands. We pass on to the Tertiary period, the period preceding the present, and now we find huge quadrupeds in multitudes. How came they there? We reply, By the same Almighty fiat which produced fish when there were none, and life itself where no life had existed before. "These creatures," says Professor Sedgwick, "have no zoological base to rest upon. They were not called into being by any known law of Nature, but by a power above Nature: they were created." The like argument applies, in turn, to all the other classes—to birds, to reptiles, and to fishes. "How were birds called into being? We reply, They were created." We are met by a supposition that these great quadrupeds had grown by development, or improvement, out of the fish or reptiles of the earlier periods. We reply by calling for proof. Just as all geologists agree that man did not exist until the present or human period, because they have investigated the earth's crust in thousands of places, and have discovered tens of thousands of pre-Adamite creatures, but have never met with the slightest trace of man, so we say that development is a dream, a mere fiction of some foolish atheist; inasmuch as, if such a thing had ever been, some traces of it must have remained. No such fact can be discovered, and hence we say that no such fact ever was. To use the words of Professor Sedgwick, "Geology, taken as a plain succession of monuments and facts, offers one firm, cumulative argument against the hypothesis of development."\*

J. Well; but supposing all this to be admitted, how does it bear on the question of miracles?

W. Most palpably, and most unanswerably. A philosopher, of course, will not look upon the

earth with reference only to the present or human period. He looks upon it as having existed for millions of years. Well, the question is, whether, on being first dismissed from its Maker's hands, it was left to the government of natural law, or the laws of Nature alone, or whether its Author has sometimes interposed and overruled those laws by interpositions which we call miracles. Those who dislike this idea object to the notion of creation just as much as they do to that of a miracle; for, in fact, they have discernment enough to see that creation is a miracle. To call a mammoth suddenly into existence is as great an interference with "the laws of Nature," as to call a dead man out of the grave. Hence, to admit the fact of the successive creation of the lower creatures, then of the higher, and then of man himself, renders it irrational for a man, after this admission, to question such facts as the incarnation, resurrection, or ascension; and thus geology, while it rejects and overthrows the fiction of development, establishes the fact of creation, and creation is nothing else than the first and greatest of miracles.

J. Yes, I see what you mean now, and I do not think that the possibility of miracles can be questioned, except the questioner has first denied creation, and so has practically denied the very existence of a God.

W. Why, as I have said, atheism, or a denial of the existence of a God, is the real foundation of the development system. I know, indeed, that they will shrink from this charge, and assert that they admit a First Cause, and are willing to concede that, millions of years ago, the laws of Nature emanated from some Divine mind; but this First Cause is the only Deity that they will allow to exist. A God actually ruling over the world which he had made, and creating or calling forth new ones, is an idea which they receive with evident disgust; and therefore it is that I attach so much value and importance to the fact that geology shows us creation in its steps or stages, and exhibits that very power in operation which our modern atheists so evidently dislike and so earnestly deny.

J. Yes; I have always felt that there was something strange, unproved, and unprovable, in the development theory. Did it never strike you that there was a character of absurdity imprinted on its very face?

\* "Edinburgh Review," No. clxv., p. 62.

W. Absurdity! it is more than that. It is a standing proof of the truth of the Psalmist's saying that it is only "the fool" that "says in his heart, There is no God." Think of a man being so resolved not to believe in creation, because he hates the idea of an active, ever-present God, that, to avoid this, "we are called on to believe that geese may hatch rats, that cassowaries may hatch kangaroos, that seals may breed into lions, and whales into elephants; and that monkeys, through good-breeding, may become men!" Amidst the voluminous chronicles of human folly, there is, I think, no single case of fatuity which surpasses this.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON READING "A CASE OF CONSCIENCE," ADDRESSED TO A CORRESPONDENT SIGNING HIMSELF "PECCATORUM OMNIA MAXIMUS," NO. 56, NOV. 8.

NEW YEAR'S DAY again has fled,  
Another year is flying;  
Swiftly each will speed away  
Till Time itself be dying.  
  
Have our years been wisely spent,  
Our hearts to God been given?  
Have we stored our treasure here?  
Or is it stored in heaven?  
  
Is there one whose conscience tells  
A tale of sin and sadness?  
One whose guilt has dried the wells  
Of peace, and hope, and gladness?  
  
Leave to God the mournful past,  
Confess thy sin with sorrow;  
Weeping with the night may last,  
Joy cometh with the morrow.  
  
Faint not, sinner; hear the rod,  
Nor turn away despairing;  
See the guiltless Son of God  
The guilt of mortals bearing.  
  
At the foot of his dear cross  
Thy heavy burden laying,  
He will purge away thy dross,  
And thou shalt hear Him saying—  
  
"Mourning sinner, come to me,  
Thy sins shall be forgiven;  
Lo, peace and pardon are for thee,  
And rest with me in heaven!"

## TIME USED IS LIFE.

AN eminent divine was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians, who declared, on being questioned by the sick man, that his disease would be followed by death in a longer or shorter time, according to the manner in which he lived; but they advised him unanimously to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him.

"If," inquired the divine, "I give myself up to

repose, how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?"

"Probably six years," answered the doctors.

"And if I continue in office?"

"Three years, at most."

"Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good to living six years in idleness."

## CONTENT.

## A CHINESE STORY.

WE were not long since struck by the pointed moral contained in this little Chinese story:—

"Hoo-Shaon was a very poor man, yet he daily thanked heaven for pure bliss. His wife said to him, 'We have daily only three meals of greens, rice, and water. What do you call pure bliss?' He replied, 'Happily, we live in times of peace, and experience none of the miseries arising from conflicting armies; happily, there is nobody in our family suffers from hunger and cold; and happily, none of us are laid on a bed of sickness, nor immersed in a prison. If this be not pure bliss, I know not what is.'" Though this is but a pagan story, I think it, as you will, a very edifying one. "We have to thank heaven for all that poor Hoo-Shaon had, and a great deal more," adds the excellent translator, Dr. Morrison; "and how many of us might make the same acknowledgment without feeling that we are contented!"

## Eminent Christians.

## JOHN CALVIN.\* III. (Concluded.)

THE opposition encountered by Calvin's party still continued, but it perpetually shifted its ground. Among its new causes of complaint we find the French and other foreigners who were sheltered and favoured at Geneva. These foreigners were many of them on Calvin's side, while the Libertines, as they were called, were mostly real Genevese. But it was surely a want of true Christian love which prompted the annoyance of the refugees who had fled to Geneva for the love of the Gospel. It was worse than want of charity which accused the poor exiles of plots against the state. The real plotters were the Libertines, and some of them were overtaken by severe punishments; others of them were expelled, and thus their power was broken.

Meanwhile, Calvin endured many insults and vexations, but amid all his troubles he laboured mightily for the cause of Christ. Not the smallest of his trials are to be discovered in the record of his personal afflictions and his family sorrows. We have already referred to the loss of his children, and we must now add the death of his wife. Poor Idelette

\* "Calvin: His Life, his Labours, and his Writings." Translated from the French of Félix Bungener. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

suffered much in her health, and in 1549 she was removed, leaving behind a delightful testimony of her living interest in the salvation of Christ. Calvin was half stunned by the stroke, but he retained his unconquerable self-possession, and was enabled to go on with his work. The loss of his wife fell very heavily upon him, and he never sought to supply her place by another.

Calvin had been accused of many things, and especially of being a persecutor. It would, however, be unfair to judge him except by the standard of his own times; and when we do this, we may have to regret that he retained so much of the spirit of his age. But while we cannot wholly pronounce him blameless, we can say with confidence that the true wonder is that he was not more severe. The very men against whom he showed severity were not models of meekness. He caused Castalio, an eminent scholar, to be censured, but Castalio had interrupted him in the pulpit. Bolec was expelled, but Bolec had denounced Calvin as a heretic, and been very violent; he, moreover, showed his animosity by long after publishing against the memory of Calvin a most scurrilous and mendacious book. Of all Calvin's opponents, however, Servetus is the most famous. This man was a Socinian. He was a Spaniard, of the same age as Calvin, and had first encountered him at Paris. He had been condemned to death for heresy at Vienne, in France, before his final appearance at Geneva. At that time it was a universal belief that those who denied such doctrines as the deity of Christ or the personality of God ought to be put to death; hence, no one, whether Papist or Protestant, complained. When Servetus was put to death at Geneva, the complaint belongs to a later and more liberal age. Servetus was animated by the same spirit, and would not have hesitated to erect the scaffold for Calvin. We can afford to regret all this, but we must never forget that the doctrines of religious liberty have ever been of slow growth. We now turn to the facts.

Servetus escaped from Vienne and came to Geneva, where he remained till he was arrested on the demand of Calvin. After several examinations, in some of which he entered into discussion with Calvin, Servetus was condemned to die. In this sentence Calvin fully concurred, but it is beyond contradiction that he wished Servetus to be beheaded, and not burned. Calvin's wish was not complied with, and Servetus died at the stake. In this condemnation the Genevan government had the concurrence of other cantons of Switzerland, and some of the leading reformers were of the same mind with Calvin. When attending the victim at the stake, even the excellent and pious Farel never thought of pity, but sternly and coldly performed what he believed to be his duty to God and man. We may well wonder at these men, and admire the firmness with which they saw or suffered death; and while

we are sorry more merciful principles did not rule, let us ask whether we do not owe something to this very constancy. We may even blame Calvin, if we will, in the matter of Servetus, but justice requires that we should not lay on him all the reproach of putting a heretic to death: justice also demands that we should free him from all reproach as to the manner in which Servetus suffered. It may be well to remember, also, that at that very time Rome was immolating Protestants by thousands all over Europe.

In France severities were the order of the day, and M. Bungener tells us of some who suffered a martyr's death. There was Philibert Hamelin, who had been condemned to die, but escaped to Geneva. His zeal refused to let him rest, and he set out again to preach to his brethren and countrymen. After four years he was again arrested, and was burned alive at Bordeaux. There were two who perished at Lyons; and five others, young men, who went out to preach Christ, were also taken at Lyons, and died by fire. There was Dymonet, also a martyr, and Richard Le Fevre, and others who laid down their lives joyfully about that time. All these were the friends and correspondents of Calvin, who, to his honour be it said, never counselled fear, but exhorted them to be ready to die for Jesus and his truth.

Let us turn for a moment to England, and we find the name and power of Calvin honoured as in other lands. Henry VIII. died in 1547, and Edward VI. succeeded him. The Duke of Somerset, the lord protector, was imbued with Gospel principles, and to him Calvin wrote a remarkable letter, and dedicated a commentary on 1 Timothy. In the letter, Calvin states the principles upon which alone a true Reformation can be effected, and there is good reason to believe that it had much influence in the measures which followed. Calvin not only corresponded with Somerset, he dedicated to the Josiah of England his commentary on Isaiah, and that on the general Epistles. These books were received with great favour by the young king, as also was a commentary on Psalm lxxxvii. Another of Calvin's English correspondents was Cranmer. If Providence had not interfered, Calvin might have come to England, and changed materially the aspect of the national religion. Scotland, too, is indebted to him. John Knox spent three years at Geneva, and seems to have profited by the opportunities he had of converse with Calvin. We may add that Holland is another country where Calvin's influence was felt, and is still felt. Of Italy we may say less. The church in Italy was extinguished by persecution, and its remnants only existed in exile. Some of the exiles found a place at Geneva, the common rendezvous of those who were driven away from home and country by Romish persecution. To this citadel among the rocks many thronged from France and Italy, from Holland and Belgium, from Scotland and England. The English exiles in par-

ticular during the reign of Mary made and published a new translation of the Bible into English.

It would take too long to mention all the relations in which Calvin stood to the Protestants of Europe; let us, then, refer again to his writings. His commentaries on the Bible were copious and important—so important that to this day they are read and admired in almost all the languages of Europe. He introduced a new system of exposition, and one which has been imitated by many who have written since. We know not which most to praise, his spiritual insight or his critical sagacity. If his "Institutes" mark him as the ablest theologian of his age, his commentaries point him out as its best critic and expositor. Perhaps among all the remarkable things that Calvin did, nothing is more remarkable than his series of commentaries. Of his many other writings still unmentioned by us we can only speak. He wrote against Romish error, and the Council of Trent, against the erroneous views of some Protestants, and upon a multitude of topics connected with passing circumstances. Among the works named by M. Bungenre are some which must have rendered good service to the cause of truth, and helped to free men's minds from the superstitions and delusions which were then so common. Nor must we omit to mention his sermons, which were not only preached but published.

The position of Calvin was often very difficult, as when the Protestants of France were goaded by persecution to defend themselves with the sword. At that critical juncture the advice of Calvin was sought as usual, and it is apparent that his counsel was in favour of peace and moderation. His motto was "patient continuance in well-doing," whatever might be the consequences. He watched over the interests of the Gospel in France with a zeal that never relaxed, and while he did his utmost to promote the good work in that country, he laboured hard to stay the cruel persecutions to which its promoters were exposed. We must pass over the details of this interesting chapter in his history, and hasten to a conclusion.

During the last nine years of his life he wrote most of his commentaries on the Old Testament, besides other works. During the same period he was incessantly active in the affairs of the church and state of Geneva. He secured the foundation of a theological college, where the ministers of Geneva are still educated. But amid his exertions the warnings of approaching dissolution became too loud to be mistaken. His health grew more precarious than ever, and he looked forward to his release. In 1563 it seemed plain that he must soon depart, but he went on till February, 1564, when he was attacked in the pulpit with a violent fit of coughing, and an effusion of blood. His sufferings were dreadful, but on Easter day he was borne again to his church, and for the last time he celebrated the Lord's Supper there,

After this, he had sundry parting interviews with the Genevan magistrates and with old friends. At length, on May 27th, towards eight o'clock in the evening, "one of the great lights on earth in the church of God was withdrawn to heaven." He bore his anguish in patience, and when words failed, testified by his very looks to the faith and hope that dwelt in him. On May 28th, 1564, he was accompanied to his last resting place by an immense concourse of weeping citizens and strangers. His grave is unknown, but his memorial remains on earth, and his record is on High.

### The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH C. O., J. L. G., EDWIN, J. W. B., H. B. W., AND OTHERS.

### CHAPTER XIX.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

MANY of our readers will remember a copy of verses ending thus:—

"It then occur'd, how sad 'twould be  
Were this world only made for me."

These lines have been for many years ascribed to the late Princess Amelia, the daughter of his majesty George III.; as such they have been repeatedly printed and quoted, and the general opinion of the authorship was confirmed by the verses being found in her royal highness's handwriting among her papers at the time of her demise.

Our attention has been called to a small volume of poems written by Lady Tuite, of Bath, in which we find these verses, with a note stating that they were penned by her ladyship, with other poems, in 1796, and a copy was given by the authoress to the late Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, from which the Princess Amelia transcribed her copy.

If it be thus difficult to adjust the authorship of some popular lines that have been penned within the memory of persons living, need we be astonished to find that difficulties sometimes arise in fixing the authorship of a manuscript that has been two or three thousand years in existence? As the intrinsic merit of the lines is not affected by the misconception under which we have laboured, so it is possible that an epistle or an historical book may be ascribed to a writer who really was not the author, and yet the statements contained in the document may preserve unimpaired the internal evidence of their inspired character.

### SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS.

The Committee of the Lord's Day Observance Society have been good enough to forward to the Editor of THE QUIVER the copy of a memorial addressed to the chairman and the directors of the principal railways that have their termini in the metropolis.

The object of this memorial is to induce the chairman and the directors to prohibit the Sunday excursion trains, because they tend to the desecration of the Sabbath, and to the moral injury of the people.

If documents are to be estimated by the weight and

influence of the persons from whom they emanate, the memorial now before us, representing the religious sentiments of the nation, or a large portion thereof, ought to be irresistible. This important document bears the signatures of the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York, and also of the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Peterborough, Ely, Lichfield, Manchester, Bath and Wells, Exeter, Oxford, Lincoln, Worcester, Chichester, Chester, Salisbury, St. Asaph, St. David, Carlisle, Llandaff, Ripon, Norwich, Rochester, Bristol, Bangor, and Sodor and Man: that it may be considered as speaking the sentiments of the members of the Church of England; and as a work that tends to the preservation of good morals, to the increase of piety, and to the duties of public worship, is alike incumbent upon all God's servants. We find this document supported by the Congregational body of England and Wales, by the influential body of the Wesleyans, by the Presbyterians of London, by the members of the Methodist New Connexion, by the inhabitants of various parishes, and by congregations in different parts of the metropolis.

Whatever may be the pecuniary amount involved in this question of Sunday excursion trains, we trust that a request founded on weighty reasons, and thus powerfully advocated, will not prove unproductive of good in its results, and we would respectfully urge upon the authorities the amount of responsibility incurred should the religious voice of the kingdom be unheeded. In the event of non-compliance, the returns may be considerable—though we believe the profits in excursion traffic are not so great as is sometimes supposed—but the perils of a day, or the disasters of a night, may make losses, and not profits, the leading consideration. Let the directors afford increasing facilities for the every day enjoyment of the people, and by a largely reduced tariff let them create a demand, and thus render six days in the week cheap excursion days. If the chairman and the directors, with their powers of calculation, and their business-like habits, would reflect upon the effects produced in this kingdom by cheap glass, cheap paper, cheap almanacks, cheap steamboats, cheap omnibuses, and cheap postage, they might possibly be led to try the effects of railway travelling at a very large reduction from the present rate of charges. "Light gains and frequent," say the Italians, "make the heavy purse;" and fifty passengers conveyed for a shilling a given distance would afford, we fancy, a richer dividend than would be rendered by the payment of five persons, although each contributed his half-crown for the same services. A bold and spirited reduction of the fares would, we believe, promote the pecuniary benefit of the shareholders, would gratify the public, and would tend to give full effect to the object of the memorial.

#### THE WOUND IN THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.

E. A difference of opinion prevails among some of our readers respecting the propriety of representing the wound in the body of Christ on the right side, as is generally exhibited by artists in their various paintings of the Crucifixion, and also in their representations of Christ after the resurrection. Our friends ask us to offer an opinion.

It is a great blunder on the part of painters to repre-

sent the wound of the spear on the right side of our Saviour's body.

The immediate cause of the death of Christ has been shown by Dr. Stroud, on both physiological and psychological grounds, to have been a broken heart—not figuratively speaking, but literally—a heart burst by such a depth of woe, such intensity of mental agony, as never other man felt, or could feel. This was the reason why the Lord was found already dead when the soldiers expected to find him, like the two malefactors, dying the usual lingering death of torture by crucifixion.

The first effect of a rupture of the heart would be that the blood it contained would escape into and distend the bag which naturally incloses it; the next would be that the blood would separate into two parts—the clot, or the solid part, and the serum, or the watery part of the blood. The heart, in its natural or healthy state, is near the inner surface of the chest, on the left side of the body. Its bag, or pericardium, being distended by the escaped contents, would be brought into actual contact with the inner side of the ribs, and if a spear pierced the side, there would forthwith flow out "blood and water."

Had the spear entered the right side of the body, it might have passed through the right lung, and have reached the heart; but the blood and water would not have flowed down the body so as to have been seen by the bystanders, but would have been lost in the cavity of the chest, as the quantity does not exceed a few ounces.

It is clear, therefore, that it is an error to depict the wound on the right side of our Saviour's body.

#### F. Was the leprosy contagious?

E. Yes, highly so. Had it not been contagious it would have afforded but an imperfect emblem of the pollution of sin. Owing to its contagious tendency, the leper was carefully excluded from the society of the healthy. As the leprosy was easily communicated, many precautions were enjoined by the Mosaic law to prevent any intercourse between the leper and those who were free from the disease. The prohibition extended under the law of Moses even to the dead bodies of those infected, which were not allowed to be buried with the bodies of those persons who had died exempt from this malady.

#### F. Who were the Galileans whom Pilate slew?

Luke xiii. 1.

E. Who they were is uncertain. Whithy, Hammond, Clarke, and others are of opinion that they were the followers of Judas of Galilee, mentioned in Acts v. 37, who "in the days of the taxing, drew away much people after him: he perished." He taught the people that they were to acknowledge the Lord only as king, and were not to pay tribute to Cesar, and thus spread sedition against the Roman government. Pilate fell upon him and his followers while they were offering sacrifices, and slew them, and their blood mingled with the sacrifices.

#### F. In Colossians iv. 16, mention is made of the Epistle from Laodicea. What Epistle is meant?

E. The city of the Laodiceans lay between Colosse and Ephesus. It is thought that the letter addressed by the Apostle to the Ephesians may have been forwarded by the Apostle's instructions to Laodicea, and that it was

his wish that this letter should be procured from Laodicea, and read publicly to the Colossians. It was customary in early times to forward important documents to men of other cities, that they might obtain the needful instruction. The First Epistle to Timothy is said to have been forwarded from Laodicea, and therefore some persons are of opinion that that was the Epistle to which the Apostle referred; but these appendages to the various Epistles form no part of the sacred text, and are not always to be relied upon.

F. Who was Cain's wife?

E. Of necessity, Cain's sister; and no prohibition at that early period rendered the union unlawful.

### Mother's Department.

#### DR. DODDRIDGE AND HIS MOTHER.

IT is related of the mother of Dr. Doddridge, "that when her son was quite a little boy, she used to teach him Scripture history from the Dutch tiles of the fire place, on which there were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible. He never forgot those early instructions, and probably to them, under God, his future usefulness may be traced."

#### BE NOT CONFORMED TO THIS WORLD.

"As I grow older as a parent," says Dr. W. Alexander, "my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter will countervail parental instruction, and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society. By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the habits of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone Lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influences on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us."

#### THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

MANY well-meaning persons are induced to say, "Do not put the Bible too soon into young children's hands. Do not take them so early to public worship. Do not insist so strenuously upon their learning catechisms, hymns, and prayers. Do not make such a point of their attending family devotion. If you begin so soon, and press the matter so strongly, you will disgust your children with religion, and they will turn out the worse." To all this it might be sufficient to answer—Duty is ours; success is God's. Our duty is to train up our children in the faith and fear of God. That duty commences with their birth, and those apprehensions of evil consequences which would lead us to neglect the Divine

command, ought to be instantaneously rejected, as temptations of our great enemy. But it may, moreover, be added, that these well-meaning persons are as much mistaken in fact as they are in theory. In most instances where young persons have been distinguished for early piety, it will be found that they have been early introduced to public and family worship, and most carefully secluded from worldly principles and examples. Young persons are much more frequently dissatisfied with religion by the inconsistencies of those who profess it, than by any other cause; and there cannot be a grosser inconsistency than for a man to acknowledge religion as a concern of supreme importance, and yet to allow his children and his family to remain in comparative ignorance of its doctrines, and in the neglect of its plain and positive precepts. The indulgence of sloth and indolence, on the one hand, or of bad tempers and tyrannical dispositions on the other, will be found the grand cause why the children of many professors of religion decline from the good ways of God. The dangers from negligence, indecision, and careless walking are inconceivably greater than those which can result from a wise attention to religious duties.

#### A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR, in "The Wanderings of a Bible," thus portrays the following scene in a sceptical club:—

"I, for one, vote that we burn the book, as a testimony against its opinions."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted the throng, and the plan would have been put in immediate execution, but Henry Wilson stepped forward with a flushed face, and, alas! an unsteady step; yet his mother's memory was not utterly obliterated. Taking up the book, he exclaimed, "You'll ask my leave first; the book is mine!"

"Why, Henry! you left the noble ranks of the Moral Regenerators?" shouted many voices.

"No, no, not I!" returned the youth. "You may burn your own Bibles, if you like; it's not because it is a Bible I save it, but for another reason, that I'm not bound to tell. The long and short of it is, you don't burn my book without my leave, and I won't give it."

Hisses, groans, laughter, and gibes were freely uttered, and filled the room with discord; when the fiddlers, afraid that the party would break up in confusion, effected a successful change in the feelings of the assembly by striking up a tune to a popular song with such a company. Meanwhile, Henry effected a retreat from the place, and too much excited to heed the consequences, he boldly went up to the rooms where he thought he should find Alice. The rescued Bible was in his hands. As he drew near the open door of a room, where a light from within guided him, he saw the eldest son of the landlord, a boy of about five years old, kneeling down in his night-dress at the knee of Alice, whose back was towards him, and repeating after her the Lord's Prayer. Spell-bound, he paused on the threshold; the soft accents thrilled through him; he trembled at the words like a tree shaken by the wind. His infancy came vividly before him; in an instant, he seemed again a child at his mother's knee, her meek face bending over him, her gentle voice pleading with

him. And how had he treated that mother's love? how honoured that dear teacher's instructions? He stood transfixed by the keen arrow of remorse. O! ye who watch beside the cradle of infancy, who bear and forbear the waywardness of youth with a love that "hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things," be not cast down. If the good seed has been sown in faith and prayer, and perchance your mortal sight may never behold the produce, yet at the great day ye shall reap a joyful harvest.

Henry Wilson made a desperate effort, when the child's prayer was concluded, and knocked at the open door to announce his presence, when Alice turned and approached him. She was startled to perceive his pale face, and he was for an instant unable to speak.

"Why are you here? What do you want?" she inquired.

"To give you this," faltered the youth, presenting the Bible to the startled girl. She put it back gently, and was declining the present when he said vehemently, "Don't refuse my request, Alice. Be a friend to me. I've wished for months to speak to you, and now I'm not able. Keep this book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—it belonged to my poor mother. You'll use it properly, and take care of it; I'm not worthy to have it."

#### SPARROW ON DIVINE MERCY.

God requires that we should make known our misery before he would show us his mercy; that we should confess our sins before he would forgive us our iniquities. And as we confess that we have turned from God by sinning, so must we profess our purpose of turning to God by obedience. As we have dishonoured him by our sins, so must we endeavour a restitution. Godly sorrow works an earnest and hearty desire to please and content him. He that fears not to offend, that desires not to please, never sorrowed from his heart; and he that never thus sorrowed, never truly confessed.

#### ANECDOTE OF IRVING.

A CERTAIN shoemaker, of infidel principles, was among the number of those under the Rev. Edward Irving's care: a workman, always at home, and always silent, with his back turned upon the visitors, and refusing any communication, except a sullen hump of implied criticism. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over is attributed to a sudden and happy thought on Irving's part. Approaching the bench, one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on, with redoubled industry, at his work, but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and pretence of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do ye ken about leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a

tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly upon that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigour after this, till finally the recusant threw down his arms. "Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow! do you preach?" said the vanquished man, curious to know more of his visitor. The advantage was discreetly, but not too hotly, pursued, and on the following Sunday the rebel made a defiant, shy appearance at church. Next day Irving encountered him in the street, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken, sedentary workman, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way, not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children, henceforward, went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "blacks" so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and became a church-goer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed in a very characteristic manner, taking care to conceal all deeper feeling in the self-excusing pretence, "He's a sensible man, yes: he kens about leather."

#### PLEASING SCENES; OR, HINTS FOR DOING GOOD.

No. 5.—A little boy, or a little girl, calling once a day at some poor widow's cottage, where the aged inmate is unable to get about, simply to say, "Widow Jones, my father desires me to ask, Can I do anything for you to-day?" The answer, perhaps, would be, "Yes, my child, you may fetch me a little can of fresh water from the spring;" or some other little service might be required, little in itself, but tending greatly to promote the feeble creature's comfort. Small as the benefit might be, the receiver and the doer would both be gainers; for a generous action blessed him that gives as well as those that receive, and the widow might be cheered in her lonely life by thinking that there were some persons in the world who wished to do her service.

#### WHAT IS FAITH?

FAITH is a hearty approval of God's appointed way of salvation, with a thankful reception of the same, upon a conviction of our guilt, sinfulness, and misery. It glorifies God in all his perfections, and produces an entire dependence upon Christ for pardon, peace, acceptance, grace, and eternal life.

## Youths' Department.

## UNCLE HENRY'S STORY.

UNCLE HENRY, in his childhood, was a bold and daring boy; and now that he was a man of middle age, his two nephews, George and John, took great delight in hearing him recount the feats of his boyhood.

"Uncle Henry," said George, one day, "were you ever afraid of anything when you were a boy?"

"I don't believe he was," said John. "He wasn't afraid of the water when he saved Bennie Bliss from drowning, and he wasn't afraid of that snake which frightened Carrie Mason."

But Uncle Henry was now looking thoughtful.

"Yes, boys," he said, after a short silence; "your Uncle Henry knew what it was to be afraid when he was a boy. I now remember one such time in particular."

"Tell us about it, uncle, won't you?" said John.

"What were you afraid of?" said George, with eager interest.

"I was afraid to look my father in the face."

"Were you afraid of such a little thing as that?" said John. "I am sure it is not much to look any one in the face."

George looked as if he thought differently.

"I rather think I understand it," he said. "I think Uncle Henry had been doing something wrong."

"Oh!" said John, "I did not think of that."

"Were you ever afraid to look your father in the face?" inquired Uncle Henry, fixing a pair of rather searching eyes on the face of John.

His nephew looked conscious, and hung his head a little, for at the moment he had a pretty vivid recollection of more than one instance in which such had been the fact.

"I will tell you about the time when I was such a coward," said Uncle Henry, without waiting for an answer to his question. "It was many years ago, in the month of June, that month of long, bright days."

"The month that gives us such delicious strawberries from father's strawberry beds," interrupted George.

"Yes," said Uncle Henry; "and the story I have to tell you is a story about strawberries."

"That is strange," said George.

"What is strange?" asked Uncle Henry.

"That I should be thinking about strawberries when you were going to tell us a story about them."

"Did your father have strawberry beds in his garden?" inquired John.

"No; cultivated strawberries were rare in those days. We went to the fields and the meadows, and not to the garden, for our strawberries. Some of those wild berries were very nice and sweet, though much smaller than the cultivated ones. The finest

and largest usually grew in meadows and on moist ground. With me, as with George, thoughts of June were associated with this delicious fruit. I was very fond of wandering over the fields and meadows to gather it. One morning during the June of which I now speak, my father called me to him.

"'Henry,' he said, 'you must not go into Mr. Clark's meadow after strawberries again this season. The grass is getting quite high, and he dislikes very much to have it trampled down.'

"I was sorry to hear this, as some very fine strawberries grew in that meadow."

"That afternoon I took my basket, and went out to gather berries. I went to a field adjoining the meadow which I had been forbidden to enter. Here I picked till my basket was half full. The berries were abundant, but they were not so large and nice as those which grew in the meadow. This fact rendered me discontented, and I began to wish that I could go into the meadow after them. My dear mother had often told me that it was very dangerous to allow our desires to go out after forbidden objects; but that afternoon her wise counsels were unheeded, and I continued to wish for the meadow strawberries.

"At last I concluded that I would go down to the fence dividing the field where I was picking from the meadow. I thought the berries might be larger near the meadow. This was true, but another thing was quite as true, which I did not take into the account. I did not stop to think that the temptation to disobey my father would increase in size more than the strawberries.

"I found the berries, as I expected, much larger and sweeter; but this only increased my dissatisfaction, because I thought I should find them so much larger and better if I could only go into the meadow.

"I was now close by the fence. Looking through it, I saw several tempting berries. I thought it was too bad that I could not have them. I had invited temptation, and now I was fast yielding to it. After a struggle, I decided to get over the fence, and pick just the berries which were in sight.

"My conscience remonstrated loudly, but I tried to hush its voice by various excuses. I should not trample the grass if I kept near the fence; and the berries were so nice; and I wanted them for my mother, who was not well that day, and would relish them so much. I only intended to get those I could see through the fence; but after picking these, I was allured on by the sight of others, until at last I was startled to find myself almost in the middle of the meadow.

"'This will never do,' I thought. 'What would my father say if he knew I was here in the middle of Mr. Clark's meadow?'

"The thought so alarmed me, and aroused my conscience, that I made my way out of the meadow at once. I had now some very nice berries in my

basket, and I tried to comfort myself with the thought that my mother would relish them very much. But a new difficulty occurred. If I carried them home, might not their superior quality lead to the suspicion that they had been taken from forbidden ground? My guilty conscience magnified the danger till I dared not take home one of the berries which had been picked in the meadow. My only resource was to eat them myself, leaving in my basket those which had been picked in the field, which could not bear witness against me. I can assure you I did not relish them. In fact, they were quite wasted. They might as well have been the most indiferent of fruit, for any enjoyment I had of them that afternoon. Having thus disposed of the meadow strawberries, I made my way home with the rest.

"My strawberries did not appear on the tea-table that night. During my absence, my mother had been tempted, by their superior quality, to purchase a quart of a boy who offered them for sale. They had not been picked in Mr. Clark's meadow, but in one a mile distant.

"They attracted my father's attention as soon as we sat down to the table.

"Where did these strawberries come from?" he asked quickly, at the same time glancing at me.

"The question caused the blood to rush to my face. I knew that all was right about those strawberries, but I was painfully reminded that all was not right with me. If my face had looked half as red as it felt, I am sure my father must have read my secret there; but he did not. My mother explained how she came by the berries, and the answer proved perfectly satisfactory.

"But this was not the last of the strawberries with me. Instead of getting over it, I grew more and more unhappy about it. My conscience lashed me perpetually, for I had been so carefully trained that I felt it was a great crime to disobey a parent. I could not see a strawberry without its reminding me of my guilt, and, as I have already said, I could not get courage to look my father in the face.

"I knew that only a frank confession of my fault could restore my peace of mind; but here again I was a coward. After I had resolved to make this confession, I put it off from day to day, because I could not get courage.

"At last, one night, I said to myself, 'I will not be such a coward. I will be able to meet my father's eye once more. I shall feel a great deal better when it is all known and forgiven.'

"I was in the garden when I came to this point. I knew my father was in the sitting-room; so, having made up my mind, I proceeded towards the house. I looked into the sitting-room. Father was there reading a newspaper. He did not see me, and no wonder; for my step was too timid and stealthy to arouse the attention of any one.

"My reluctant heart now seized hold of the only excuse which seemed to offer. 'Your father is reading,' it said, 'and it is not good manners to interrupt him when he is thus engaged.' I fear I was more mannerly at that moment than at many other times.

"I was turning away, availing myself of this plea, when my father, whose back was towards me, suddenly laid down the paper. Now I had no excuse. He was alone in the room, and unoccupied. I hesitated a moment. 'You cannot have a better time,' said conscience; 'and you have promised that you will do it.'

"With a desperate effort I resolved to do it. I approached my father. Perhaps my face revealed that I had a story to tell. At all events, my father accosted me with—

"Well, Henry, what is wanted?"

"I told him all. I shall not tell you what he said to me, and I need not tell you that I left the room with a burden taken off my heart. The next morning I could look my father in the face. Though I was sorry and humbled at the recollection of what I had done, I was no longer a coward."

"I think, if doing wrong could make a coward of Uncle Henry, it will make one of any boy," said George.

"That is true," said Uncle Henry. "Sin will sooner or later bring fear to the heart of every one that commits it."

"But I have seen boys who were not ashamed of doing wrong," said John.

"No doubt you have," said Uncle Henry; "but it is very sad to see such boys. They prove that their consciences have been hardened by sin. Those are most in danger who are now least afraid and ashamed of sin. The time will come when sin, unrepented and unforgiven, will make cowards of the bravest, and fill the hearts of the boldest with mortal terror. If a boy whose conscience is aroused cannot meet the eye of his father until he has confessed his fault and been forgiven, how will the unforgiven sinner be able to appear before the presence of his angry God and Judge? Can you tell me who will be able to stand in the day when God will judge the world?"

"Those who confess and forsake sin, and believe in Christ," said George.

"Think of this, my dear boys, as often as you call to mind the story of the time when your Uncle Henry was a coward."

#### COVENTRY WEAVERS.

WITH regret we learn, by information received from Coventry, that there is a class of plain workers among the ribbon weavers, who are also out of employ, and are not competent to take part in the decorative style of work. We sincerely hope that some benevolent and ingenious persons may devise that kind of production which will attract and please the public,

and afford employment to these sufferers. If anything can be suggested for the benefit of these plain workers, we shall be ready to give it all the publicity within our power.

### THE COTTON FAMINE.

A LETTER has been received by Messrs. CASSIOLI, PETER, & GALEF from Sir J. P. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, Secretary to the Bridgewater House Relief Committee, acknowledging, "with many cordial thanks," the receipt of the third instalment of £250, subscribed by readers of "THE QUIVER," and of another of our publications. Sir J. P. K. Shuttleworth adds:—"Nothing is more gratifying than the preference which working men throughout England show for the organised channels of relief, which diffuse from central sources the magnificent contributions of the public, to be locally disbursed by those whose personal sacrifices and unostentatious exertions have created in the minds of the poor a complete reliance on their sympathy, and confidence in their impartiality."

Our friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We beg to acknowledge the following further sums:—

		£	s	d	
Amount already acknowledged ...		£539	4	10	
Mrs. West	... 0 0 0	Wm. Rich	0 8 0		
Miss Royers (2nd sub.)	0 2 6	T. G. Clarke	0 9 7		
Master W. Wakefield	0 6 6	Employee of Cast. A.			
M. Books	0 1 0	Read (5th sub.)	0 10 0		
Tom F. Stratton-on-		Ann B. New Gren...	0 4 0		
Avon	0 4 4	Children of Wesleyan			
Mary Ann Fairweather	0 4 1	Sunday School, Chil...			
E. M. Hadleigh	0 2 6	die per Mr. J. Parke	0 7 1		
James Heaps	0 5 8	J. C. G. Anglesey	0 13 0		
F. Morris	0 1 4	St. Augustine School,			
M. A. E. Llandilo	0 2 1	Everton			
H. T. Bagshot	0 6 6	James Baird	0 2 8		
John Bridgeman	0 6 6	Laura Tindall	0 2 0		
M. C. Dublin	0 2 6	Emma Smith	0 2 0		
F. J.	0 4 3	Edward Hesling	0 12 0		
Wm. Whiddington	0 3 3	Agnes Thorn	0 2 0		
Andie Chipp...	0 6 5	A. M. Johnson	0 2 0		
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W. and M. R. Norwood	0 3 2	A Few of Mrs. Simmon's			
M. Read	0 9 5	Daughters	0 6 6		
M. B. Beckley	0 2 11	To be continued (6th			
Wm. J. Butler	0 4 3	sub.)	0 6 6		
J. J. S. Eland	0 6 6	Mary Wright	0 5 0		
Fanny S. Hodges	0 8 0	Joseph	0 1 0		
Wm. McLeod	0 8 0	St. T. Farnsworth	0 10 0		
J. M. Creath...	0 7 6	E. R. and W. F.			
J. W. Jeffry	0 6 5	Bristol	3 7		
Jane Tyfo	0 2 0	James and Ellen,			
A friend to the	0 0 0	Bristol	3 10		
cause	1 1		0 7 5		
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### WILLIAM ALLAIR: OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMBERS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

Base William Allair to sea again, and this time he

will not need a compass to find his way.

### CHAPTER XI.

A TASTE OF THE SEA.

The stay of the ship *Prosperous* in New York was limited. It may be asked by many why William Allair did not make a second run and quit the ship, as he found himself so uncomfortable upon it. Whether he would have attempted the step, I am unable to say, but at any rate he had no opportunity given him, being by far too closely watched. Possibly, the captain doubted whether such might not be his intention, for he never allowed him to go on shore but once, and then it was under convoy of the mate. From this port William wrote home, stating where he was, and that they were bound to the coast of California round Cape Horn. Not a word was there in his letter of having realised the pleasure he had so confidently counted on; neither was there mention of his bitter disappointment, or of his cruelly hard life; but there was a vein of sadness running through it, which told too surely its own tale, and the unhappiness of him who wrote it. So, all the tidings conveyed to his anxious relatives, to his mother, were, that he was in the severe trading service, bound upon the hardest known voyage, and that he was unhappy in body and in mind. It was omitted to be mentioned that he wrote one short note home from Liverpool, just to tell where he had gone, the letter being posted after the vessel had sailed.

The *Prosperous* commenced her voyage to California from New York, passing by Cape Horn. Ah! William had it now. If he had found the passage from England to America bad, what did he think of this, for a change? He wondered whether he could live through its ills. But let us get on at present, and you shall hear a little about it on the homeward voyage. In about five months they arrived at their destination, and anchored at Santa Barbara. After discharging her cargo, the *Prosperous* was to take in another, consisting chiefly of hides; to do which, the captain said would occupy them full two years from the time of arrival.

Neither is there leisure to give to the time spent of California, whether at Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Pedro, San Diego, or San Francisco, all of which bays, or ports, the ship was located in by turns. But, no matter where they were, the work was always hard, though it varied from the monotonous labour at sea. The landing of the cargo was sharp work, very sharp for William Allair, especially the rolling of the weighty casks up the hilly beach. Their whole exerted strength scarcely prevented the barrels rolling back upon them; their naked feet were constantly bleeding; bruised, and cut with the rough stones. The cargo landed, they were employed in getting off hides from the shore to the ship. Who, that had known William Allair in England, could recognise him now? Dressed in the roughest, lowest, meanest attire, his feet bare, his head covered with hides—the usual mode of carrying them! He had shrunk from a cut finger at home, delicately wrapped

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up in a piece of linen rag: he had to bear the far sharper pain of his bleeding feet. There was no wrapping up for them; cuts and wounds were left undressed and exposed to the rough beach, to be cut again.

You may be puzzled to know, boys, why he did not wear shoes. It is a common practice for the working sailor to go barefoot, and it was not possible to do otherwise at that time on the Mexican coast. Shoes were not, or scarcely to be, procured there: and the beach-work, combined with the constant wetting from the surf, would have worn out a pair almost in a day.

The hides had to be cured after being collected: or, to speak more intelligibly, to be converted into leather. This process was long, difficult, and disagreeable; the putrid flesh, sticking to the hides in places, oppressed the men with sickening nausea, and rendered William, more delicately reared than they, frequently ill. But ill or well, he must never cease from labour. In addition, the ship had to be tended and worked just as though they were at sea. The winds on the Californian coast are exceedingly violent, especially those blowing from the south-east. Often they would have to put out to sea and remain out for days together, encountering all the danger and hardship of a storm. So sudden would be the approach of these squalls that all hands must work away for their lives and get the vessel from the coast; otherwise she would have been driven on shore and dashed to pieces. And the curing of these fragrant hides had to be pursued all the same; for the process, once begun, must be continued without interruption, if they would preserve their hides and their leather.

A vastly agreeable life, was it not? Perhaps some of you would like to try it?

But, to linger on the Mexican coast would for us be neither profitable nor pleasant, and I have promised you some account of the return.

It was in the month of May, 1848, for you remember we are not writing of very late years, that the *Prosperous* commenced her homeward voyage, after a stay of considerably more than two years on the Californian coast, and nearly three since William Allair's departure from home.

Three years! Three years of hardship, toil, and privation! without a word of love or hope from the old house at home! Whether his friends wrote to him or not, he did not know. In the letter William had written from New York, he had been able to give no definite address: and so irregular was the postage system at that time in California, that, had they sent a dozen letters, the chances were he never would have received one.

The *Prosperous* was returning direct to New York, where William would receive his wages, and whence his intention was to proceed immediately to England. Two of the crew were left behind at San Diego: the hard labour with the incessant exposure on the coast, had wrought their effects: and when the ship was ready to sail, they were so ill that Captain Janns would not bring them away. Earnestly they implored not to be left on that inhospitable, half savage shore; but the captain coarsely answered, with an oath, that sick men were not wanted on board ship. In point of fact, this

is true. If a sailor falls sick on board, he must get well as he best can; there is nobody to nurse him. So they were left; which rendered the vessel two hands short.

As they neared Cape Horn, the weather became fearfully hard. They expected to pass it in July, the very worst month of all the twelve in that region of perpetual winter. By the latter end of June, they had come up with what the experienced sailors called Cape weather. Often, after their long, cheerless watch on deck the men had scarcely descended to the forecastle, when "All hands ahoy!" would send them back flying: sails must be taken in with double-quick speed, to wear through the squall that was coming. On, would come the blast; long before they were ready for it; sleet, snow, rain, and wind. Such wind! Never on shore let us talk again of the wind taking our breath away! The heavily laden ship would be thrown nearly on her beam ends, her timbers cracking, her top-gallant masts bending, the foam dashing over her bows, as she careered madly through the storm. The hands climbed aloft: what though the hail out their faces, and nearly blinded them, as it drove horizontally across the ocean, and the violent wind impeded almost entirely their movements—still they must work the ship. It was no child's play. The sails were as hard as boards, but they must be hauled and furled, and the men were wet through as they stood upon the yards; their hands, already stiffened and numbed, had to be beaten fiercely on the sails to prevent the fingers freezing. Not so quickly could they get through the business as they might have done under better auspices; it was impossible to go along quickly, with the shrouds and rigging iced over; also, they were short of hands. An hour, an hour and a half, two hours would pass, ere the task was done: and the half-frozen, hard-worked crew would descend from its completion, to find the hour had just struck for their watch on deck to be resumed.

It was on one of these days that the English lad, who had joined the ship at Liverpool at the same time as William Allair, got into trouble with the captain. His name was Robert Stone: commonly known on board as "Bob." Captain Janns was not of choice language at any time, but in moments of anger it became—well, what would not look orthodox upon paper. Showered down upon the unhappy Bob, it was not orthodox either, at least to his thinking, for he believed he was undeserving of it: and fatigued and worn out with his hard work, he answered insolently. One word led to another on both sides, and the captain, unused to have his harshest mandate reflected on, flew into a foaming passion, and ordered Bob to be seized up. The whole crew was summoned to witness the spectacle. Stone was made fast to the shrouds, his back bared; and the captain himself undertook the office of castigator.

The rope whirled in the air, and descended—

Once!

"Oh, spare me! spare me!" shrieked Bob, leaping up with the pain.

Twice! "I'll spare you," retorted the captain, "when I have brought you to your senses! I'll teach you what it is to brave me."

Thrice! four times! ever so many times; until the

unhappy culprit fainted. And William Allair, sick with horror, thought he should have fainted, too.

Half an hour elapsed. The larboard watch were keeping their watch on deck. Bob Stone belonged to this watch; but it may be thought by you inexperienced land boys that he was at any rate let off work for that day. No such thing. Bob's back had been treated to a wash of salt and water, and Bob himself was at his post on deck. Bob had not opened his lips since; and a sullen expression of pain pervaded his countenance. A gloomy silence reigned in the ship. The captain paced the deck, zigzag fashion, for the cargo stowed there left little room for walking; the mate stood to windward, looking at the appearance of the weather; when a sudden command, "Lay aloft there and unfurl the sails," was heard.

The men of the larboard watch prepared to man the rigging. Bob Stone alone went slowly. By those looking on, it may have been thought he went unwillingly; but that unfortunate back of his may have been alone in fault.

"Do you want another flogging?" roared the captain, as he sprang towards him, with an oath. "What are you loitering for, you skulking land lubber?"

He dragged himself up painfully: that was evident; and bore a hand with the rest. The captain recommenced his zigzag step, and the mate stretched out his hand for the night glass: he did not much like appearances out to windward.

"What's that?" cried he.

It was a sudden splash in the water: just as if a heavy weight had dropped, dash, into it. The captain and mate hurried to the vessel's side.

"A man overboard! A man overboard!" rose up the cry, echoing from one end of the ship to the other. Down came the men from the yards, like cats, eager to get out the quarter boat, before the order could be spoken.

One of the men had dropped from the yards aloft. Which of them? The larboard watch looked at one another: the captain looked at them collectively. The missing one was Bob Stone.

The boat was got off, and rowed towards the spot; but the ill-fated Bob was never seen again. In vain they strained their eyes around; no trace could be discerned of him, and the boat put back again.

"That makes a third hand gone!" was the comment of the sailors, one to another. "How shall we be able to wear the ship round the Cape?"

If William Allair had felt sick at the flogging, how did he feel now? An inward prayer went up to God, that the unhappy lad might have slipped unwittingly from the yards, and not have thrown himself off, in his shame and unhappiness.

Ere the boat had been made fast again, night was closing in; their night. At that period of the year, round Cape Horn, the sun, on favourable days, rises at nine and sets at three: but it is not often they can get to see the sun at all. A dismal scene, it was, that lone-some ship and her isolated crew. Many hundred miles away from available land; exposed to all the inclemencies of a Cape winter; living almost in a perpetual night; in danger of being drifted down by floating

masses of ice, tokens of which they had already begun to see; the dreadful hardships of their life and position cannot well be exaggerated. And now the visit of Death! No wonder that the men felt their spirits sinking.

The night set in heavily. Rain, sleet, and hail came down upon them; and the wind howled with an ominous sound. The thermometer had fallen greatly since the morning, which called forth the mate's opinion that they must be near large ice islands. Mrs. Allair had used to complain if William got his feet wet, or was out in the rain so as to damp his jacket. It was a mercy, William thought, that she did not see what he was exposed to now. It may be said that the men lived in water. All the clothing they possessed (and very short and scant it was) was perpetually wet: there were no means of drying it. Did the sun peep lazily out, their things would be hung up, but they did not dry. After a severe watch of four hours, they would take their clothes off in the forecastle, wring the water from them, and put on the change from which the water had been in a like manner previously wrung. But the discomfort of the wet clothes was nothing, compared to that of the boots—thick boots being indispensable to a Cape Horn attire. Always saturated with wet were they, rendering the feet miserably cold. You may get your feet warm in bed, young gentlemen; but you are not rounding Cape Horn, in a Cape winter. The berths on board the *Prosperous* were as wet as the men, for they could only get into them in their wet clothing. Perhaps you are indulged with a fire in your bed-chamber, when there is a little frost on the ground? Some boys get, who are cosseted up, not brought up. They should try William Allair's life for a day, just by way of change. His face and hands were often cut with the large, sharp hailstones; and these same hands, their wounds exposed, must hold on by the hulls and spars, a mass of ice, hauling and pulling the stiffened sails, and taking knots with the running rigging, the ropes so hard that there was no bending them. The men's clothes froze upon them. It was with some difficulty they could prevent their bodies freezing also. There was no comfort for them, no ease, no semblance of either: and their snatches of sleep in their damp berths would be all too frequently interrupted with the arousing cry—"All hands ahoy!"

But, to go back to this night. Its long, tedious eighteen hours wore away, and when the dawn broke they found the mate's opinion, that they were coming in the ice, to be correct. On this day the sun was out, and it shone brightly. About twelve o'clock they came in view of an iceberg. It was the most beautiful sight conceivable: the strangest and finest picture possible to be imagined. No painting has ever done justice to an iceberg, neither can any description: an island of ice, shaped like a mountain, its height tapered off into transparent pinnacles, and its general colour azure, shading imperceptibly into the pure white of the pinnacles, whose glittering tops were brilliant in the sun, the waves rising white and foaming at its base. A wondrously grand object was it, as it moved through the clear, blue waters with slow and stately action. Occasionally it was heard to crack with a noise like thunder, and portions of it dropped away into the ice

below, causing the waves to dash aloft and fall again, like so many cascades of silver.

As the ship bore cautiously on her course, innumerable ice islands appeared, some large, some small; and also large tracts, or fields, of floating ice, causing their progress to be exceedingly difficult and dangerous. It was next to impossible to steer the ship clear of them. The captain and crew were quite alive to their peril: they were in constant apprehension that one or other of these masses of ice would drift against the ship and stave her in, in which case nothing could have saved them. "The boat?" suggests some green little boy. How would you steer a boat amidst those floating mounds of ice? And, even if the boats could live, you would be frozen to death in a few hours, off Cape Horn.

On the second day of their reaching these fields of ice it began to blow a gale when the sun went down. Or it may be better to say when daylight declined; for the sun had been visible but for a few minutes, and then it looked like a copper-coloured ball. The ship was tossed hither and thither, the hail and sleet whistled around them, and, to add to the dangers of their situation, a dense fog came on. What an anxious night were they about to pass! Eighteen hours of darkness, with a fog so thick that nothing could be discerned at a few yards' distance, the ship in momentary danger of being stove in by some floating mass of ice, or of going to pieces on an ice island! The captain ordered the ship to be hove-to, and then sent for all hands aft. He told them that they were in imminent peril, and that not a soul must quit the deck that night. The men had their respective stations assigned them, whence they would keep as sharp a look-out as the fog and darkness permitted, feeling that ere the dawn of another day the ship and all that she contained might have disappeared beneath the waters. They went silent and anxious, each man to his post. Slowly the night dragged its course along, the various notices that ice was near, from one watch or other, forming the only break to its painful monotony. It was blowing frightfully from the east, and the hail and snow beat sharply against the men. The captain was mostly on deck; if he retired to his cabin for a few minutes the mate took the command.

At daybreak, nine in the morning, some of the men went below for breakfast, nearly dropping with fatigue and anxiety, and stiff with the ice on their clothes. No refreshment had been given them during the long suspense of that ever-to-be-remembered night; not a taste of anything. The captain and mate had partaken of some in the cabin more than once, but nothing had been offered to the worn-out men. Some snatches of sleep were obtained by them in turn during the daylight, and with three o'clock p.m. again came the dark, and the fatigue and anxiety of the previous night had once more to be endured.

This continued for some days; the fog and the gales, coupled with the dangerous ice, compelling the ship to be still hove-to. William Allair's station had been, part of the time, the very worst on the ship; it was upon the forecastle, a place excessively exposed to the wind and weather. Anxiety, remorse, despair, and fear—the incessant fear that each hour would be his last—in conjunction with the toil and hardships of his lot, were

working their effects upon him, rendering him ill in body as he had long been in mind. A slow fever attacked him, ripening into a remittent one as the days went on.

He became very ill with it. But ill as he was, he might not quit his work, for it would have rendered another hand to be counted short in the already badly-manned ship. Moments of delirium passed across his brain when lying between the watches in his damp berth in the wretched forecastle, and he would vainly endeavour to close his eyes in sleep. Pictures would arise of his happy home, the home he had so recklessly and blindly given up; a remembrance of the ease he had enjoyed, the serenity of the line of life chalked out for him contrasting bitterly with his present toil and sufferings. Even the old office, then so despised and hated, was now regarded as a very haven of calmness and rest. Visions of his dear mother were of frequent occurrence. In that state, half sleep, half delirium, induced by fever, he would fancy he saw her. Sometimes she was ill and grieving after him, sometimes she would look well and happy as of yore; but always was she yearning for and anticipating the period of his return. Once he fancied—it was but a repetition of his waking thoughts, his unceasing longings—that he was back again; his mother all joy; his father, though at first chiding, all forgiveness; his sisters clinging round him; his poor brother wild with glee. And what seemed his own sensations? Why, they might be compared to those of one who has quitted misery for Elysium. His toils and troubles at sea were over, and he was with his family, never, never to leave them, never to go near the hated sea again. But he was not quit of the sea yet.

"Eight bells there, below—do you hear?" broke violently his dream; and starting up he rushed on deck with his shipmates. A day and a night he did lie by; there was no help for it. A miserable place, though, was that forecastle to be in! The water dripped down on all sides of it, lumber and wet clothes filled up its confined space, while the air was unpleasantly foul and pernicious, chiefly from its being kept closely shut up. As to the living? Why, sick or well, there was the salt junk tub. His head was racked with pain; his limbs were now shivering with ague, now burning with fever; his tongue and throat were parched. How he would have been waited and tended on at home! But here there was no consolation; there were none to help him! But we will not follow him in his illness, or the ship through the weeks that they tried in vain to double Cape Horn. William Allair had deliberately brought all this discomfort upon himself. One vague hope—it seemed too far off to be anything but vague in their present peril—did buoy up his sinking heart: the hope that it would all be as he had seen it in his feverish dream.

#### CHAPTER XII.

THE OPEN BOAT AT SEA.

The weary weeks were away, and the ship progressed. A happy day on board was that when they left the Cape behind them. They had finer weather after passing it, and a change for the better became not a hope, but a certainty. Each day the sun began to get higher, though the ice on the ship did not yet thaw; whilst

every night sank some constellation in the south, and raised a more familiar one in the northern horizon. When William had first seen the groups of stars he had been accustomed to live under, disappear and give place to strange ones, the Magellan clouds, the Southern Cross, a sharp undefined feeling of dread would shoot across him; it seemed as if he was going into an unknown world.

And now the good ship went on gallantly, bearing a press of sail. They had got into open water and open weather, as the sailors called it. Hey for home! William's heart leaped to every knot she made; and he almost dared to whisper to himself that God had seen how terrible had been his punishment, and would in mercy forgive him and send him safely home again.

Fair and gently! Stop a bit. This favourable change was not to last to the end. After some prolongation of it, which had got them well forward, the weather one morning altered. Squalls of wind and rain came on, which soon increased to half a gale, and the look-out—to use the words of the mate—was downright ugly. The captain ordered the courses to be reefed and furled, the sails secured, and all other precautions taken against the storm that was threatening.

A dark, heavy night set in. The gale increased, the captain remained on deck, and the ship laboured much, the boiling waves rushing over her bows and flinging their foam aloft. Now she rose on the heaving waves, now she buried her black shrouds in the deep, her tall masts rising and sinking; and looking—had there been any distant spectators—like a thing supernatural amidst the surrounding gloom. Suddenly she plunged wildly forward, and encountered a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam ends. There was a sharp, affrighted cry, and one of the sailors came forward, terror on his countenance. The vessel had shipped a quantity of water.

The mate rushed to the hold. It was even as the man said. The ship had sprung a leak. A short while, and the water rose up to five feet.

All hands were set to work at the pumps; and after some hours' labour the quantity was considerably decreased. The leak was found, and the carpenter set about repairing it. But the gale increased. By the morning it was blowing awfully. The captain's face wore a look of anxiety, while the mate seemed to be gifted with ubiquity, so many parts of the ship was he seen in, almost at the same moment.

The wind abated a little with the broad daylight; but when the sun went down, the storm came on again with terrific violence. Another leak was sprung; either the former had re-opened, or the fresh one was close to it, and the water rushed in impetuously. Everything was done that could be, in their unhappy situation. The pumps were worked incessantly, the captain strove to give his orders cheerfully—whatever his faults of temper, he was a thorough seaman, and the men obeyed him. They worked, but not with a will; one dark thought weighed down their spirits—that they might, before morning, be in another world. Oh, what an awful time it was! we, who have lived all our lives on shore, can form no idea of it. The night pitchy dark; the wind howling and shrieking in gusts that seemed to be almost unearthly; the crashing of the timbers as the

masts rent and toppled; the devoted ship, huge and shadowy in the night's gloom, crying and groaning as she was tossed about with the blast; the waves rushing mountains high, foaming and hissing, beating over and against the ship, buffeting those who were in her. The ill-fated men paled away at the pumps, their spirits and their bodies sinking, but conscious that it was their one only chance for life. Every moment threatened to dash the ship in pieces. Her mizen-mast and rudder had been carried away, and her decks swept. Two of the seamen, poor fellows, were already gone. Worn out with fatigue, numbed with the cold, bruised and battered by the tempest, they had been washed away, not having the strength to hold on, while performing some necessary duty.

And was it for this that William Allair had quitted his sheltering home? to endure years of never-ceasing hardship, and at last to perish far away, amidst the horrors of that night?

It was now a matter of certainty that the ship was gradually sinking, and they must meet their fate with what calmness and resignation they might. Another soul, the second mate, was washed overboard. Nothing more could be done; the pumps were abandoned in despair; three of the crew climbed up to the main rigging, deeming that a few minutes more of life would be left to them there than if they remained below.

With the morning the violence of the storm had worn itself out, and the sea was, comparatively speaking, calm. The captain announced to the mate that he had resolved to make one trial for their lives, by trusting themselves to the jolly boat, which, strange to say, had not been swept away.

The mate shook his head. He did not think it possible the boat could live, even if they could succeed in launching it and getting safely into it.

"It is worth the trial," argued the captain. "To remain in the ship is certain destruction. In a few hours her masts will be under water. I am aware that death is almost as certain, and may, perhaps, be quicker in the boat; still there is a chance. Life is sweet to us all."

"Oh, try it, sir!" uttered William, clasping his hands in supplication. "If there be but the faintest glimmering of hope let us try it, rather than die here!"

The captain turned sharply upon him. But common peril has a wonderful tendency to equalise men; and the breach of discipline passed unreprieved.

The sailors were called from the rigging, where they had climbed; but they did not answer, and remained immovable. They had been frozen to death amidst the horrors of that fatal night.

With immense difficulty the boat was launched, another life having been lost in the process. The captain lowered himself into it last. "God alone," said he, "can save and help us now."

And God did help them, and carried them in safety away from that wreck, through the tempestuous sea, in the direction they wished to go. Ere they were out of sight of the ship, the water had nearly engulfed her, the feet of the dead men, as they dangled from the rigging, being just immersed in it.

Four days passed away, and that frail boat and its

suffering crew were still at the mercy of the waters. The weather, meantime, had become beautifully serene and mild, and there was a favourable breeze to fill their bit of canvas, that they were fain to call a sail. This was the fifth day that they had been drifting on that desolate sea; no land, no sail in view to cheer their drooping spirits; no eye conscious of their need of help, save ONE. Their stock of sustenance, consisting of biscuit and water, was running low, although they had been, from the first, on the shortest allowance, the captain pointing out the necessity of the food being eked out. The nights were raw and cold, exposed, as they were, in the open boat; but as they drew nearer to the equator, towards which, happily to say, the wind continued to drift them, the temperature grew milder.

They suffered greatly from thirst, a very small quantity of water being doled out each morning. If a shower of rain fell, they spread handkerchiefs—all they had—to catch it; and when they were thoroughly wet, they wrung the rain out, and drank it. This afforded some relief. The captain's character appeared to be entirely changed since the commencement of their sufferings; but nothing subdues a man like the fear of approaching death. There was a Prayer Book in the boat; it had belonged to poor Bob Stone, and the captain had brought it with him from the ship. Each day he read prayers to the men, never omitting the service to be used in peril at sea. The men bared their heads, and listened reverently. Hardened as they were, reprobate as they had been, there was not one but supplicated fervently for forgiveness, whether it should be their fate to live or die.

But now, for two successive days and nights, they had no rain; their allowance of water was less, and the most intolerable thirst prevailed. Another day, and the pangs of famine were added to those of thirst, their biscuit being exhausted. The carpenter and one of the other men yielded to the temptation of drinking the sea water, although cautioned against it by the rest, who declared they would endure any amount of suffering rather than attempt it. It produced a widely different effect upon the two. The carpenter seemed renovated and refreshed by it, suffering no evil consequences; while the other, in a short space of time, died in delirious agony.

And next the captain began to sink. Of all those in the boat, the one who might be supposed least calculated to battle with the hardships of their situation was William Allair. Yet he appeared to bear up manfully; while the captain, a strong man and hearty, was slowly resigning his life. It was a calm, peaceful evening, that on which he died. The sun was drawing towards the west, and its beams fell astern upon his pallid features. He knew he should not see it rise on the morrow. With a feeble farewell to the men, he leaned his head upon William's shoulder, next to whom he sat, and never moved again. William heard him softly praying. Ah, my boys, what a mercy it is that we have a God, a Saviour, to fly to in our extremity of need! When the sun rose in the morning they were consigning his body to the deep; the mate, though himself scarcely able to speak, reading over him the service for the burial of the dead at sea. I hope his spirit was happy!

A fearful thought began to pervade the boat. You may guess what it was, if you are familiar with accounts of this kind of suffering. The pains of hunger are grievous to be borne, the love of life is strong, and —; but they drove away the horrible thought for the present.

Again returned the dawn of day, and there was no relief. About mid-day another died. William Allair, the only good scholar left in the boat—in fact, the only scholar of any account who had been in it, or in the ship—feebly read the prayers over him as they threw him into the sea. The mate was too far gone to attempt it.

And now the dreadful thought, above alluded to, passed into words. William Allair raised his voice against it; the mate also, who collected strength to speak. William told them that where the unnatural food had been resorted to, those partaking of it had become raving mad, and so died.

Before the discussion ended, the night closed in, and they tacitly agreed to leave its decision until the morning. When that morning came, the mate was dead, and William Allair was in a feverish stupor. The men were desperate now, and bruited a question amongst themselves: should they draw lots, or should they kill him—William?

But what is that object in the distance? One of the sailors spied it out. A sail? And making towards them! Oh, surely it cannot be! And yet—it is! God had remembered them at last.

Such was the depression and lethargy of the men, that they mostly looked at it with a stupid, unmeaning stare. But soon they burst into tears; and the carpenter, taking the book, read from it a prayer of thanksgiving in his untutored accent.

Gallantly came on the good ship. And now it neared them; and now it was abreast of them. Her captain turned away his face as he drank in at a glance the sorrow and suffering disclosed to view. The mate was in the boat, unburied; for they had been too weak, perhaps too apathetical, to be in a hurry to throw him overboard.

The hearty, rough sailors, compassionate in their help as women, descended from their ship, and tenderly bore the weak on board in their arms. By proper care and attention all were recovered. But when William Allair first awoke to the change, his confused thought was that he was in an angel's ship, sailing to the blessed port of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

### Literary Notices.

*The Helping Hand: a Guide to the New Testament.*  
BY ADELAIDE ALEXANDER. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Hogg and Sons.

Books of information respecting the Scriptures, and the New Testament in particular, rapidly multiply. This is matter for congratulation, and not much less so is the fact that these books are most of them so greatly improved in regard to accuracy, when compared with

what used to be. Much has been done to popularise the labours of the learned, so that almost any person may now acquire information which was once inaccessible except to the wealthy and to scholars. The book before us is a respectable attempt in the right direction, and although not wholly exact in all its details, contains valuable and reliable information. It consists of thirty-one chapters upon a number of matters, and may seem to be somewhat miscellaneous in its character; but it is written in a good spirit, and will instruct and edify its readers. Perhaps such a work may be found really more useful than others more systematic and elaborate. The illustrations consist of a view of Damascus; a small but neat map of Judea in the days of our Lord; views on the Jordan and Dead Sea; a plan of the Temple, &c. The work is also supplied with an index, which is or should be an essential feature of all books of reference except dictionaries. We have intimated that the book is valuable, but we have also suggested that it is not always certain in its statements. For example, is it correct that the Jews have taken great pains to conceal the ancient Targums from Christians, knowing that they are testimonies against themselves? Is it correct that "Ezra spent the whole of a long life in completing and multiplying copies of the Scriptures, in which he was aided by Nehemiah and by the great synagogue?" There are not a few such cases, in which traditions or opinions have been set down as historical facts. Even a law (Deut. xvii. 18-20) is regarded as a history: "Every king as he came to the throne commanded one" copy of the Pentateuch "to be written." Such inadvertencies are easily fallen into, but they are not always harmless.

*A Glance at the Universe.* By NICHOLAS ODGERS. 2nd Thousand. London: H. J. Tresidder.

The author is a Cornish schoolmaster, who has felt the want of some such manual as that which he supplies. The book consists of fourteen short chapters, one of which is devoted to each of the following topics:—Introduction, Space, Duration, God, Angels, Devils, Man, the Earth, the Stars, Law, Self-Consciousness, Gradation, Influence, and Immortality.

We find many things in these chapters with which we fully coincide, and yet we think the author would have produced a better book if he had a little more restrained himself from fine writing. Anything like declamation in a purely scientific manual should be avoided. It may make a volume more pleasant to read, but it renders it less effective. There is another point which calls for a remark; and it is, that the speculations which ever and anon occur are not always of any value. What, for example, is the worth of the argument which ends by saying of angels, "May they not deserv a fellow being at the distance of a thousand millions of miles?" and in which we are told that "it is extremely probable that their language can be understood at an amazing distance?" We know nothing of angels but what we read in the Bible, and on all such matters "Vain are our fancies, airy flights!" The book contains a good deal of information, but must be read with discretion.

*Little Arthur's Book of Biography.* By CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THE authoress observes that the names of the good and great of all ages ought to be as familiar as household words to every child of nine or ten years of age. The fact that they are not so, has led her to publish this very simple biographical text-book, which we join with her in hoping will prove useful to children in general. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, so that the book is a little biographical dictionary. Each page is divided into four columns, in the first of which we have a very short notice of the persons enumerated; in the second, the place of birth; in the third, the year of birth; and in the fourth, the year of death. The plan is a very good one, simple and intelligible, and easy for recollection. Of course, the information given is meagre, but it usually denotes with accuracy the persons described. As for the selection of names we cannot say much, as the authoress was so limited for space. Perhaps she will see fit, in another edition, to leave out some and insert others. The book, as it is, is a really useful compendium.

*Madame de Gontigny: a Temperance Tale of the Present Time.* London: W. Tredell.

THE aim of this small volume will readily be inferred from its title. The book is pleasantly and attractively written, and the story is intelligible, interesting, and life-like. It is, however, a book for the educated, and contains so large a sprinkling of French words and phrases, that when we call it intelligible we mean to those who know French as well as English, and are not altogether strangers to the Scottish dialect. We hope this remark will not keep the mere English scholar from it, and that it will indicate the quarters in which it may receive the attention which might be refused to another book.

### Progress of the Truth.

**ITALY.**—  
THE Rev. Mr. Piggott (Wesleyan) gives some particulars of the work in Italy. From his statement we extract the following:—"At the city of Parma, Signor Del Mondo, who was, during the greater part of last year, under the tuition and care of Mr. Green, has now been established about four months. Some time was spent in forming acquaintances and seeking a suitable place for public worship. At length we were fortunate enough to obtain the upper story of the disused church of a suppressed convent. The situation was good, the building well-adapted, and the rent reasonable. About £50 have been expended in cleaning and altering the room, and furnishing it with chairs, benches, and pulpit. It is now one of the neatest and most commodious places of public worship I have seen in Italy. On the 15th of July I went down to be present at the first public service. The whole building swarmed with people, and hundreds went away unable to get in. Del Mondo acquitted himself well, and was heard throughout with the most respectful attention. This is now two months ago, and every Sunday since the place has been well

filled with a decorous and eager audience. One of the journals of the city has spoken out in our favour; and privately the Evangelist meets with nothing but courtesy and respect. Many peasants from the villages round flock to the services. One of them said the other day that he had walked ~~twelve~~ miles every Sunday since the opening to hear the preaching. A large room connected with the chapel we have converted into a depot for Bibles and religious books, of which hitherto there has been a very fair sale.

In Milan the evangelical movement has, perhaps, planted as firm a footing as in any city in Italy. The Waldensians have an ordained minister here, and we are doing a solid, steady work. There are also two Evangelists connected with what is called the Free Italian Church, and under their hands, by God's blessing, a work is growing up which I have not yet seen equalled in the land. They have two large halls in two different parts of the city, and twice on the Sunday, and every night of the week, in one or other of these a public service is held. Not fewer, I should think, than six hundred persons regularly hear the truth from their lips. I confess that when on a week evening I have seen four or five hundred persons crowd together into a close, uncomfortable room, to hear a simple, ineloquent exposition of the Scriptures, and have remembered that this happens on every night of every week, I have blushed a little as the image rose before me of week-night congregations at home. I strive to bear in mind our old Methodist axiom, "The friends of all, the enemies of none;" and without mixing myself up in any quarrels, show myself friendly to all, and ready to assist all. My own particular work here at Milan is of a character not easy to describe. I form acquaintances, receive visits, converse by the way, and seek in such modes as are open to me to use my private influence for Christ and his truth. Then, again, I am trying to gather round me young men, if haply I may find some among them called and qualified by the Holy Ghost to become labourers in the field. And lately the preparations for the opening of our school for young ladies has absorbed very much of my time and attention.

### Temperance Department.

#### AVOID THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

"PAPA," said Herbert, "I want to ask you something." They had been to hear a lecture for the young, and were going home in the bright moonlight.

"Well, my child," said Mr. Staunton, "what is it?"

"Why, papa, did that gentleman who spoke at the lecture mean that anybody with plenty of money, and a good house—a gentleman, you know, papa—is likely to get tipsy, and beat and kill people, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, no, not exactly, child," said Mr. Staunton. "Gentlemen don't do that sort of thing, Herbert."

"But do they ever get drunk, papa, and look like

the man we met this morning?" (A poor, ragged, dirty object had been reeling to and fro in front of them.)

"Not like that man, my dear," said Mr. Staunton. "But you are too young to understand distinctions of class. Drunkenness, Herbert, is degrading and sinful both to rich and poor."

"But, papa," persisted Herbert; "would there be any difference between one like us getting tipsy and that poor beggar?"

"I suppose there would," said Mr. Staunton, half to himself; "at least, so the law would say. But never mind now, Herbert. Come, step out quickly, for it is getting cold."

Mr. Staunton was an observer of sobriety, but it had never occurred to him to connect the well-spread dining-table with the public-house. A slight elevation after dinner was a very different thing from the drunkenness which embittered the cottage or the cellar. But Herbert's words touched some chords of reflection, and he walked very silently homewards.

"So, the day has come at last, and Herbert will be here at noon," said Mr. Staunton, a few years later. "Well, I am glad to see the boy; I'm sure he improves more and more. Ah! Clacton is a fine place for boys; give me a public school, all the world over."

"I'm only afraid, my dear," said Mrs. Staunton, "that it is doing him no moral good. Really, he spends more and more pocket-money every quarter, and such scrapes and troubles he seems to get into! His letters are full of what he calls 'jolly spreads on the sly,' his slang expressions are positively dreadful. Indeed, Mr. Staunton, it is so, for I am quoting from his last letter; and I am afraid they will teach him a fondness for company and drinking. You must speak seriously to him."

"Ah, well, well," said Mr. Staunton, "we'll see about it. Boys will be boys, you know. I recollect my own school-days. Dear me, Maria, I don't think I have ever had such fun since. We mustn't spoil the lad's pleasure, and break his spirit."

So Herbert came, and great was the rejoicing throughout the house. He was a tall, handsome lad now; full of life and spirits, and overflowing with Clacton news: football and fagging; bolstering, bathing, and boating; smuggling in cakes; cribbing lessons; putting dust in the eyes of masters, and many other practical jokes; and last, not least, the little suppers in the studies.

"O papa, it was such fun! We had mutton chops, and kidneys, and veal cutlets, and potatoes, all brought in under top-coats and through windows; and there was Hamilton major, and Biggs, and Stenhouse, and me, and ever so many more. And after all was done—and we ate up every bit, papa!—we had toasts and healths, and we each drank to our papas and mammas, and I drank to you."

"But, Herbert, was it in water?" asked Mrs. Staunton.

"No, mamma, I should think not!" said Herbert, indignantly. "We had a whole can-full of beer; and, do you know, papa, I think Biggs had too much, for he talked so queerly; and oh, how we all did laugh!"

"Herbert, my boy," said Mrs. Staunton, "I am ashamed to hear you talk so."

"Now, mamma, don't be cross," interrupted Mr. Staunton, quickly. "At the same time, Herbert, I hope you will never take too much; mind that." And Herbert went back to continue his education at Clackton.

One evening, five years later, Mr. Staunton was standing before the fire, in deep and troubled meditation. He had a letter from Herbert in his hand, bearing the Oxtown post-mark. Yes, Herbert was an undergraduate at college. Mrs. Staunton came into the room at that moment. The handwriting caught her eye, and she stepped forward, eagerly.

"My dear, is that a letter from Herbert?"

"It is," said Mr. Staunton. "High time we had one, too. Something's come over that lad lately that I don't exactly like. He seldom or never writes, and when he does, it is always the same tale—money, money, money."

"There is something beyond that," said Mrs. Staunton, earnestly. "Herbert is changed in far more important particulars. He not only cares nothing for his home, and disregards your wishes about studying, and mine about smoking and drinking, but I know that he has lost any religious feelings he ever had; that he has got among vicious companions; that he has learnt to jest at holy things, to live only for the world, to plunge into all sorts of pleasures. In fact, I am very unhappy about him," concluded Mrs. Staunton, bursting into tears.

"Pooh, pooh, Maria! You mistake me—quite mistake me," said Mr. Staunton. "Herbert knows my objections to idleness and extravagance. If I find him neglecting his studies, or running up bills, I shall be angry. But as to his conduct, my dear, an undergraduate delights in a little mischief. I wish Herbert to live in a good set, and enjoy university life, and learn from the world around him as much as from books. A little kicking over the traces is always expected; and, to tell you the truth, I shall not be very hard on the boy, so long as he takes a good degree, and doesn't exceed his income by more than hundred or so. One thing you may be sure of, Maria; notwithstanding those tears, your son will leave college a *perfect gentleman*."

"Husband," said Mrs. Staunton, solemnly, "I have learnt to my sorrow that persons who ought to be 'gentlemen' are often perfect *roués*, drunkards, and gamblers, debased as the vagabond in the streets, and with far less excuse. That servant who knew

his Lord's pleasure and did it not, was beaten with many stripes."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mr. Staunton again.

The Degree List in Mathematical Honours for the year 185—came out. There were cheers and shouting in the senate house, congratulations and hand-shakings in every college, speedy telegrams, and hurriedly-scrawled letters to many an anxious home.

A large breakfast party was assembled in Herbert's college. Talking, laughing, shouting, almost too excited to eat, the happy host and guests discussed the list, the places, the passed, and then the plucked. Alas, the only Barton College man who had failed was Herbert Staunton!

"Can't say I expected anything else," said one of his most intimate friends at the table. "Did everything by fits and starts. Been carrying on gradually faster and faster. Recollect he was thought rather clever when he came up. Hand over that spread-eagle, will you, some one?"

"What a muff the fellow must be!"

"Drinks, I fancy; goes pretty regularly every night to the 'George' or else to the 'Crown'."

"Well, serve him right. Who cares for such a fellow?"

This was the verdict Herbert Staunton got from his college friends; but how could he face the verdict at home? A raging father, a weeping mother! He did not attempt it. That night he was on his way to Paris, with every shilling of ready money he could raise by the sale of his furniture and books, and he would have borrowed, but no one would lend him a shilling—a crowd of debts and disgrace behind, and ruin in front. He had wasted the best years of his life, talents far above the average, splendid opportunities, and many hundred pounds expended in vain, and received in return a drunken, enervated body, a slave to sinful pleasure and vice, unfit for good in this world and the next.

There is a blank now, as we write these lines, on the wall where Herbert's picture used to hang; there is a name erased from the fly-leaf of the old Family Bible; there is a new grave-stone in the churchyard, where sleeps a heart-broken mother; and Mr. Staunton lives, a moody, weary, unhappy man. He has no son. He has heard of a debauched, profligate gambler, who lays down his stake at Hamburg or Baden with a hand already palsied by drink. He is believed to send a small sum yearly, for the relief of this poor, wretched outcast. In a little time the brandy will do its work, and the palsied hand be carried to a pauper's grave. But, meanwhile, Mr. Staunton is a childless man, and whenever he passes a poor drunken beggar in the streets, he covers his eyes, and mutters penitently to himself, "Oh, that I had checked the beginning of the evil!"

JANUARY 24, 1863.]

## THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;

OR,

## THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE WORD OF GOD.

## VIII.—CONCLUSION.

WILLIAMS. Good morning, friend Jones. I think we may conclude that subject this morning on which we have been lately conversing.

JONES. You have no more proof, then, to bring, from the investigations of geology, for the establishment of the truth of Scripture?

W. I can hardly say that; but I think that enough has been done. In some cases five or six witnesses are as good as a score. If you and four or five other credible persons told me that you had seen a meteor last night, I should not want the evidence of a dozen more persons to convince me of the fact.

J. Well, at least, you consider that sufficient has been said. Will you, then, go rapidly over our past conversations, and let us see what is the real amount of proof which they have furnished?

W. Very willingly. I have regarded geology not, as some do, as an enemy, but as a credible and an important witness. I am certain that the works of God, if fairly investigated, can never contradict his Word. God is "of one mind," and "he cannot deny himself." Hence, I feel satisfied that if the testimony of geology be fairly given and fairly received, it must agree with, and not contravene, the plain statements of Holy Scripture.

J. You had better consider, then, geology as a witness, and deal with its testimony after that manner. Let us review the whole question from that point of view.

W. Willingly. I open the Book of Genesis, then, and I ask geology what is the interpretation to be put upon verse 1, "In the beginning?" It is quite clear that Moses gives us no clue to the date of this "beginning." It may have been just before Adam's creation, or it may have been many millions of years before that date. Neither view contravenes anything that Moses has said. The reply of geology is, that, judging from the appearance of the various strata of the earth, and considering how many thousands of years would be occupied in the formation of a thousand feet in thickness of chalk, how many hundreds of thousands of years would be required for the vast coal formations; and then, looking at the length of time required for the oolite, the sand-

stone, and the granite, it is impossible to doubt that the earth must have been millions of years in arriving at its present state and condition.

Well, I consider all this, and I remark that it is vastly more consonant with the plain sense of many passages of Scripture than our limited view of an existence of less than six thousand years. We are accustomed to ask, Why was the coming of the Messiah delayed for four thousand years? Why is Christ's return so long delayed? How can this delay be reconciled with his promise of "coming quickly?" These questions all spring from the same error of using a wrong standard of time. If we really believed the Psalmist's words, "A thousand years are in thy sight as yesterday, and as a watch in the night"—if we listened to St. Peter's exhortation, and felt satisfied that a thousand years are in God's view as one day—we should no longer say, "My Lord delayeth his coming." Thus it helps us to believe and know the truth, to be assured that this earth of ours has already passed through a history of many millions of years; so that the days from Adam downwards have been merely a very brief episode of the whole story. If a friend says, "I will see you again soon," we are not surprised if he remains absent for two or three days. Realise the truth that 2,000 or 3,000 years are with God as two or three days are with us; ponder upon the fact that even this earth itself has rolled on its axis many thousand times a thousand years; and then all the language of Scripture is simple, and true, and quite exact. So far, geology confirms Scripture, instead of being at variance with it.

Next, I will ask geology at what conclusion the searchers into the earth's formation have arrived as to the circumstances attending the incoming of the present or human period. And the answer is, that the different stages or periods in the past life of the globe seem to have been divided from each other by vast convulsions, mighty earthquakes, attended by the outburst of internal fires; and that the last of these great revolutions appears to have occurred about six or seven thousand years ago. That convulsion left the earth "the wreck and ruins of a former world." All kinds of life had been extinguished; and the outbreak of subterranean fires must have turned oceans into masses of vapour, and so have wrapped the world in darkness. In a word, geology describes the beginning of the human period precisely as Moses describes it

when he says, "The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Thirdly, I call upon this witness to say what light has been thrown upon the question of the beginning of our measure of time at the beginning of the present period. If the earth existed long before man existed on it, did it know, in those old times, the same nights and days, the same times and seasons, which we know? The answer of geology is decidedly in the negative. The researches of geologists have satisfied them that the climate of the pre-Adamite world was wholly unlike that of our own period. The regions now frozen were then warm. One inquirer asks whether astronomical reasons can be assigned for this remarkable change. Another suggests that the axis of the earth must have suffered some change. But the fact is universally agreed upon, that the climate of the old world differed greatly from that which we now experience. Here, then, is another confirmation of Scripture, for Moses tells us, that in the course of a certain week, not quite 6,000 years ago, our present days and nights, our times and seasons, our winters and summers, all had beginning. And geology agrees with this so far as to be quite certain that the human period, which began about 6,000 years ago, has a different climate, a different cold and heat, probably a different day and night, from the pre-Adamite ages.

A fourth question which I put to geology is this:—Distinguishing the different periods called Geological, the Azoic, the Palæozoic, the Secondary, and the Tertiary, in which of them does man appear? The answer is clear and positive: In none of them. Not a fragment of a human form or skeleton can be found in all those millions of years. It is man's appearance, after all the geological ages have passed away, which gives to the present the name of "the human period." Our museums are filled with vast varieties of creatures, who lived in the Palæozoic age, perhaps two, three, or ten millions of years ago. Then with other and different creatures, who lived at a more recent date, but still probably more than a million of years ago. Then with a third race of beings, who lived in the days preceding the last great convulsion, but still many thousands of years before a man was seen. In none of all these millions of years, so far as geology can learn,

did man exist. His entrance upon this earth, so far as geological investigations can decide the question, was at the commencement of the present period—the period in which we are now living. And thus, in the chief fact of all—the beginning of the human race—geology and the Bible are entirely agreed. When Moses says, that in the first week of the world's present history "God created man," geology responds that this assertion is fully in accordance with all the investigations of science up to the present moment.

A fifth and a sixth question are closely connected with each other. What says geology of the probable future? It replies, that judging by the past, and observing that many successive periods or stages of the earth's existence have been suddenly closed by vast convulsions, in which the outburst of internal fires has generally been a principal agent, it inclines to the opinion that another revolution of the same kind may be in store. But it observes, also, that each of these convulsions, in the ages that are past has been followed, apparently, by a long period of calm, and by a constant progress—an advance from a lower to a higher kind of life, until the latest, the human period, gave the earth a ruler, made in the likeness of God, and having a rational soul. And hence geologists argue that, gathering from the past the law of the earth's existence, they trust that if again convulsed, as in past times, by a new and destructive revolution, that revolution will bring in, like the former ones, a fresh advance in the scale of being—a nobler kind of life than it has yet known.

And here, too, geology again, and most fully, agrees with the Bible. All readers of God's word will recall to mind, without difficulty, many passages of Scripture which entirely agree with both these anticipations. Prophets and apostles, from the beginning of the Bible to the end of it, have constantly told us of a coming destruction, of a fiery visitation, of a burning up of the earth. But they have not ended with this. They have gone on to predict, as geologists now do, the rise of "a new heaven and a new earth," like a phoenix from the ashes of the old. Again, therefore, the agreement is full and complete. Geology confirms the declarations of Scripture.

Once more, I inquire of geology respecting another matter on which new doubts have recently been thrown, or rather, on which old

doubts have been revived. We have lately been assured, with a vast assumption of scientific authority, that the idea of a miracle is intrinsically absurd ; for that the laws of existence, or the laws of Nature, are unchangeable, and cannot be broken. I demand, therefore, of geology, what evidence or what conviction it has arrived at with reference to such a subject as this.

And the reply is distinct, full, and conclusive. Geology declares, with unhesitating decision, that any one who chooses to dig into the crust of the earth may find miracles in abundance. He will find in the upper or recent formations the remains of human beings deposited during the last six thousand years. He will find no such remains during the geological periods. Hence the assertion of Moses is confirmed, that on a certain day, about 5,860 years ago, "God created man." In the like manner, in the Tertiary formations, huge beasts are found—the mastodon, the mammoth, &c. In the Secondary, no such creatures existed. They appeared in the succeeding age by creation. So of birds, of reptiles, and of fishes. Each came in its turn by creation. And to call a bird, or an elephant, or a man into existence where none was ever seen before, is a miracle, as great and as unquestionable as the calling Lazarus out of his grave, or the giving sight to the blind. Miracles, therefore, are attested by geology as facts which have been ascertained, seen, felt, and handled.

J. You draw from geology, then, as many as six or seven attestations of the statements of Scripture. First, the real brevity of a mere thousand years, and the truth of the longer measures of time which are common in the Bible ; then the correctness of Moses' description of the state of chaos which preceded "the first day;" then the fact that there really was "a first day"—a first of the days now known to us—about 6,000 years ago ; fourthly, that man was placed upon the earth just at the time and in the manner which Moses describes ; next, that there is an evident probability of a destruction of this earth by fire, and of the rise of a new heaven and earth, as foretold by all the prophets ; and lastly, that the successive creations of different races, and of man himself in the latest, is a fact "written on the rocks for ever," a fact which brings miracles within our sight and touch.

W. Yes ; you have accurately stated the case. And may I not ask, whether, when men began

with pickaxe and lever to break up the earth's crust, it could ever have been expected that from such researches so many proofs of the truth of the statements of Moses could have been found ? That nothing destructive of our belief in the Hebrew historian would appear, might be a rational expectation ; but we had, I suppose, no previous right to expect that positive confirmations would be found. And hence the wondering admiration which I expressed when we first spoke on these topics, that geology should have been made to yield such an unlooked-for evidence of the truth of the Mosaic narrative. I find in it one more proof that, search where we will, we are sure to meet with the works and the power of God. "If I climb up into heaven, thou art there : if I go down into hell, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me" (Ps. cxxxix). The simple truth is, that the same Lord Jesus who said in the days of his flesh, "Before Abraham was, I am," said also, by the mouth of Solomon, "When he prepared the heavens, I was there : when he set a compass upon the face of the deep . . . while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world . . . when he established the clouds above : when he strengthened the fountains of the deep : when he gave to the sea his decree : when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him" (Prov. viii). The Creator of heaven and earth, the Triune Jehovah, who said, "Let us make man in our image," was also the teacher of Moses, as he was of Job and of Solomon ; and he could not err, nor would he mislead those whom he graciously guided and inspired. He enabled Moses to describe the creation of man and of man's earth accurately ; and the more closely the subject is investigated, the more clearly will it be manifested that the account of that creation, given at the opening of the book of Genesis, is a simple and true account, dictated by Him who wrought all the works which he therein describes. And so of the whole Bible. In Genesis, in the Book of Job, in the Psalms, in the Proverbs, and in several of the Prophets, we have glimpses of creation, and of the laws which God has imprinted on his various works ; and among all those sketches and outlines we shall search in vain for a single error. It is this which distinguishes the Bible

from all other ancient books of philosophy. If we take up the cosmogonies of the Greeks, or of the Egyptians, of the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, or the Chinese, we find at every step the most revolting absurdities. There is not one among them all to which even a child would give a moment's credence. And this is natural enough, for the writers were all mere men, speculating in the dark on matters which had happened 2,000 or 3,000 years before. But in the Bible we find ourselves in a different region. There are no formal lessons—no lectures upon science, for the book was written with a totally different view. But in a hundred places, the earth and its origin, the sun, moon, and stars are spoken of, and always accurately. It is throughout "the language of a Father, addressing himself even to the youngest of his children, but in such a manner that even the eldest of them will never find a sentence contrary to the truth;" and who, while he is thinking and speaking chiefly of spiritual things, "drops expressions which show them that what they have learned of his works during four thousand years he knew long before, and much better than they." This has often been shown in astronomical and in other mundane matters, but I think that it is nowhere more apparent than in the chief facts of geology.

TO A FRIEND.

(From part of Psalm xx.)

OH, shouldst thou ever feel distress,  
May heaven's great Lord to thee be nigh;  
Accept thy prayers, thy offerings bless,  
And send thee comfort from on high;  
  
Grant thee on earth thy heart's desire,  
And fill thy soul with heavenly love;  
Till thou shalt join the angelic choir,  
That, grateful, chant his praise above!  
  
May he in mercy hear thy voice;  
From Satan's power thy soul reclaim!  
In his salvation we'll rejoice,  
And triumph in his glorious name.

(From "Miscellaneous Poetry," by LADY TUTTE.)

THE CHRISTIAN TRUSTED.

WHEN the British Government in India was about to treat for peace with Hyder Ali, the tyrant refused to enter into a negotiation with any one but Schwartz. His message to the council of Madras was couched in these words:—"Do not send me any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one; him I will receive and trust."

\* Bath: Bunn and Goodwin.

LIGHT IN THE DARK AGES.

HUGO DE PRATO.—DIED A.D. 1322.

HUGO DE PRATO, or Pratensis, is one of whom we know but little; but he was evidently a man of true piety and zeal. He is said to have been born at Prato, a town in Italy, in the neighbourhood of Florence, about six hundred years ago. He joined the Dominican order of monks, and thus became one of the preaching friars, or friar preachers, among whom were many men of real usefulness, and deeply imbued with the word of God. This friar Hugo is recorded to have been very eminent as a preacher. Du Pin says he was one of the most celebrated preachers of his time. We can readily believe this from the specimens of his sermons now before us. The volume is a very old one, in what are called Gothic letters, and must have been printed very soon after printing was discovered. It consists of one hundred and fifteen sermons, and is entitled, "Sunday Sermons upon the Gospels and Epistles throughout the Year," or from the first Sunday in Advent to the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. Besides this volume, the same author wrote sermons upon saints' days, and for the time of Lent; but these we have not seen. Hugo de Prato is said to have died A.D. 1322, about two years before John Wycliffe was born. It is scarcely necessary to say that the sermons are in Latin, and it will readily be believed that they contain many things which are undoubtedly erroneous and superstitious. But they display an extraordinary knowledge of Holy Scripture, a deep insight into human nature, and remarkable readiness in applying Scripture to the heart and conscience. For two things only would we now particularly command these discourses; the first is their powerful testimony to the excellence of the word of God, and the second is their constant exaltation of Christ as the author of salvation, the great object of our love, obedience, and faith.

Let us illustrate each of these points. In the very first sermon the author mentions some of the characters in which Christ came. Thus, he says Christ came—

" As the Life to quicken us; for we were all dead in sins.

" He came as a Light to enlighten us; for we all dwelt in darkness.

" He came as a Physician to heal us; for many sick lay everywhere.

" He came as a Giant to deliver us from the power of the devil; for we were all held captive by Satan.

" He came as the Righteous One to destroy the works of the devil, and to justify us by his grace; for we were all sinners needing Divine mercy.

" He came as a Fire to inflame our hearts with the fire of the Holy Spirit; for through abounding iniquity we had waxed cold.

" He came as a Redeemer to pay the ransom price for us, and to restore us to liberty.

" He came as a Mediator to reconcile us to the

Father, and to set us at peace ; for we were all the enemies of God.

" He came as a Treasure to endow and to fill us with the true riches.

" He came as the Nail to unite us together in one faith and worship of one God, and in one law and one Church.

" He came as God to lift up our human nature ; for we were greatly cast down.

" And he came as Lord to restore us to our heavenly city, from which we were all exiled."

These points and many others are illustrated and enforced by copious quotations from Scripture.

We now turn to another sermon in which Friar Hugo is speaking of the sword of the Spirit. His text is part of the sixth chapter of the Ephesians, where this phrase occurs. Perhaps we cannot do better than translate a portion of this sermon, to show how some men preached five centuries and a half ago.

" Not only ought we to defend ourselves from the devil, but we ought to attack him. Now, the weapon for attacking Satan is the word of God alone, which we ought to have in our mouth and in our hands ; in our mouth by preaching, and in our hands by practising. ' Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword ' (Rev. i. 16) ; and a sharp two-edged sword goes out of a preacher's mouth when he performs indeed that which he preaches ; and he attacks the devil on both sides. Therefore we ought to attack the devil by word and deed. Some attack him in word alone ; but the word of such is dead ; and therefore it is not the sword of the Spirit, for the sword of the Spirit is the living word of God : ' The word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow ' (Heb. iv. 12). This sword Christ came to send into the earth : ' I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, &c. For as a sword separates and divides, so the word of God separates and divides a man from carnal and earthly things ; and that only the sword of the word of God should be our armour in attacking the devil, is made plain in this way. Because the devil fights against the sinner—

" 1. By blinding the eyes of his mind. But the word of God scatters the darkness of the mind, and enlightens it ; because it is a lamp : ' Thy word is a lamp unto my feet ' (Ps. cxix. 105).

" 2. By binding him with the chains of sin, and reducing him to the service of sin : ' Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin ' (John viii. 34). But the word of God delivers man from every bond and from all servitude : ' If ye continue in my word, ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free ' (John viii. 31, 32).

" 3. By making him seek above all things the pros-

perities and vain joys of the world : ' They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God ' (John xii. 43). But the word of God makes him despise all the prosperities of the world ; and the Apostles left all things at the word of Christ : ' Behold, we have forsaken all ' (Matt. xix. 27) ; ' I do count all things but dung, that I may win Christ ' (Philipp. iii. 8).

" 4. By crushing him with the adversities of the world. But the word of God makes a man strong, and afraid of no adversity ; whence the Apostles, after they had perfectly heard the word of Christ, said in 1 Cor. iv. 12, ' Being reviled, we bless ; being persecuted, we suffer it, and endure ; being defamed, we entreat.'

" 5. By dissipating him in carnal pleasures. But the word of God constrains him to the lamentation of repentance : ' Repeat, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand ' (Matt. iii. 2).

" 6. By detaining him in the weaknesses of sins, and by perverting his taste ; so that sweet things seem bitter unto him, and bitter sweet. Augustine says, ' To the sick palate that bread is nauseous which to the healthy is sweet.' But the word of God heals a man : ' He sent his word and healed them ' (Ps. cxvii. 20). And it restores to him a right taste, so that sweet things are relished by him, and bitter things loathed. And, therefore, when thus healed, David said, ' How sweet are thy words to my taste ! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth ! ' (Ps. cxix. 103).

" 7. By leading him to eternal death. But the word of God delivers from all death : ' If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste death ' (John viii. 52).

" In short, in every temptation by which the devil assails man, the word of God stops and repels him. Hence the word of God is called the adversary of the sinner, because it contradicts him in all things which, as a sinner instigated by the devil, he desires to do : ' Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him ' (Matt. v. 25). In expounding this, the blessed Augustine says that the adversary with whom we ought to agree is the word of God, because in all things which we desire amiss, this word opposes us and forbids us."

#### THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

##### FIFTH CLUSTER.

41. THE fire that softens gold only hardens clay. Afflictions sanctified soften the heart ; trials unsanctified render it callous.

42. The men who are righteous in their own eyes are very unrighteous in the eyes of God.

43. The way of transgressors is hard, but the end is still harder.

44. Everything that occupies in our hearts the place which God ought to occupy is an idol, and, so long as it remains there, we are idolaters. The second place in our regards earthly objects may justly claim, but not the first ; for that would be to thrust the Saviour from

his lawful throne. The heart of the devout Christian is claimed as the throne of Christ, and his body as the temple of the Holy and Eternal Spirit.

45. The Christian's motto should be like the vow of the tenant to his Saxon chief—"To love that which my lord enjoins, and to hate that which my lord forbids."

46. Divinity suggests to our thoughts a something swifter than the lightning's speed, namely, the fall from the chamber of impenitence into the pit that cannot be measured. It is the act of an instant, too swift to be expressed; and the result is too continuous to be enumerated by figures, and too direful to be uttered by words.

47. He who in mercy regards your welfare in the next life, will not disregard your comforts in this.

48. Strive to live above the world while living in the world.

49. If it seem strange to you how a God of mercy can condemn a sinner, is it not equally strange how a God of justice can save a sinner?

50. As Christians, let us remember that *in* Christ all our hopes centre, and *from* Christ all our blessings radiate.

#### CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

SAVIOUR, Prophet, Priest, and King !  
Unto thee our vows we bring.  
Thee we own the living Vine,  
Round which we would e'er entwine.  
Counsellor for ever nigh,  
We to thee for succour fly.  
" Lamb of God, for sinners slain,"  
O'er thy ransomed people reign ;  
Whilst on thy eternal throne,  
Thee, the " Mighty God," we own.

#### KINGS AT DEVOTION.

IN 1813, at Rotterdam, an eye-witness related the following anecdote :—

When the field-marshal Prince Schwartzenberg observed the defeat of the French, after the three days' fighting at Leipzig, he was anxious to convey the tidings himself to his sovereign, who, together with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, were stationed upon a height, about two miles from the field of battle. The field-marshal galloped up at full speed, and, saluting the emperor with his sword, said, "Your Majesty, the battle is at an end; the enemy is beaten at all points; they fly—the victory is ours!" The emperor raised his eyes to heaven, and a tear was his answer; but his majesty dismounting, and having deposited his hat and sword on the ground, fell on his knees, and aloud returned thanks to God. This example was followed by the two other monarchs, who, having also kneeled, said, "Brother, the Lord is with you!" At the same instant all the officers in attendance, as well as the guard, kneeled down, and for several minutes a dead silence reigned; after which, more than a hundred voices cried, "The Lord is with us!" The sight of three crowned heads, accompanied by a great number of

distinguished warriors, kneeling under the canopy of heaven, and with tears praising the God of battles, was most affecting.

#### RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—II.

We have, in our former observations on this subject, endeavoured to give some idea of the impressions made on the mind by the intense cold of the Arctic regions. Those from the peculiar scenery are not less trying and disagreeable. When once the winter has set in, all is dreary, monotonous whiteness, varied only by the undulations and rounded outlines of the hills, and by the craggy bluffs and needle-shaped peaks from which the storms have blown every vestige of snow. The boundary between earth and sea is obliterated, except where some bold, projecting headland, streaked with white, like the grey hairs of old age, rises abruptly from the plain below, or where it is indicated by a line of hummocks and broken ice of the preceding year, driven in confusion on shore by the enormous pressure from the sea. An occasional iceberg appears here and there, tinted with its peculiar shades of blue, and moulded into the most fantastic forms, frozen into the general mass. And this the eye rests on, not for days, or weeks, but for whole months together, during a long portion of which even the sun is withdrawn from the sky, and there is no light but that of the moon, or stars, or Aurora Borealis. In the words of Sir Edward Parry, "whichever way the eye is turned, it meets a picture calculated to impress on the mind an idea of inanimate stillness—of that motionless torpor with which our feelings have nothing congenial—of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a deadness with which a human witness appears out of keeping. The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have for a while forsaken."

It is not easy to conceive any combination of circumstances more calculated to impress on the mind the solemn lessons of religion; and hence we find in almost all the Polar expeditions numerous instances of seriousness produced in both officers and men, and even among those who had never before given religion a thought. Captain Parry himself was most powerfully affected by it. Religion had already made a deep impression on him, through the teaching of pious parents, whose lessons were never effaced from his mind during the long career in which he honourably served his country. But here, in this icy desert, the instances he was constantly witnessing of God's providence drew closer to his Bible, and urged him with deeper attention to study its sacred truths. Anxious for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of his men, he had prayers every day, when a portion of the Bible was read and expounded; and he established a school, in which many of his sailors

for the first time learned to read their Bible. And these efforts again beneficially reacted on himself. Mr. Hooper, the purser of one of his ships, the *Hecla*, a serious man, who undertook the duty of schoolmaster, relates in his journal: "Captain Parry is most earnest in his desire to awaken the people to the importance of eternity, on which subject his own views have materially expanded; and under the Divine blessing, I have confident hopes of benefiting many of them by our mutual endeavours." Also, in a pocket edition of a New Testament which Captain Parry carried with him, this increased attention to religion is evidenced by a note entered during his second voyage:—"Began to read the New Testament every evening from June 29th, 1824."

The testimony of the late Sir John Franklin points in the same direction. In a speech made by him on the occasion of a Bible Society meeting, he said: "I can have no hesitation in speaking of the mercies of God vouchsafed personally to myself, nor of his wondrous works among the children of men. For sure I am that, amidst the various trying scenes of professional life in which my lot has been cast, neither I nor those associated with me could have borne up but for the support of religion."

A remarkable instance of the good influence of the example and teaching of Captain Parry and Mr. Hooper is afforded by an incident, in which John Darke, one of the *Hecla*'s seamen, took a prominent part. It is related thus by Mr. Hooper:—"We assembled as usual, and Captain Parry read to us an excellent sermon. We then read over three or four times the second lesson for the day, and I expounded it to the best of my ability. After this we went to prayers, and, having closed, I wished them good night as usual, when my friend John Darke, one of the *Hecla*'s seamen, said he wished to say a few words. He then returned to his knees, and in a few simple, but affecting words, returned thanks for the blessings enjoyed by himself and his shipmates in having a Christian captain and a Christian teacher, imploring the blessing of God in behalf of both Captain Parry and myself. After this, he desired for himself and his shipmates to thank me for the trouble I had taken; and the countenance of every one spoke the same thing, and showed that they had deplored him to do this."

With one other instance we will close our observations on this subject for the present. It is that of John Gordon, one of Captain Parry's seamen in his first Arctic voyage. Gordon was an athletic seaman, intelligent and zealous at his duty, but careless, and addicted to swearing, and one who thought it no harm occasionally to get drunk. He became one of the Captain's Sunday-school scholars, learned to read his Bible, and from that moment an oath never escaped his lips; and he ended by becoming a sober, serious Christian, and an example to his shipmates, zealous for the honour of God, and more than ever

zealous in the performance of his duty. Whenever an emergency occurred that required activity, steadiness, and nerve, John Gordon was the man always called for, and always found at hand. Parry desired to have Gordon with him on his second voyage, as one whose example could not but be beneficial to his other seamen; and he was consequently engaged. But, unfortunately, by an accident he was drowned as the vessels were leaving England. The men were engaged in throwing out a small anchor, and a boat had been lowered; the fluke of the anchor, by an accident, caught in the side of the boat, and dragged it so over to one side, that it was in danger of being capsized. John Gordon, who was at the helm, seeing the danger, rushed forward, and by a great effort released the anchor, and threw it over; but, as it was going down, the bight of the hawser caught him round the body and dragged him with it, and John Gordon was seen alive no more. His loss deeply affected Parry; and the memory of this faithful Christian was never afterwards effaced from his mind. In old age, when, as Admiral Sir Edward Parry, he addressed the seamen at the harbour of Portsmouth, in a lecture on "the Character, Condition, and Responsibilities of British Seamen," he touchingly referred to this interesting experience of his early life:—"For my own part, I can never think of that Christian seaman without feelings of sincere affection; and his memory will be dear to me as long as I live. But the loss was only ours—not his. Gordon loved, and read, and prayed over his Bible; and so sure as that Bible is true, he is now safely moored in that haven where there are no storms to agitate, no waves to roll, but all is rest, and peace, and joy for ever. Can it be necessary for me to add that, if I commanded a ship again, it would be my pride and pleasure to have her manned with John Gordons?"

We shall in our next give some instances of patient endurance and reliance on Divine Providence in moments of the most fearful dangers of Arctic navigation, which prove that the British sailor, reckless as he may appear, has qualities in him which require duly to be developed and trained in the right direction, in order to make him worthy to take rank among some of the best men of our country, and be justly entitled to bear the name of Christian.

### The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH W. C., E. M. C.,  
READER, E. M., C. A., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

#### CHAPTER XX.

I. "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels."—1 Cor. xi. 10.

ED. The marginal reading is "a covering, in sign denoting that she is under the power of her husband." The woman ought therefore to wear a veil or covering on her head. The veil was worn in eastern countries as a token

of subjection (Gen. xxiv. 65), and as a becoming mark of reserve and modesty. This article of dress covered the head and shoulders, and therefore was not precisely similar to that portion of a female's attire which bears the same name at the present day.

"*Because of the angels.*" Of this very difficult passage a variety of interpretations are to be met with; the most natural seems to be to this effect: To understand the word "angels" as meaning the messengers or spies whom the Pagan adversaries sent into their assemblies, to watch the actions of the Christians, in order to detect and expose any fault, levity, or imprudence which they might discover. The heathens were ever watchful to descry anything criminal or culpable in the conduct of Christians, in order to calumniate and vilify their religion; and spies were continually penetrating into their public assemblies and private meetings, to observe the slightest thing that was reprehensible in their worship or conduct. It was, therefore, peculiarly incumbent upon them to maintain an inviolable sanctity of manner and decorum in both dress and behaviour.

F. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."—Matt. xvii. 20.

ED. Among the learned Jews, to be a remover of mountains was an idiomatic mode of expressing a person who was a doer of those things that are exceedingly difficult, and beyond the unaided power of man to accomplish. St. Paul, in 1 Cor. xiii. 2, speaks of faith that was able to remove mountains, and, therefore, faith of the highest order. The words quoted denote a faith connected with the working of miracles, a faith arising from a firm confidence in Christ, to which, while the gift of miracles was continued in the Church, was annexed the power of performing miraculous deeds.

F. In the visits paid to the sepulchre after our Lord's burial, Matthew and Mark speak of one angel, but Luke and John make mention of two angels.—Matt. xxviii. 2; Mark xvi. 5; Luke xxiv. 4; John xx. 12.

ED. In consequence of the brevity of the Gospel history, it is sometimes found difficult to make the various parts of the four historians always to harmonise; the diversity being such, however, as not to affect any matters of vital importance, and yet sufficient to show that the Evangelists prepared their records independently.

Some divines think that Matthew and Mark mention only one of the angels, because only one of them spoke: but this does not solve the difficulty. There is another view given, which we prefer. The holy sepulchre consisted of two parts—the porch or ante-chamber, and the inner vault, or tomb. The women who visited the sepulchre were terrified at the sight of the angel sitting on the fragment of the rock which had been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb. The angel, perceiving the terror of the women, encouraged them; and, being thus encouraged, we may suppose that they proceeded from the ante-chamber into the inner vault or tomb, and there they beheld another angel in the form of a young man arrayed in white, sitting on the right side.

F. Is the inspiration of the Scripture *verbal*? that is, does it extend to the very words employed by the sacred writers, as well as to the facts stated and the truths taught?

ED. We believe, and we rejoice in the belief, that the writers of the Old and also of the New Testament—from Moses to Malachi, and from Matthew to the writer of the Revelation from Jesus Christ—"spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" but while we cherish a firm and an abiding conviction of the inspiration of Holy Writ, we are unable to discern the advantages to be derived to the general body of Christians from what is termed *verbal* inspiration. Let us admit that the very words of Scripture were inspired—this must be limited to the original languages, and also to the original manuscripts in those languages; and, therefore, as the great body of Christians scattered over the face of the earth derive, from necessity, their information through translations of copies of the Old and of the New Testament manuscripts, this verbal inspiration cannot, we think, apply to their own versions of the sacred Scriptures. It must be enough for them to know that the Bible is inspired, and free from every vital error, that the translations are faithful, and that these translated versions of the Scriptures are able to make them wise unto everlasting life. Beyond this, Christians in general cannot advance. One who in his own person unites the profound Hebraist, the knowledge of Chaldee, and a familiar acquaintance with Greek literature, united with a humble, prayerful, and teachable spirit, may discover a depth of meaning and a propriety, force, and beauty in the original terms; and this learned and godly man often may be enabled to render these original expressions very happily into the mother tongue; and thus pious readers may at times enjoy a portion of the delight which the translator himself experienced while perusing the Scriptures in the original languages; but this does not rise up to what is meant by verbal inspiration. For 300 years prior to the birth of Christ, even the Jews themselves were unable, as a body, to profit by their own inspired Scriptures, and were constrained to resort to the Septuagint—which, we believe, was a translation made from the original Hebrew into Greek, because a large portion of the Jews were imperfectly acquainted with the Hebrew tongue.

F. T. B. asks a question that can lead to no practical benefit.

ED. As we have many similar questions, one reply will be applicable to all. Our advice is, Avoid all unprofitable investigations—they consume time; they lead to a captious spirit; and they tend to divert the mind from the spiritual and the practical lessons of wisdom which the Scriptures, when prayerfully studied, will not fail to impart. When Satan cannot restrain men from the perusal of God's Holy Word, his device often is to lead them to search the Scriptures to gratify an unprofitable curiosity, in place of seeking for that knowledge which enriches the soul. Read to know the will of God, in order to obey it; avoid all that is fanciful and far-fetched, and leave the investigation of speculative errors and abstruse heresies to those persons whose province it is to refute them.

F. "Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good."—Isaiah vii. 15.

ED. Butter and honey are deemed delicacies in the East; they are emblems of plenty, because they abound in times of peace. These articles of diet constituted the

usual food of infants. The meaning of the passage and the context is—that, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened the kingdom, the prophet's child should continue in the uninterrupted enjoyment of these blessings until old enough to know how to refuse that which was evil, and to select that which was good; and within that short time the land should be forsaken of both her kings—that is to say, the King of Damascus and the King of Israel.

F. "The preparations of the heart in man and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord."—Prov. xvi. 1.

ED. The power to devise and to plan, and the ability to give utterance thereto, are alike gifts from God, and can only be exercised by the Divine permission.

F. How many patriarchs were there?

ED. Twenty-three: ten up to the time of the Deluge, and thirteen after. Joseph was the last, and with him ended the patriarchal government, which prevailed for about 2,400 years.

F. Why was it an abomination to the Egyptians to eat bread with the Hebrews?

ED. On account of the opposing habits of the two classes. The Egyptians worshipped as deities the animals that the Hebrews consumed for food and also offered for sacrifice.

ED. Our correspondent W. B. must be good enough to remember that this periodical, although it comprises forty columns in every number, would not contain one-fortieth part of the answers were all our friends to favour us with questions that consume sheets of paper, and involve a body of divinity. We delight to respond to the utmost of our space.

F. What is meant by the term "Catholic Church?"

ED. The general society of God's servants—believers in Christ—who love him and obey him. These pious worshippers are not confined to any one class of persons, or to any one nation, or to any one part of the globe, or to any particular period. It is a mode of expressing Christ's universal Church. Were we to employ an old Saxon word to describe the extent of the Church, we might use the word *whole*; if we resorted to an adjective of Latin derivation, we should say the *universal* Church; But if a word of Greek derivation were employed, it would be the *Catholic* Church. The word Catholic therefore applies to all Christians; and of this Catholic or universal Church Christ is the Head. One portion of this Church is styled the Church triumphant, the other the Church militant; the one has fought the good fight and gained the conqueror's crown, the other portion is still contending for the faith, and praying for the victory.

F. What is meant by "the communion of saints?"

ED. "The communion of saints" is that goodly company comprehended under the title of the Holy Catholic Church. Communion implies that which they have in common with others; therefore, the term "communion of saints" denotes the fellowship or union that subsists between the several members of God's holy family, who, though they are many, are regarded as all one body in Christ—all being servants of the same God, redeemed by the same atoning blood, sanctified by the same Spirit, governed by the same laws, heirs of the same promises,

subject to the same trials, the same conflicts, and partakers of the same victory, looking forward to the same home, to the same companions, to the same friends, and to the same eternal happiness.

F. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

ED. We presume the words are to be understood in reference to the *nature* of Christ, and not to his *office*. The phrase implies all time—it embraces the past, the present, and the future, and consequently denotes IMMUTABILITY; as such we conceive that the words of the Apostle would not be applicable to the Saviour's mediatorial work.

#### BIRTH STRUGGLES OF "THE BIBLE SOCIETY."

SOME twenty years before the society now known as "the Bible Society" had its origin, a single individual (whose love of God was of a character to show itself in love to man) might have been observed intently reflecting over a plan of benevolence. His cherished project became more attractive when sketched on paper; and when at length it appeared in the public prints, its fond progenitor was enraptured with its prospect of usefulness.

But, like many a similar attempt, this project, so promising on paper, was destined to meet with a widely different reception from that which its sanguine promoter had anticipated. The advertisement which set forth the details of the plan, and summoned a public meeting in the largest assembly room at that time to be obtained in London, was responded to by but one solitary individual. The originator of the effort had made up his mind that, large as the room was, it would not be large enough to contain half the people who would rush thither at the time appointed.

Intent himself on being there early, he was perhaps not so much disappointed as otherwise he might have been to see no crowd around the door, but once within the entrance there was only too much reason to fear that if his time-piece had not deceived him, his expectations must have done so sadly; for instead of the staircase presenting to his view at least a few ardent friends rapidly hastening towards the centre of attraction, not a single step beside his own was to be heard throughout its area. His watch, suspiciously examined, ticked away as complacently as ever, while his heart, poor man!—far less reliable under such disturbing influences—beat with an accelerated pace.

In circumstances of such bitter disappointment did this good man advance, step by step, up the solitary staircase, his sad misgivings, doubtless, not diminishing as he approached the door. To sympathise aright with such a one, it would be necessary to have heard his isolated footfall slowly tramping past the rows of vacant chairs, where should have been large aggregate of sills, &c.

But trace him to the platform. He sank, beneath his bitter disappointment, into the nearest chair.

In the midst of all this gloom, the echo of one other distant step is heard upon the staircase. In due time the stately individual whose approach it heralded presented himself at the vacant entrance door, and addressing himself to the sole tenant of the platform, is heard to say, "I came here, sir, in answer to an advertisement, convening a meeting for the purpose of considering certain plans and proposals of which I highly approve, and which I am anxious to promote. Will you kindly inform me if I have mistaken the hour or the day? for I presume that must be the case." Aroused from his despondency by the clear tones in which the foregoing words were addressed, the sorrowful promoter of the effort answered—

"Sir, you are by no means mistaken; this is the place, day, and hour, appointed for the meeting to which you allude, and I am the gentleman who arranged and published what I fear I must now confess, for lack of public interest, will be a failure."

"Not so fast, if you please, sir," said the first speaker. "I cordially approve of your plan, and think it will certainly succeed. I have therefore come to give you my help."

Encouraged by these cheering words, the *chairman of the meeting* aroused himself, and inquired of his welcome visitor what was to be done.

"Done!" cried the visitor; "why, we'll propose, second, and carry these resolutions of yours, and postpone the meeting for further deliberation."

"An excellent thought," replied the once more sanguine chairman. "But what can we say about the meeting?"

"Say!" responded his friend; "we can say that we proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously these resolutions, at a meeting publicly convened, of which due and proper notice was given in the public press. It is true we cannot say that it was numerously, but we can, with truth, assert that it was *respectably* attended; so come, sir; you propose, and I will second the resolutions."

It only remains to add that this sound advice was forthwith carried out by two Christian gentlemen, whose names, singularly enough, were respectively Mr. Black and Mr. White. The meeting was adjourned to a not far distant day, when, instead of the large room being occupied by but two individuals, a crowded assembly was successfully convened, and the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Thornton, came forward, and liberally assisted in forming the society.

Such were the earliest stages of an effort which subsequently has resulted in scattering Bibles by the million throughout almost every kindred, tongue, and people of the globe. The circumstance which gave rise to these Christian efforts was the immorality which prevailed among the troops assembled in Hyde Park for the suppression of the "Gordon Riots" in 1780. It was thought that the best way of stemming the torrent was to circulate the Word

of God among the soldiers; hence the uprising of at least three societies, at the present time carrying on their beneficent operations in our own metropolis—viz., the Naval and Military, the British and Foreign, and the Trinitarian Bible Societies.

Thus remarkably has this extended circulation of the Scriptures been traceable to the moral evil which then prevailed.

Thus has He whose sole prerogative it is to draw forth good from human evil, seen fit to work in this matter. It will be of interest to observe, in conclusion, that the names of Romaine, Cecil, and Wilberforce appear among the earliest supporters of the original society. The first sermon preached for the society was from a singularly suitable text (1 Sam. iv. 7): "And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore!"

A practical comment on the text is afforded by a statement in connection with the field of Waterloo. After the battle, it is said, in the *haversacs* of the slain were found among the foe infidel and licentious writings, but in the knapsacks of many of the English were to be seen the brass-bound clasps and Bibles of the Naval and Military Bible Society.

#### THE FUTURE CONDITION OF THE JEWS.

I.—THE Jews shall be gathered from all parts of the earth where they are now scattered, and brought home into their own land. For this see Isa. xi. 11; xxvii. 12, 13; xl. 5, 6; xlii. 11, 12; lx. 4.

Compare Jer. iii. 18; xvi. 14, 15; xxiii. 3; xxx. 10; xxxi. 7, 8, 10; xxxii. 37.

So Hos. xi. 10, 11; Zeph. iii. 10; Zech. viii. 7, 8; x. 8—10.

II.—They shall be carried by the Gentiles unto their place, who shall join themselves with the Jews, and become the Lord's people. Isa. xlii. 22; xiv. 12; lx. 9; lxvi. 19, 20; ii. 2—4.

Compare Jer. iii. 17; xvi. 19; Ezek. xlvi. 22, 23; Mic. v. 3; Zeph. ii. 11; viii. 20—23.

III.—Great miracles shall be wrought when Israel is restored, as formerly, when they were brought out of Egypt, viz.—

1. Drying up the river Euphrates. Isa. xi. 15; 16; Zech. x. 11; Rev. xvi. 12; Hos. ii. 15; Mic. vii. 15.

2. Causing rivers to flow in desert places. Isa. xli. 17—19; xlvi. 20, 21; xlii. 19, 20.

3. Giving them prophets. Isa. lxvi. 18—21; Hos. xii. 9, 10.

4. Christ himself shall appear at the head of them. Isa. xxxv. 8; lvi. 12; lviii. 8; Hos. i. 10, 11; Mic. ii. 12, 13.

IV.—The Jews, being restored and converted to the faith of Christ, shall be formed into a state, and have judges and counsellors over them as formerly,

the Lord Jesus Christ himself being their King, who shall then also be acknowledged King over all the earth. Isa. i. 26; ix. 17; compare Jer. xxiii. 4; xxx. 8, 9, 21; Hos. iii. 5; Ezek. xxxiv. 23, 24; xxxvii. 24, 25; Isa. liv. 5; Obad. 21; Zech. xiv. 5, 9; Psalm xxii. 27, 28.

V.—They shall have the victory over all their enemies, and all kings and nations of the earth shall submit to them. For which see Isa. xiv. 13, 14; xli. 14—16; xlix. 23; lx. 12; xxv. 10—12; Joel iii. 7, 8, 19, 20; Obad. 17, 18; Mic. iv. 6—8, 11—13; v. 5—7; vii. 16, 17; Zech. ii. 13; ix. 13—15; x. 5, 6; xii. 6; Numb. xxiv. 17; Isa. xlix. 23; lx. 10—16; lxi. 19, 20.

VI.—The Jews shall live, peaceably restored, without being divided into two nations, or contending with one another any more. Isa. xi. 13, 14; xiv. 1, 2; Jer. iii. 18; l. 4; Ezek. xxxvii. 21, 22; Hos. i. 11.

1. They shall be very numerous, and multiply greatly. Isa. xxvii. 6; xliv. 3, 4; xlix. 18—21; liv. 1—3; lxi. 9; Jer. xxiii. 3; xxx. 18—20; xxxi. 27; Ezek. xxxiv. 11; xxxvi. 38, 39.
2. They shall have great peace, safety, and outward temporal prosperity. Isa. xxxii. 16—18; xxxiii. 24; liv. 13—17; lx. 18, 21; Jer. xxiii. 3—6; xxx. 10; xxxii. 34—41; xxxiii. 6—9; l. 19, 20; Joel iii. 17, 18; Mic. vii. 18—20; Zeph. iii. 13; Zech. iii. 9, 10.
3. They shall be very glorious, and a blessing in the whole earth. Isa. xix. 24, 25; lxi. 9; Jer. xxxii. 3—9; Ezek. xxxiv. 26; Zeph. iii. 19, 20; Zech. viii. 13.

VII.—The land of Judea shall be made eminently fruitful, like a paradise or the garden of God. Isa. xxix. 17; xxxv. 1, 2, 7, 9; li. 3, 16; liv. 11—13; lv. 12, 13; lx. 17; lxv. 17, 25; Ezek. xxxiv. 26, 27; xxxv. 37; Joel iii. 18; Amos ix. 13, 14.

VIII.—Jerusalem shall be rebuilt, and, after the full restoration of the Jews, shall never be destroyed or infested with enemies any more.—Isa. lii. 1; xxvi. 1; lx. 18; xxxiii. 6; Joel iii. 17; Obad. 17; Zech. xiv. 10, 11; Jer. xxxi. 38—40; Ezek. xxxviii. 11.

IX.—A little before the time of the Jews' call and conversion, there shall be great wars, confusion, and desolation throughout all the earth. Isa. xxxiv. throughout; Joel iii. 1, 10; Zeph. iii. 8, 9; Ezek. xxviii. 25, 26; Hag. ii. 21—23; Jer. xxx. 7—10; 2 Chron. xv. 3, 7; so that we may say as Balaam did, prophesying of that very time, "*Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?*" Numb. xxiv. 28.

#### VALUE OF SOULS.

A FRIEND of Jewish missions once called on a merchant to solicit a subscription. "So, you are going to convert Jews, are you?" the merchant sneeringly asked; "with all your efforts and means, will you be able to convert 100?" "Well," said the poor collector, "say a hundred; you are a good accountant; will you please to sit down and calculate the value of 100 souls?"

#### Youths' Department.

##### A LITTLE CHILD'S NOTION OF HEAVEN.

###### A TRUE STORY.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child."—1 Cor. xiii. 11.

THE glowing sun of a midsummer afternoon poured through the curtainless windows of the little village school, and small curly heads drooped like delicate flowers in the languid air. Among them all, little Katie's sunny ringlets fell the lowest; and if you had lifted the golden veil, you would have seen that the weary eyes had forgotten to con the long line of hard words in the worn spelling-book, and that the silken fringes of the drooping lids were resting upon the sweetest little cheeks in the world.

In the warm air, soothed by the drone of the flies, and the hum of young voices, Katie had fallen asleep. She was dreaming, too. She was dreaming of the little brother, Charley, who in the bright spring time, when the violets were just opening their sweet blue eyes after their long sleep, had strayed away from earth, and passed through those gates of glory always open for the entering of little feet; and she dreamed that she clasped him to her little lonely heart, and begged him never to leave her again. Amid the greatness of her joy, she sobbed aloud, and started to find Belle's soft arm around her, and to hear her whisper—

"What is the matter, darling?"

Before poor Katie could well collect her thoughts to answer, the school was dismissed, and she heard the teacher exclaim, as he pointed to the darkening west, "Hurry home, children, or you will be caught in the shower."

Then Katie poured into the sympathising ear of her little friend all her troubles, and finished by saying, "I could not bear to find it only a dream; I feel as if I must see Charley once more."

"Where do you think he is?"

"In heaven, I hope," replied Katie, "and mother says he cannot come back to us, but we can get to him some time;" and her sobs broke out afresh.

"Why don't you go to him now?" cried Belle.

"I don't know the way," said Katie; "I was very sick when they took him away in the little coffin, and I don't know where they went."

"Are you sure he went to heaven?" asked Belle, eagerly.

"Oh! I know it," said Katie.

"Then," said impulsive little Belle, "then I can show you the way; I saw where they put your little brother." The glad light in Katie's tearful eyes was beautiful to behold.

"Will you show me, Belle? will you show me, this very afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Belle, and with clasped hands, unmindful of the gathering gloom, these little pil-

grims set forth on their journey to what they were pleased to call heaven.

Once on the way, a doubt oppressed little Belle.

"Oh!" said Katie, with sweet assurance, "how Charley would run to open the door!" and her cheek flushed with anticipation.

"Do you suppose Charley is very happy?" urged Belle.

"Very," said Katie, emphatically.

"And what does he do all the time?"

"Plays with the angels," cried Katie, with great animation. "And they pick up stars that lie all over the floor of heaven. And the rainbows—I suppose they keep them up all the summer; and, oh! Charley used to love rainbows. He once cried because—"

"Dear me!" said Belle, interrupting her in great dismay, "it rains, Katie, and we are ever so far from home. What shall we do?"

"But we are very near to heaven, aint we? Let us hurry and go in there."

"Yes," said Belle, "I see the door."

"Where? where?" cried Katie, breathlessly.

"There!" responded little Belle, pointing to the little rising ground and iron door in the village churchyard vault.

"Oh!" faltered Katie, with disappointment; "is that heaven? O Belle! it is like a great cave!" and her little lip quivered sadly.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they took your brother—the very place—and you said he had gone to heaven; besides," continued she, brightening, "when we get through the little dark door, it may be all bright and beautiful on the other side."

"Perhaps it is," said Katie, more hopefully.

But now the large rain-drops began to fall very fast, and a thunder-storm in all its sublimity burst upon the little travellers. Still the little children, with clasped hands and pale lips, pressed on, and their angels, who "do always behold the face of our Father," watched over them as they walked.

At last, the tiny patterning feet reached the gloomy entrance, and Katie's sweet, hopeful lips were pressed close to the cold door.

"Knock," cried Belle; and, with all her strength, Katie did knock, and a hollow echo was all her reply.

"Charley! dear Charley! it is your sister—your sister Katie; won't you open the door?"

"He does not hear you, Katie, it thunders so," said Belle; "let us wait a little while." And they waited. Soon there was a lull in the storm, and again Katie, strong in her affection, knocked at the dreary door, and her loving cry, "Charley! dear Charley!" echoed sadly back.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Belle, with parted lips. "Is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie; "I thought I once heard his little feet, but it was only the rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large and eager eyes, "perhaps he is playing with the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful garden."

"Oh!" sobbed Katie; "I hope he will not love the little angels more than me."

"Knock once more—just once," whispered Belle.

Again the little soft hand pleaded for entrance, and the tremulous voice cried piteously—

"Charley! darling, dear brother! please open the door to Katie. Don't love the little angels better than me. O Charley! Charley!"

She threw herself upon the wet ground, and sobbed in an agony of grief and disappointment.

"Katie," said Belle, half frightened at this outburst, "let us go home now, and come again tomorrow, and try."

"No," said Katie, with touching hopelessness; "I shall never come again. Let us go."

She rose without another sob, or fresh tear even, upon the wet cheek; but the grieved expression of the sweet, childish countenance was pitiful to behold. Back again over the dreary way went Katie and Belle. Little shoes wet, little dresses dripping, little heads bent like dew-laden flowers, little hearts very heavy.

At Katie's door stood her anxious mother, peering through shadows for her darling. The child sprang forward, and with one cry, that spoke all the agony of bitter doubt that had crept into her young, confiding heart, exclaimed—

"O mother! I have been knocking at the door of heaven, and Charley would not let me in."

The mother soothed the poor child's sorrow, and comforted her with the assurance that one day they should meet in heaven, and never part again. She told her that the gate of heaven was not in the graveyard, but beyond the skies; that pilgrims to the heavenly city must seek in prayer the guide which God alone could give to bring them safely on their way to that blessed home; that God's Holy Spirit was that guide, sent down by God to teach and comfort those who sought his face; and that all who asked received this holy guidance, and were at last brought safely home to heaven.

And Katie, to whom at first all this was a great mystery, saw it at length, and cried out joyfully, "Mother, I see my way! Charley is not in the dark grave, but up yonder in the bright sky; and there, when I am dead, I shall see him, and be with him for ever!"

Katie never again went to look for her brother in the graveyard; she knew that he was in heaven, and that thought was always with her throughout a long, long life. She never was heard to mention the visit to the grave until her own hour for departure came; then, with a light, not of the world, in her face, she cried out in her childish words, "Charley! dear Charley! it is your sister; open the door!"

## The Student's Page.

## A COLLECTION OF THE NAMES AND TITLES GIVEN TO JESUS CHRIST.—I.

1. Adam. 1 Cor. xv. 45.
2. Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.
3. Amen. Rev. iii. 14.
4. Angel. Isa. lixii. 9;
5. Ancient of days. Dan. vii. 22.
6. Anointed. Ps. ii. 2; xv. 7.
7. Apostle. Heb. iii. 1.
8. Apple-tree. Canticles ii. 3.
9. Author and finisher of faith. Heb. xii. 2.
10. Babe. Luke ii. 16.
11. Beginning of the creation of God. Rev. iii. 14.
12. Begotten of the Father. John i. 14.
13. Beloved. Canticles i. 13; Eph. i. 6.
14. Bishop. 1 Pet. ii. 25.
15. Blessed. 1 Tim. vi. 15.
16. Branch of righteousness. Zech. iii. 8.
17. Brazen serpent. John iii. 14.
18. Bread of life. John vi. 48—51.
19. Bridegroom. Matt. ix. 15.
20. Bright morning star. Rev. xxii. 16.
21. Brightness of Father's glory. Heb. i. 3.
22. Bundle of myrrh. Canticles i. 13.
23. Camphire. Canticles i. 14.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—VI.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—James iv. 8  
THE end of all ordinances is to bring us nigh to God, Matt. xviii. 20.

Christ is the way of access, John xiv. 6.

Every breathing of real prayer is a drawing nigh unto God.

Every return of blessing is God's drawing nigh unto us.

I. How must we draw nigh to God?

1. Through Christ, Heb. vii. 19; xiii. 15.
2. By the Spirit, Eph. ii. 18.

II. In what state must we draw nigh?

1. With a clean heart, James iv. 8; Ps. xxvi. 6; lxvi. 18, 19.
2. With a broken heart, James iv. 9; Joel ii. 12.
3. With a believing heart, Heb. x. 22.

III. What shall be our success?

He will draw nigh to us.

1. To hear our prayers, Ps. xxxiv. 17, 18.
2. To support our hopes, Lam. iii. 57.
3. To take up his abode in our hearts, Isa. lvii. 15; Rev. iii. 20.

What is my habitual frame in attending upon the ordinances?

Do I resort thither with—

An intention of drawing nigh to God?

An expectation that God will draw nigh to me?

A resolution to be satisfied with nothing short of this? Ps. xlii. 1, 2.

## THE NAME OF GOD.

"FATHER, glorify thy name." By the name of God is to be understood *himself*, in all his attributes: his wisdom, truth, mercy, justice, holiness, &c., which were abundantly glorified by Christ's death and resurrection. Christ teaches here a lesson of submission to the Divine will. Do with me what thou wilt, so that glory may redound to thy name.

## SPARE NO LABOUR.

"Nothing great is granted to man without great labour."

GREEK and LATIN authors spent years, as is well known, on those works which have come down to us as models of style. Ten years Socrates devoted to one of his works. After eleven years of labour, Virgil regarded his "Eneid" as still imperfect. Pascal often gave twenty days to the composition of a single letter, and some of those letters he wrote and re-wrote seven or eight times. The result is, that they are reckoned among the best specimens of the grace and flexibility of the French tongue. Tasso and Pope, Milton and Addison, Goldsmith and Hume, are known to have *toiled* in their task, and the manuscripts of most of them still attest the earnestness with which they perfected their works.

## THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

"THEY that received the tribute money:" in Talmudic language, *they that collected the shekels*; for not the publicans, or Roman tax-gatherers, are meant. There was a tribute that was paid to Caesar by the Jews (see Matt. xxii. 17), but that is expressed by another word, and was paid in Roman coin, which bore Caesar's image and superscription; but this refers to the collection of the half-shekel paid yearly for the service of the Temple.

The origin of this custom was an order from the Lord to Moses, upon numbering the people, that every one that was twenty years of age and upwards should give half a shekel as atonement-money, or as a ransom for his soul, which was about one shilling and twopence of our money; and this was to be disposed of for the service of the tabernacle (Exod. xxx. 12—16).

This does not appear to have been designed for a perpetual law, or to be paid yearly. In the time of Joash, king of Judah, a collection was made for the repairs of the Temple, and the collection of Moses in the wilderness was urged by way of example; but no mention is made of the half-shekel they should pay. In the time of Nehemiah, there was a yearly charge of the *third* part of a shekel, for the service of the Temple, not by a Divine order, nor any law of Moses. From this it became fixed that every year a half-shekel should be paid by every Israelite, excepting women, children, and servants, towards the necessary charge of the Temple service; and this rule prevailed in the time of Christ. On the 15th of the month Adar, tables were placed, and collectors sat, in every city in Judea; and so we read of receivers of the half-shekel at Capernaum.

## CONTENTMENT.

AN Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than making a right use of mine eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

## THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We beg to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged			£ <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>		
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## WILLIAM ALLAIR;

OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANSONS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MEETING IN CALCUTTA.

THE vessel which had picked them up proved to be the barque "Texas," bound from one of the ports of Brazil to Calcutta. Here was an overwhelming disappointment to William!—he was about to be borne once more far away from his home. But there was no help for it; and he could not in gratitude quarrel with the means which had saved his life. He, with the other men saved, assisted to work the ship, she being short of hands, a fever having carried off four or five of her crew, after the "Texas" left port. But she was healthy now. The carpenter was especially welcome, their own having been one of those who had died.

As if to compensate for their previous disasters, the voyage to Calcutta was most favourable, and performed in a remarkably short time. When they reached that port, William Allair quitted the ship: he was not wanted longer. So there he was, adrift in the world in a strange land; possessing nothing; not even a shred of clothing, save what he stood upright in. 1848 was now drawing to a close.

His whole thoughts were directed towards getting to England. And the only way open to him to accomplish that, was by working his passage over. Down he went to the river, to see if there were any craft about to sail who might require hands. Moored there was a small brig, containing some officers and men belonging (as was told to William) to a fine frigate lying at Diamond Harbour—a British man-of-war. His informant said that he heard hands were wanted for the frigate. William resolved to go on board the brig, and get himself engaged, if possible. He was extremely anxious; for he began to fear that he was again growing ill.

He made his way on to the brig, which was called the "Lord Hastings," and was waiting to be spoken to, when his attention was attracted to a tall, handsome young officer, pacing the quarter deck. Not for his fine figure did William regard him, not for his prepossessing looks; but because the face seemed known to him.

Where had he seen it? He could not recollect. The features were familiar; and yet not familiar. Once, as a brother officer passed and spoke, the object of William's attention smiled in reply. That smile awoke a strange thrill in his heart, for it seemed to call up remembrances of Whitterhead.

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired William, of the steward's man, who was standing by.

"That? He's one of our lieutenants. Mr. Vane."

The flush of awaking recollection flew to William's countenance. Could it be? "What is his Christian name?" he hastily asked.

"His Christian name? Well—let's see. Oh, it's Harry."

"Belonging to the 'Hercules'?"

"The 'Hercules,' Captain Stafford."

"This is not the 'Hercules'?"

"This the 'Hercules'! You are not much of a sailor, young fellow; or else you have never heard what her tonnage is. Why, she's a seventy-gun ship! Vessels of that class can't get up here; they have to stop at Diamond Harbour. This brig is only a temporary thing that we got to bring us up the Ganges to Calcutta. You won't see many a finer man than Lieutenant Vane."

It was even so! His dear old companion and friend, Harry Vane, stood before him. The man talked on, but William heard him not. For one brief moment he forgot his position: the tide of memory ebbed back to the past, obliterating the present; there was the Harry Vane of their school days, and he was William Allair. He took a step forwards: pleasurable eagerness in his eyes, his hand extended, an exclamation on his lips; but recollection returned to him in time, and he retreated again. What! should he—a common sailor, low in rank, shabby in appearance, applying on the ship for work—should he dare to advance to the quarter-deck, and boldly offer his hand, and claim acquaintance with one of its chief officers? Back! back, William Allair! you deliberately chose your own station in life, and you must abide by it.

The heart bitterness rose in his throat as if it would have suffocated him. He turned away; and, without saying a syllable to anybody, left the ship. He must find some other means of going home, or stay in India. Anything rather than join the "Hercules."

The next day, William was lying in Calcutta Hospital, with an attack of incipient brain fever. The severity of the voyage round Cape Horn, the privations, the exposure on the open sea, and now the dreadful heat raging in Calcutta, all combined to induce it. Added to which causes, must be classed his remorse and anxiety of mind. The attack, in truth, was a slight one; more to be called a threatening than a positive attack. The remedies applied were prompt, and in a few days its danger had passed; but it left him deplorably weak and spiritless, and, as he believed, dying.

Oh! his had been a bitter fate! To have toiled hard, lived hard, and now to die in an Indian hospital! Without a familiar face around him! without a possibility of sending a farewell word to the mother he had so rashly disobeyed and cast aside!

Yes, there was a chance. If the brig "Hastings" had not sailed, he might send to Harry Vane. Unless the latter's nature was strangely altered, he would not fail to come at the summons, although it was but to see a poor sick sailor. A sick sailor? Harry Vane would have tramped to the end of the world to relieve one. He would bear home William's dying messages. But how was he to be communicated with?

Means for that seemed to rise up without searching. In the next bed to William's lay a young man who was frequently visited by a sailor, an Englishman. William had been too ill to take much note of this previously; but when the man came again, he spoke to him.

"Do you know," he feebly asked, beckoning the man to him, as he was about to leave his friend, "whether the brig 'Lord Hastings' has gone down the river?"

"Not yet," was the answer. "But I fancy she'll be off by to-morrow, for they have been busy aboard her

all day, getting her into sailing trim. Our ship's a-lying alongside of her, and I only wish we was a-doing the like. I hate this horrid weather: it have broiled some of us pretty nigh to death since we came. I have been froze stiff at the North Pole, and thought nothing o' that, compared with this here heat."

"Will you take a note for me on board the 'Hastings'?"

"Two if you like; notes not being weighty to carry. If they was, I don't know as I could. I might be afraid of melting, perhaps."

"When are you going down?"

"Straight on ahead now."

"Will you reach me my clothes, and get out my pencil? There's a piece of paper, too, somewhere."

"Sharp's the word, and quick's the motion," cried the good-natured sailor, as he sought and found the articles required.

William strove to use them; but the paper clattered in his emaciated hands, and the pencil fell. "I am too weak," he sighed. "You must deliver a message instead."

"With all my heart. What is it?"

"Ask to see Mr. Vane. He is one of the lieutenants. Tell him that—that—I tell him that a sailor is lying here, and craves to see him."

"Who shall I say? Any name?"

"Say ——" But William would not utter his name, that it should be spoken out aloud on board the "Hastings." Harry Vane might have talked of his old companion to his brother officers. "I think I can write just a word," he said.

By the help of the sailor, who propped him up, he contrived to scrawl the words, "William Allair, Whittemore."

"Give him that," he said, folding the paper. "And tell him to come in morrow, for that I am dying."

"Avast there!" said the man, with a hearty cheer, which was cut short in the bud by remembering where he was. "Never you give way about 'dying,' or to such notions! It's this gloomy place you be in—giving you sick folks the mollygrubs, and all sorts of blues. You'll be well enough in a week or two, comrade. Cheer up! I say."

The man departed, and went on board the "Lord Hastings," as he had promised. Lieutenant Vane was not there; he had gone ashore. So he could but leave the paper and a message. That the young man what was writ in there was a-dying up at the hospital. Leastways, he thought he was a-dying, and wanted Mr. Vane to go up quick and see him.

When Harry Vane reached the hospital, it was past the hour for visitors; but he procured admittance. William was lying then in an uneasy slumber; but, as if conscious of who was bending over him, scarcely had Harry Vane scanned his countenance, when he started up awake.

With his burning, trembling, eager hands, he seized those that were extended to him. The emotion was too much; and, reduced and wretched as he was, he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child.

Harry Vane leaned over him. He pressed his wasted hands in his, he spoke soothing words of calm-

ness, he held a cup of water to his lips. A little while, and William lay quiet, but exhausted. It was the Harry Vane of other days; affectionate, cordial, impetuous; ready to make as much of William—the friendless, beaten-down, poor apprentice-sailor—as though he had been a royal middy.

A few whispered explanations passed between them: it was not the time or place for lengthened ones. William's state was too weak to admit of it, and Harry Vane had to hurry back to the brig. She was on the point of sailing; and he was left in command of her down to Diamond Harbour. He had not been to England, he said, since he first left it; but the "Hercules" was ordered home now.

"Have you ever heard anything of me? Did any of them speak of me in their letters?"

"Often. Caroline especially. I heard all about your going off, and have lived in hopes of dropping across you at some lucky port or other."

"I was not like you," said William, with a bitterness he could not disguise. "You went with the approbation of your parents, and things have prospered with you: I left them in rebellious defiance, and—am the wreck you see. You used to say to Gruff Jones that an expedition entered into in disobedience would never prosper."

"I often said it. I hold the same opinion still. Talking of Gruff, did he not soon have enough of it?"

"I don't know. I have heard nothing since I left. Did he?"

Harry Vane laughed. "I thought he would. He was not cut out for the sea. He is a gentleman now, lording it as the squire's heir: and rides to cover."

William sighed. "What parts of the world have you been in?"

"In several. But if—" he looked at William's wasted countenance, and somewhat altered the words he was about to speak—"when we meet again, I'll give you details. There's no time now."

"Are you still fond of the sea?" and the question was uttered more like an exclamation.

"I am. Not but that it's a sharp sort of life. I think I could scarcely live on land. You know," he added, with a smile, "they used to tell me I was not fit to live there."

"They were right. You were constituted for a sea life: I, not—as they used to tell me. I would not listen to them; I thought I knew better than they did; I was bent on following out my own obstinate self-will. Heaven knows I have paid for it."

"But there has been a wide contrast in the service we have seen," rejoined Harry. "You have experienced the darkest shades of a sea life; I, the bright ones. Passionately fond, as I was, of the sea, I should not have relished a Cape Horn voyage after hides, in a Yankee trader."

"You are about returning to England now?"

"Immediately; and I hope we shall not be long making it. The 'Hercules' is a fast sailer."

"And to Whitteread?"

"You may be sure I shall go there the instant I can get leave, after we touch land. Satisfied as I am with the sea, it has not taken from me the longing to see home and its ties. Do you remember my careering through

the place, with the blue ribbons round my hat, when my appointment arrived? What a young donkey I was!"

"Will you bear a message for me to my home?"

"Why ask the question, William? Would I could bear you with it! I wish you could be removed on board!" he continued, impulsively. "But your malady—fever—bars it."

"I sent for you to-day that you might take a word of love home for me. The thought that I was left here to die, neglected and friendless as any poor stray dog might be, was helping to kill me. When I knew you were at Calcutta, and could convey news of me home, it eased death of half its load. Otherwise I would not have troubled or pained you by making myself known."

"William!"

"A few days ago, before this illness came on, I was on board the 'Lord Hastings,' and recognised you. I was nearly as close to you as I am now."

Harry Vane stared. "Why in the world did you not let me know it?"

"In the impulse of the moment, in the joy at meeting you, I was starting forward with extended hands; but I recalled my senses before committing myself. I had forgotten how changed were our positions since we last met; how I had dropped in the scale of society."

"And I should have flown, with open arms, to meet you, there or elsewhere," cried Harry Vane, in excitement. "Change of position, indeed! Is that a reason for shunning an old friend? Never, in my creed. It never was, and it never will be. You ought not to have gone off the brig, leaving me in ignorance that you had been there."

"I had the wretchedest old pea-jacket on, and patched trousers!"

"Old pea-jacket! patched trousers!" reiterated Harry Vane. "What on earth has that to do with it? If a fellow I cared for came to me without either, painted down blue instead, he'd be all the more welcome. You would have been my dear past friend, William, introduced to my brother officers as such, just as heartily as if you had been clothed in purple and gold. We shan't look askance at old pea-jackets in heaven. The world never could beat any of that sort of pride into me, when I was a youngster, you know, and I have not learnt it yet. I say, old fellow, bear up; you are growing exhausted."

"See them at home—my father, my sisters," whispered William, who felt his strength sinking. "Tell them how severe has been my punishment; that I had not been a day at sea before I began to repent, to suspect how full of hardship and misery was the life I had embraced. Tell them that from that moment to this I have never had an hour's enjoyment, an hour's rest from toil. I have had no peace of mind. My time has been passed in the vain yearning for home, in futile endeavours to repress the stings of repentance."

"I don't think you ought to excite yourself like this."

"And see my mother, Harry. My dear, dear mother! See her alone. Tell her that in all the trouble I have borne since I left her, and which has gone well nigh to madden me, I have never ceased to think of her. Tell her that the remembrance of my ungrateful conduct, in

leaving her as I did, has been to me as the very core of my anguish. Tell her that until I left home I did not know how dear she was to me; and that the misery I have endured, the illness that is upon me, the death which may overtake me, I feel that I have no right to murmur at, for they are but the result of my conduct to her—a child's ingratitude working out its retribution."

"Now, I won't stop to listen to this despondency," cried Harry Vane. "I'll deliver your messages, but I shall just say the state you were in. When a fellow's sick, it's all gloom, gloom, gloom! You will get home yet, and be the happiest of the happy there, from the very contrast those days will present to these."

"Oh, that it were so! that it could be so! Do you know," William continued, while the flush of fever and excitement lighted up his cheek, "there were times when I dreamt that it would? And it is this hope—if you can call any feeling so faint and vague a hope—which has sustained me, and helped me to battle with my untoward fate."

"And let it enable you still to battle with it!" rejoined Harry Vane, fervently.

"Tell my mother that if I do live to reach home, it will have been the remembrance of her that has borne me on my way; otherwise, I *must* have sunk. And tell her that if I should not live to see her, and hear her whisper my forgiveness, her name and a prayer for her happiness will be one of the last upon my lips in dying."

"I will tell her all. But bear manfully up, William, and you will one day tell her yourself. What fun we'll have, you and I, when we get once more together at Whittermead! Won't it be a joyous time! Won't we set the bells to ring! Cheer up, old boy!"

Lieutenant Vane departed, and sailed down the river the next morning in command of his brig. He was but the third lieutenant; the second, who had come up in charge of her, had fallen ill; hence it devolved upon him.

And William was left in the hospital.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### HOT WORK.

WILLIAM ALLAIR slowly recovered. In the hospital, a few beds removed from his own, a sick soldier had been lying. This man, who grew convalescent before William, used to come to William's bed, sit on it, and talk to him. His name was Alfred Langly, an Englishman, of liberal education. An intimacy ensued between them. Both were strangers in the strange land, both were sick in the strange hospital, both had been reared to occupy a better position in life. For the first time since he left Whittermead, William confided who he was to this young man, the trials he had undergone, and his earnest desire to reach home, though without knowing now how he should get there. To go as a working sailor could not be thought of in his present reduced state. No captain would ship him.

"Join the Queen's troops in India first," cried Alfred Langly. "We are on the eve of some decisive battles with the Sikhs, there's no doubt of it, and loads of prize money will be obtained. You might try it just for a campaign, line your purse, and then get sent home as an invalided soldier."

Now William was weak and ill, in mind and body, or he never would have listened to so unwise a proposal. Langly was always urging it: not that he had any sinister motive; he believed he was advising for the best. A person, by dint of long-continued argument, all on one side, may be persuaded into believing that "black's white;" and in an evil hour William consented to the scheme, to try it "just for a campaign." The vision presented to his eyes—that of going home with money in his pockets and good broad-cloth on his back—was undoubtedly fascinating. The having to arrive in the "wretchedest old pea-jacket and patched trousers," had long been a sore upon his mind.

A detachment of one of her Majesty's regiments, the one to which Langly belonged, had been sent down to Calcutta; and William Allair enlisted in it. It was departing to join the main army, then on the eve of encountering the Sikhs at Moultaan.

You have heard of the Sikhs and our furious battles with them. They were a peaceable race of men once—not unlike the people we, in England, call Quakers; but certain religious persecutions from the Mohammedans and Hindoos drove them to rebellion. They inhabited the Punjab, or land of five waters, on the western side of the Sutlej, its capital Lahore. Their king, Runjeet Singh, had the good sense to conciliate the favour of the British Government in India; although he cast his longing eyes to the kingdom of the Sikhs on the eastern side of the Sutlej, thinking how much he should like to unite it with his own. But it was not to be attempted, for those Sikhs were under the special protection of the British.

There was peace so long as Runjeet Singh lived, but not for long after that. In December, 1845, the Sikhs, whose monarch was then a puny boy, named Dhuleep Singh, crossed the Sutlej, and formed themselves into camp at Ferozeshah, intending to attack our troops. A desperate battle was fought at Moodkee, the British forces being commanded by Sir Hugh Gough, seconded by Sir John Littler. We won, of course; but it was a well-contested battle. The next engagement was fought at Ferozepore. The Governor-General of India, Sir Henry Hardinge, joined himself to the army; and, laying aside his honours as Governor-General, fought under Sir Hugh Gough. The Sikhs were thoroughly defeated, and it was supposed they had had enough of fighting—like Gruff Jones had of the sea.

In 1848 they again ventured to give us some trouble. And in December began the siege of the city of Moultaan, their stronghold. They made a desperate resistance, and the fight lasted many days. It was at last taken by storm. There ensued some disastrous skirmishes at a place called Rammugger, and then came the dreadful battle of Chillianwallah. You must all have heard of that.

William Allair had arrived at Moultaan during its siege. He discovered that he was quite as unfit for a soldier's life as he had been for a sailor's. Forced marches in the dreadful heat, no water, no refreshment until the end of the march—when, perhaps, they would have to wait hours before their rations, tents, and baggage could arrive—told upon him. An enormous number of camels was required to carry the baggage of

the army: it was in the proportion of one camel to two men. Each animal was fastened by the nostril to the tail of the one preceding him; and this unwieldy train, with its native attendants, actually extended over more than fifteen miles, its progress being about a mile and a half an hour. You need not wonder that they got in a day too late for the fair, or that the exhausted men grew ill, waiting for the sustenance they so much needed. The poor patient animals were often shamefully overladen—it was the last feather, thought William, that broke the camel's back. When one of them toppled over, his load was distributed amongst the rest; and they, being already laden to the very extreme ounce that they could bear, would often, with the additional weight, fall also, thereby producing no end of confusion.

On the morning of the 12th January, 1849, under the command of General Lord Gough, formerly Sir Hugh, the whole army moved from Luscoore to Dinghee. On the 13th, at half-past-seven, they again marched on, the field hospital stores being in the rear of the heavy guns. *The field hospital stores!* In the course of a few hours, hundreds of those men, marching in health and strength, required their aid, whilst others were beyond that, and all other aid, for ever. Towards mid-day they came upon the encampment of the Sikhs. It was on the left bank of the Jhelum, on rising ground, behind the jungle, the name of the place Chillianwallah, and said to be the very spot on which occurred the battle between Porus and Alexander the Great, two thousand years before.

Unwisely, our men, fatigued with their march, were hurried into battle: far better that they had been allowed to wait until the following day. It might have been so; for we were the attackers—not the Sikhs. Weary, travel-worn, hungry, thirsty, unrefreshed, the British troops were forced into action, without plan, without order.

And an awful butchery of human life it was, that same battle of Chillianwallah! It lasted from two o'clock until dark, a hand-to-hand fight, sword meeting sword, bayonet meeting bayonet. About four o'clock the British were hemmed in on all sides, and their artillery was firing to the front, to the rear, and to the flanks. Guns were taken and re-taken, colours captured and lost. Roar, and din, and confusion reigned around. The roll of the musketry deepened; the thunder of the cannonading grew louder; the bullets of the enemy whizzed about like hailstones; while, mingling with the shouts and noise of the combatants, came the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying. Ever and anon, above the roar of the tempest, the hoarse voice of some commander would be heard—“Men of the —— Europeans, prepare to charge, Charge!”

“How do you like it, Allair?” exclaimed Langly, who fought by William's side. “It's the hottest work I ever was in. Those Sikhs fight like demons.”

“And our men like bulldogs,” was William's brief reply.

“Have your eyes about you!” exclaimed Langly, hurriedly. “Unless I am mistaken, they are bearing down upon us, sword in hand. Poor Hill!” he continued, as a soldier fell at his side: “that was a fatal

bullet for you! There fall two officers! Heavens! how they are swept down! Can you see who they are, Allair?”

William turned his eyes; but before he could answer, something fell in his path. It was Langly, shot down to death.

There was no stopping, and William was hurried on. He was an eye-witness to the dreadful slaughter in the Queen's 24th regiment. On they came, at full speed, this ill-fated corps; but, what could that handful do against the numbers that overwhelmed them? The Sikhs were like voracious beasts of prey, howling, swearing, dealing death with their deadly weapons. The unhappy 24th were exposed to it all; to the full sweep of their batteries, the full play of their musketry. Man after man fell, officer after officer; half the regiment was cut down in a few minutes, and the rest were falling. Two hundred lay dead, three hundred wounded—only in this one ill-fated regiment.

But, who is this who advances, sword in hand, gallantly leading on his men to avenge the death of so many of his comrades? It is Brigadier Pennywick; as brave and honourable a soldier as ever drew breath. William Allair knew him well, and recognised him; for let me tell you that in a scene, such as this, it is not so easy to recognise individuals as it is on the quiet field of peace. He had fought in many a campaign, but this was to be his last. Almost as William looked, he was struck down, sent to follow his companions, who were already standing before God. The Sikhs, with their mutilating weapons, and the brigadier's own men, began to contend for the body.

But now another flies up, and plants himself astride on the dead Brigadier. His hand grasps his drawn sword, and he waves it nobly; but his heart is rent, for the dead whom he would guard is his father. It was indeed the brave old officer's son; a noble boy, younger by three years than William. But recently had he quitted England, full of hope, and in the highest spirits. And it was to run this brief career that he had come to India! Brave lad! his spirit was good to defend his father against them all; but the Sikhs would not let the boy escape with life. He fell under their weapons, and the two, father and son, were left lying on the battlefield together.

The dead and the dying lay in heaps upon the ground. Numbers, who might have been saved by surgical care and assistance, were left alone to die. And for this there was no help. Night stopped the carnage. And then William, with others, helped to do what he could for the wounded. It was a fearful task; one to make a strong man's heart shrink. They lay, writhing in their agony; not a surgeon to be had, not a taste of water! There was no linen to bandage up their wounds; there were no pillows to place their aching heads upon, save the dead men and horses that strewed the earth around them. How do you think you would like to make one on a battle-field?

After while William Allair, thoroughly exhausted, lay down on the field. But not to sleep. A more dreadful night he never passed; he almost wished for a return of his delirium and the miserable forebodings of the Prosperous. He had been slightly wounded in his left

hand; it pained him much, though it was nothing to look at; and he felt ready to perish with the intense thirst. Tremblingly alive, was he, to the horrible details around him; not only to the multitude of dead. The wails of the dying were ringing in his ears; the incessant cry for water; the anguished prayer from the wounded, not to be left there, amidst the dead, to die.

Another feature of discomfort was soon added to the scene. A thick, drizzling rain came on, wetting to the skin, and putting William in mind of the perpetual soaking he had experienced in rounding Cape Horn. He rose from the ground at length, and wandered about: not openly complaining—he never did that; but bitterly deplored the wild infatuation which had led him to quit his home for scenes such as these. Never was his folly more present to him than on this dreadful night.

Without knowing it, he came upon the field hospital. And he never forgot the sight presented to his view. Poor, poor men! poor, sick, disabled soldiers! They were lying on the ground with little help; medical attendance was lamentably scarce, and the hospital apparatus was not there! Awful suffering, witnessed he, that night. One incessant cry went up around—“Water! water! water!” And there was none.

Who gained the victory? We claimed it, and the Sikhs claimed it. One thing was certain: that we lost standards and guns, and did not hold the field of battle. The following morning Lord Gough rode round, in the midst of the rain, and gave orders to mark out an encampment. At four o'clock the funeral of the officers took place. William attended it. Thirteen of the ill-fated 24th were buried in one grave: Brigadier Pennywick and his son were buried in another.

A day or two later, William was in the hospital, waiting to have his hand dressed. He felt languid and feverish; and clinging to him was a presentiment that he should never leave the plains of India alive. It was singular that this idea should have come to him. He had escaped unhurt—or all but unhurt—from that desperate battle: why then should a fear of death follow him now? It cannot be said why. These things are unaccountable. But the presentiment did haunt him.

Whilst he was waiting, the chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Whiting, entered, and prepared to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the dying, and to others who might wish for its consolation. For the first time in his life William Allair partook of it. Few but did. The scenes gone through lately had brought men to their senses; the worst and most callous of them had become alive to the awful consideration that he possessed an immortal soul, to be welcomed or rejected by Heaven.

William knelt there with the rest, humbly repentant. His eyes were blinded with tears, his heart was riven with sorrow; and when he rose up, he dared to hope his sinful disobedience had been forgiven, and that should it be his fate to die on those battle plains, he might sink to rest in calm trust and peace.

(To be continued.)

### Literary Notices.

*Infant Mortality and its Causes.* By ARTHUR LEARED, M.D. London: Churchill.

A SMALL but valuable publication on infant mortality, and one from which parents, and mothers especially, may derive many useful suggestions. It deserves the attention of the friends of the poor.

*Religious Training for the People; or, How to be Happy in Both Worlds.* By an Old Inspector of Schools. London: Wertheim and Co.

THERE are, no doubt, many good things in this book, but it is rather eccentric; at page 96, the author says, “The Word of God, and this little book, are full of evidence and instruction about the moral laws of God,” &c. The author is doubtless a well-meaning man, but he gives too much prominence to himself, and another book or two which he has written.

*The Foggy Night at Offord. A Christmas Gift for the Lancashire Fund.* By Mrs. HENRY WOOD. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE readers of *THE QUIVER* have been favoured with many specimens of Mrs. Wood's genius, to which we owe “The Channings,” “Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles,” &c. This fact alone might preclude the necessity for our saying anything. We must, however, say that the little story before us exhibits the same power of vivid conception and graphic description, the same knowledge of human life and the human heart, the same constant inculcation of practical, moral, and religious lessons, which have won for her so general and hearty approval. For although this may be called a tale of love and jealousy, and although it contains surprises and romance enough for a three-volume novel, it is so truthful, and so good, that we have all confidence and much pleasure in introducing it to our friends. Not for its own sake only do we this, but because the author desires that her distressed fellow-citizens in Lancashire may have some fruit of her labours. While civil war, thousands of miles away, is not only desolating many a lovely scene and making many a lonely heart, but causing want and sorrow among our countrymen, Mrs. Wood, in order to help in the alleviation of that want, gives us one of her stories from life—a tale which, if not free from sin and suffering, trouble and death, is still a tale of peace. We could almost fancy we had known some of the characters she introduces, and had taken part in some of the transactions she narrates. Both on account of the real interest of the work, which young people will appreciate, and on account of the benevolent object contemplated by its authoress, we have pleasure in calling attention to it, and hope it will have many purchasers.

### Temperance Department.

#### TEMPERANCE IN ITS PLACE.

It has been sometimes alleged against the advocates of Total Abstinence, that they would seek to put their principle in place of the Gospel, or rather, to exalt its working and the beneficial results in which

it is so prolific, to the neglect of the glorious and ineffaceable truths of religion. This accusation we believe to be generally unfounded, although it has taken its rise, doubtless, from unguarded expressions which may occasionally fall from the lips of temperance advocates who have seen men brought, through the agency of teetotalism, to a sense of their moral and spiritual responsibilities. It cannot be questioned, and they who labour in this field well know, that many are now to be found clothed and in their right mind, sitting humbly at the Master's feet, who once wandered as utter castaways in the foul paths of sin and ignorance; and to these the first step in the upward path has been the renunciation of "all that can intoxicate."

What says Professor Miller, alluding to this very subject, in his work on "Nephalism" (we prefer the old term, teetotalism)?

"Our nephalism we seek to honour as a stepping-stone to the Gospel; as a humble but useful means, under God's blessing, of helping 'to exalt the valley and make low the mountain and hill; to make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain; to prepare the way of the Lord, making straight in the desert a highway for our God; that the glory of the Lord may be revealed, and all flesh may see it together.' That is the honour to which we aspire in this thing; and we praise God that we can look back thankfully, and know that *he has* blessed it to that end. Herein is our abundant reward—an overwhelming compensation for all the cold looks, and suspicions, and contempts of the world, and even of friends, in the knowledge that we have been thus instrumental, in the hands of God, not only in saving men from sickness, death, and temporal ruin, but in their being turned from their sin with loathing, to forsake *all* their idols 'and serve only the living and the true God.'

"Look at the husbandry of the field. The farmer sows his seed—good seed; but does not rest content with that. He prepares the ground to receive the seed; and he tends the seed in the prepared ground as it grows. He ploughs, harrows, gathers roots and wrack, and drains; then he sows, and as the blade springs up he watches for the choking weeds, and plucks them carefully. In all this, no one ever dreams of accusing him of any neglect or slight put upon the seed, or the sowing of it. He is not putting the plough, or the harrow, or the lime, or the manure, or the hoe, or the till, in place of the seed. On the contrary, he is using all these things as helps to the seed, both in its growing and in its springing up. He is the wise husbandman, seeking a good soil for the good seed, and then looking in confidence to Him who alone can give the increase."

So we seek, humbly and prayerfully, to prepare the ground for the sowing of the good seed, that it perish not upon the barren rock of infidelity, nor fall a prey to the unclean birds of debauchery, riot, and sensuality.

The late Bishop of London said, "After the most mature deliberation, I am convinced that no scheme has ever been devised more auxiliary to the great ends of religion, than that of the formation of temperance societies." Another occupant of the Episcopal Bench, Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, spoke yet more pointedly to the same purpose in the House of Lords. "I have witnessed," said his lordship, "not only individuals, but masses of persons, who before had been heedless, profligate, and irreligious, turning over a new leaf when they became members of temperance societies; and those who had never frequented places of worship before constantly attending them after joining this society." His lordship adds candidly, "My evidence on this subject ought to have some weight, as I commenced by opposing total abstinence societies, but ended in being convinced of their utility."

The Rev. Newman Hall says, "Several members of my church were plunged in the worst kind of infidelity—the infidelity of habitual profligacy—until grappled with by total abstinence. Having then become sober, they are now also, through the grace of God, living a righteous and godly life." We might multiply such testimonies *ad infinitum*, but enough has been said to show that the real place of total abstinence, assigned it by its warmest and most zealous advocates, is that of pioneer; its most precious privilege to go before and make straight the way for the coming of the Lord.

#### THE ADVANCE OF TEMPERANCE.

If we wish to see how the temperance movement is advancing, we must extend our view beyond the present year to those that are past. Between the state of society forty years ago, and the state of society now, there is as marked a difference as between night and day. And yet in no one year did any marked change take place. The change in any one year has been almost imperceptible, though no less real, and so it has been this year, and so it ever must be in any great moral movement. There was no precise year in which the race of gentlemen who drank their three bottles a-day were known to become extinct; yet where are they now? There was no year in which the disgusting and once universal practice of drinking to intoxication at dinner and supper parties was abandoned; and yet a total change has taken place, and any person who would drink now as everybody drank then would forfeit the title of a gentleman. Drunkenness has almost disappeared within the last half-century from the upper circles of society, where it was formerly more common than it now is among the most degraded. The revolution has been gradual in its process, but glorious and astonishing in its results. Drinking usages that were thought binding a few decades ago, gradually became optional; from being universal, they gradually became uncommon; and many of them, from being uncommon, have now become obsolete or discreditable.

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